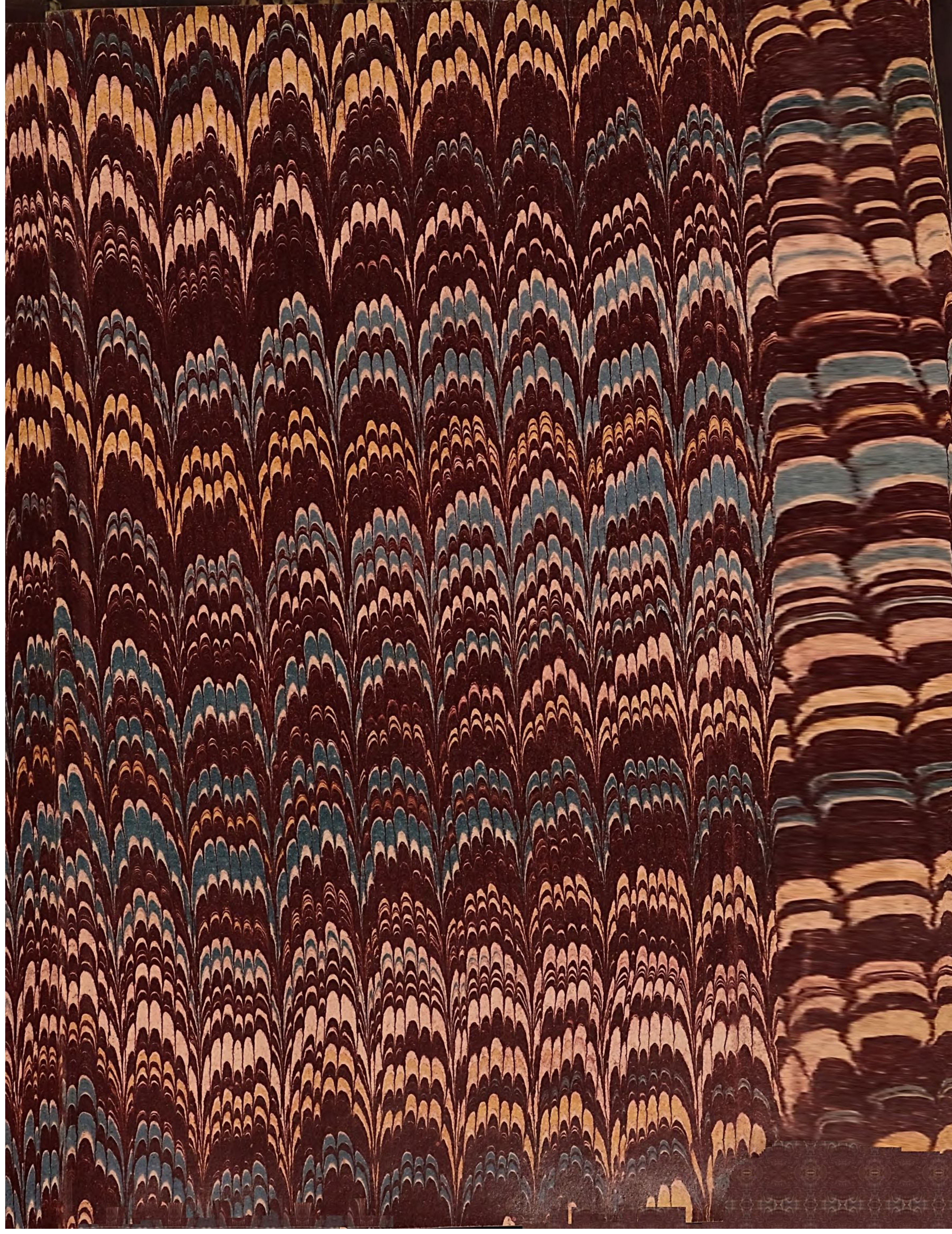








P.O. angl. 6209
/ 26

G. A. Siebig

Tanglewood

Published by

1

London

G 931 2192

British Poets. [26.]

G 91 / 2192



John Gay

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
JOHN GAY

WITH A MEMOIR

TWO VOLUMES IN ONE



BOSTON
HOUGHTON, OSGOOD AND COMPANY

The Riverside Press, Cambridge

1873



John Gay

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
JOHN GAY

WITH A MEMOIR

TWO VOLUMES IN ONE



BOSTON
HOUGHTON, OSGOOD AND COMPANY
The Riverside Press, Cambridge
1879

Bayerische
Staatsbibliothek
München

ADVERTISEMENT.

These volumes follow, in most respects, the text of Park, which professes to have been collated with the best editions.

CONTENTS.

VOL. I.

	Page
LIFE OF GAY.....	ix
FABLES. PART I.	
INTRODUCTION to the Fables.—The Shepherd and the Philosopher.....	3
To his Highness, William Duke of Cumberland.—The Lion, the Tiger, and the Traveller.....	7
The Spaniel and the Chameleon.....	10
The Mother, the Nurse, and the Fairy.....	12
The Eagle and the Assembly of Animals.....	13
The Wild Boar and the Ram.....	15
The Miser and Plutus.....	16
The Lion, the Fox, and the Geese.....	18
The Lady and the Wasp.....	20
The Bull and the Mastiff.....	22
The Elephant and the Bookseller.....	23
The Peacock, the Turkey, and the Goose.....	26
Cupid, Hymen, and Plutus.....	28
The Tame Stag.....	30
The Monkey who had seen the World.....	31
The Philosopher and the Pheasants.....	34
The Pin and the Needle.....	36
The Shepherd's Dog and the Wolf.....	38
The Painter who pleased nobody and everybody.....	39
The Lion and the Cub.....	42

	Page
The old Hen and the Cock.....	43
The Ratcatcher and Cats.....	45
The Goat without a Beard.....	47
The old Woman and her Cats.....	49
The Butterfly and the Snail.....	51
The Scold and the Parrot.....	53
The Cur and the Mastiff.....	54
The Sick Man and the Angel.....	56
The Persian, the Sun, and the Cloud.....	58
The Fox at the point of death.....	59
The setting Dog and the Partridge.....	61
The universal Apparation.....	63
The two Owls and the Sparrow.....	65
The Courtier and Proteus.....	67
The Mastiffs.....	69
The Barley-Mow and the Dunghill.....	71
Pythagoras and the Countryman.....	72
The Farmer's Wife and the Raven.....	74
The Turkey and the Ant.....	76
The Father and Jupiter.....	77
The two Monkeys.....	79
The Owl and the Farmer.....	81
The Jugglers.....	82
The Council of Horses.....	85
The Hound and the Huntsman.....	88
The Poet and the Rose.....	89
The Cur, the Horse, and the Shepherd's Dog.....	91
The Court of Death.....	92
The Gardener and the Hog.....	94
The Man and the Flea.....	96
The Hare and many Friends.....	98

CONTENTS.

iii

FABLES. PART II.

	Page
The Dog and the Fox. To a Lawyer.....	103
The Vulture, the Sparrow, and other Birds. To a Friend in the Country.....	107
The Baboon and the Poultry. To a Levee-Hunter.....	111
The Ant in office. To a Friend.....	115
The Bear in a Boat. To a Coxcomb.....	121
The Squire and his Cur. To a Country Gentleman.....	125
The Countryman and Jupiter. To Myself.....	132
The Man, the Cat, the Dog, and the Fly. To my native Country.....	137
The Jackal, Leopard, and other Beasts.....	143
The degenerate Bees. To the Rev. Dr. Swift, Dean of St. Patrick's.....	147
The Pack-Horse and the Carrier. To a Young Nobleman.....	151
Pan and Fortune. To a young Heir.....	155
Plutus, Cupid, and Time.....	159
The Owl, the Swan, the Cock, the Spider, the Ass, and the Farmer. To a Mother.....	165
The Cook-Maid, the Turnspit, and the Ox. To a poor Man.....	171
The Ravens, the Sexton, and the Earth-Worm. To Laura.....	175
Ay and No. A Fable.....	180

RURAL SPORTS.

A GEORGIC. IN TWO CANTOS. INSCRIBED TO MR. POPE

Canto I.....	185
Canto II.....	195

TRIVIA:

OR, THE ART OF WALKING THE STREETS OF LONDON.

IN THREE BOOKS.

	Page
Advertisement	204
Book I. Of the implements for walking the streets, and signs of the weather.....	205
Book II. Of walking the streets by day.....	216
Book III. Of walking the streets by night.....	238
Index to Trivia.....	254

VOL. II.

THE FAN. A POEM.

IN THREE BOOKS.

Book I.....	3
Book II.....	11
Book III.....	18

THE SHEPHERD'S WEEK.

IN SIX PASTORALS.

The Proeme to the Courteous Reader.....	29
Prologue. To the Rt. Hon. the Ld. Bolingbroke.....	34
Monday: or, The Squabble.....	38
Tuesday: or, The Ditty.....	43
Wednesday: or, The Dumps.....	47
Thursday: or, The Spell.....	53

CONTENTS.

v

	Page
Friday: or, The Dirge.....	59
Saturday: or, The Flights.....	65
Index to the Shepherd's Week.....	71

ACIS AND GALATEA.

A SERENATA. IN TWO PARTS.

Part I.....	74
Part II.....	77

EPISTLES.

To a Lady. Occasioned by the Arrival of her Royal Highness.....	87
To the Right Hon. the Earl of Burlington. A Journey to Exeter.....	92
To the Right Hon. William Pulteney, Esq.....	98
To the Right Hon. Paul Methuen, Esq.....	108
To her Grace Henrietta Duchess of Marlborough.....	111
To William Lownds, Esq.....	114
To a Young Lady, with some Lampreys.....	117
To a Lady, on her Passion for old China.....	119
Bounce to Fop. An Epistle from a Dog at Twickenham to a Dog at Court.....	121
Panegyric Epistle to Mr. Thomas Snow, Goldsmith, near Temple-bar.....	125
To Bernard Lintot, on a Miscellany of Poems.....	128
Elegiac Epistle to a Friend; written under a Dejection of Spirits.....	132

ECLOGUES.

	Page
The Birth of the Squire. In Imitation of the <i>Pollio</i> of Virgil	137
The Toilette. A town Eclogue.....	141
The Tea-table. A town Eclogue.....	145
The Funeral. A town Eclogue.....	149
The Espousal. A sober Eclogue between two of the People called Quakers.....	154
SONGS AND BALLADS.....	159

ELEGIES.

Panthea	193
Araminta.....	196
On a Lap-dog.....	200

TALES.

An Answer to the Sompner's Prologue of Chaucer.....	205
Work for a Cooper.....	208
The Equivocation.....	213
A true Story of an Apparition.....	215
The Mad-dog.....	220
GONDIBERT, A POEM.....	229

MISCELLANIES.

Wine	269
The Story of Cephisa.....	279
Prologue. Designed for the Pastoral Tragedy of Dione..	284
The Lamentation of Glumdalclitch for the Loss of Grildrig. A Pastoral.....	286

CONTENTS.

vii

	Page
Mary Gulliver to Capt. Lemuel Gulliver.....	289
To Quinbus Flestrin, the Man-mountain. A Lilliputian Ode.....	293
The Man-mountain's Answer to the Lilliputian Verses...	295
Verses to be placed under the Picture of Sir Richard Blackmore.....	298
Contemplation on Night.....	300
A Thought on Eternity.....	302
Epitaph of By-words.....	303
My own Epitaph	304

THE
LIFE OF JOHN GAY.

BY DR. JOHNSON.

JOHN GAY, descended from an old family that had been long in possession of the manor of Goldworthy,* in Devonshire, was born in 1688, at or near Barnstaple, where he was educated by Mr. Luck, who taught the school of that town with good reputation, and, a little before he retired from it, published a volume of Latin and English verses. Under such a master he was likely to form a taste for poetry. Being born without prospect of hereditary riches, he was sent to London in his youth, and placed apprentice with a silk-mercier.

How long he continued behind the counter, or with what degree of softness and dexterity he received and accommodated the ladies, as he probably took no delight in telling it, is not known. The report is, that he was soon weary of either the restraint or servility of his occupation, and easily persuaded his master to discharge him.

The Duchess of Monmouth, remarkable for in-

* Goldworthy does not appear in the *Villare*.—*Dr. J.*

flexible perseverance in her demand to be treated as a princess, in 1712 took Gay into her service as secretary : by quitting a shop for such service he might gain leisure, but he certainly advanced little in the boast of independence. Of his leisure he made so good use, that he published next year a poem on 'Rural Sports,' and inscribed it to Mr. Pope, who was then rising fast into reputation. Pope was pleased with the honour; and when he became acquainted with Gay, found such attractions in his manners and conversation, that he seems to have received him into his inmost confidence; and a friendship was formed between them which lasted to their separation by death, without any known abatement on either part. Gay was the general favourite of the whole association of wits; but they regarded him as a play-fellow rather than a partner, and treated him with more fondness than respect.

Next year he published 'The Shepherd's Week,' six English pastorals, in which the images are drawn from real life, such as it appears among the rustics in parts of England remote from London. Steele, in some parts of 'The Guardian,' had praised Ambrose Philips, as the pastoral writer that yielded only to Theocritus, Virgil, and Spenser. Pope, who had also published pastorals, not pleased to be overlooked, drew up a comparison of his own compositions with those of Philips, in which he covertly gave himself the preference, while he

seemed to disown it. Not content with this, he is supposed to have incited Gay to write 'The Shepherd's Week;' to show, that if it be necessary to copy nature with minuteness, rural life must be exhibited such as grossness and ignorance have made it. So far the plan was reasonable; but the pastorals are introduced by a *proeme*, written with such imitation as they could obtain of obsolete language, and by consequence in a style that was never spoken nor written in any age or in any place.

But the effect of reality and truth became conspicuous, even when the intention was to show them grovelling and degraded. These pastorals became popular, and were read with delight, as just representations of rural manners and occupations, by those who had no interest in the rivalry of the poets, nor knowledge of the critical dispute.

In 1713 he brought a comedy called 'The Wife of Bath' upon the stage, but it received no applause; he printed it, however, and seventeen years after, having altered it, and, as he thought, adapted it more to the public taste, he offered it again to the town; but, though he was flushed with the success of the 'Beggar's Opera,' had the mortification to see it again rejected.

In the last year of Queen Anne's life, Gay was made secretary to the Earl of Clarendon, ambassador to the court of Hanover. This was a station that naturally gave him hopes of kindness from

every party ; but the Queen's death put an end to her favours, and he had dedicated his 'Shepherd's Week' to Bolingbroke, which Swift considered as the crime that obstructed all kindness from the House of Hanover.

He did not, however, omit to improve the right which his office had given him to the notice of the royal family. On the arrival of the Princess of Wales, he wrote a poem, and obtained so much favour, that both the Prince and Princess went to see his 'What d'ye call it?' a kind of mock-tragedy, in which the images were comic, and the action grave ; so that, as Pope relates, Mr. Cromwell, who could not hear what was said, was at a loss how to reconcile the laughter of the audience with the solemnity of the scene.

Of this performance the value certainly is but little ; but it was one of the lucky trifles that give pleasure by novelty, and was so much favoured by the audience, that envy appeared against it in the form of criticism ; and Griffin, a player, in conjunction with Mr. Theobald, a man afterwards more remarkable, produced a pamphlet called 'The Key to the What d'ye call it?' which, says Gay, 'calls me a blockhead, and Mr. Pope a knave.'

But fortune has always been unconstant. Not long afterwards (1717) he endeavoured to entertain the town with 'Three Hours after Marriage,' a comedy, written, as there is sufficient reason for

believing, by the joint assistance of Pope and Arbuthnot. One purpose of it was to bring into contempt Dr. Woodward, the fossilist, a man not really or justly contemptible. It had the fate which such outrages deserve; the scene in which Woodward was directly and apparently ridiculed, by the introduction of a mummy and a crocodile, disgusted the audience, and the performance was driven off the stage with general condemnation.

Gay is represented as a man easily incited to hope, and deeply depressed when his hopes were disappointed. This is not the character of a hero; but it may naturally imply something more generally welcome, a soft and civil companion. Whoever is apt to hope good from others is diligent to please them; but he that believes his powers strong enough to force their own way, commonly tries only to please himself.

He had been simple enough to imagine that those who laughed at the 'What d'ye call it?' would raise the fortune of its author; and, finding nothing done, sunk into dejection. His friends endeavoured to divert him. The Earl of Burlington sent him (1716) into Devonshire; the year after, Mr. Pulteney took him to Aix; and in the following year Lord Harcourt invited him to his seat, where, during his visit, the two rural lovers were killed with lightning, as is particularly told in Pope's Letters.

Being now generally known, he published

(1720) his poems by subscription, with such success, that he raised a thousand pounds ; and called his friends to a consultation, what use might be best made of it. Lewis, the steward of Lord Oxford, advised him to intrust it to the funds, and live upon the interest ; Arbuthnot bade him to intrust it to Providence, and live upon the principal ; Pope directed him, and was seconded by Swift, to purchase an annuity.

Gay in that disastrous year* had a present from young Craggs of some South-Sea stock, and once supposed himself to be master of twenty thousand pounds. His friends persuaded him to sell his share ; but he dreamed of dignity and splendour, and could not bear to obstruct his own fortune. He was then importuned to sell as much as would purchase a hundred a-year for life, ‘which,’ says Fenton, ‘will make you sure of a clean shirt and a shoulder of mutton every day.’ This counsel was rejected ; the profit and principal were lost, and Gay sunk under the calamity so low that his life became in danger.

By the care of his friends, among whom Pope appears to have shown particular tenderness, his health was restored ; and, returning to his studies, he wrote a tragedy called ‘The Captives,’ which he was invited to read before the Princess of Wales. When the hour came, he saw the Princess and

* Spence.

her ladies all in expectation, and advancing with reverence too great for any other attention, stumbled at a stool, and falling forwards, threw down a weighty Japan screen. The Princess started, the ladies screamed, and poor Gay, after all the disturbance, was still to read his play.

The fate of 'The Captives,' which was acted at Drury Lane in 1723-4, I know not;* but he now thought himself in favour, and undertook (1726) to write a volume of Fables for the improvement of the young Duke of Cumberland. For this he is said to have been promised a reward, which he had doubtless magnified with all the wild expectations of indigence and vanity.

Next year the Prince and Princess became King and Queen, and Gay was to be great and happy; but upon the settlement of the household he found himself appointed gentleman usher to the Princess Louisa. By this offer he thought himself insulted, and sent a message to the Queen, that he was too old for the place. There seem to have been many machinations employed afterwards in his favour; and diligent court was paid to Mrs. Howard, afterward Countess of Suffolk, who was much beloved by the King and Queen, to engage her interest for his promotion; but solicitations, verses, and flatteries, were thrown away; the lady heard them, and did nothing.

* It was acted seven nights. The author's third night was by command of their Royal Highnesses.—R.

All the pain which he suffered from the neglect, or, as he perhaps termed it, the ingratitude of the court, may be supposed to have been driven away by the unexampled success of the ‘*Beggar’s Opera*.’ This play, written in ridicule of the musical Italian drama, was first offered to Cibber and his brethren at Drury Lane, and rejected; it being then carried to Rich, had the effect, as was ludicrously said, of *making Gay rich*, and Rich *gay*.

Of this lucky piece, as the reader cannot but wish to know the original and progress, I have inserted the relation which Spence has given in Pope’s words.

Dr. Swift had been observing once to Mr. Gay, what an odd pretty sort of a thing a Newgate pastoral might make. Gay was inclined to try at such a thing for some time; but afterwards thought it would be better to write a comedy on the same plan. This was what gave rise to the ‘*Beggar’s Opera*.’ He began on it; and when first he mentioned it to Swift, the Doctor did not much like the project. As he carried it on, he showed what he wrote to both of us, and we now and then gave a correction, or a word or two of advice; but it was wholly of his own writing. When it was done, neither of us thought it would succeed. We showed it to Congreve; who, after reading it over, said, it would either take greatly, or be damned confoundedly. We were all, at the first night of it,

in great uncertainty of the event, till we were very much encouraged by overhearing the Duke of Argyle, who sat in the next box to us, say, 'It will do—it must do! I see it in the eyes of them.' This was a good while before the first act was over, and so gave us ease soon; for that Duke (besides his own good taste) has a particular knack, as any one now living, in discovering the taste of the public. He was quite right in this as usual; the good nature of the audience grew stronger and stronger every act, and ended in a clamour of applause.'

Its reception is thus recorded in the notes to the 'Dunciad:'

'This piece was received with greater applause than was ever known. Besides being acted in London sixty-three days without interruption, and renewed the next season with equal applause, it spread into all the great towns of England; was played in many places to the thirtieth and fortieth time; at Bath and Bristol fifty, &c. It made its progress into Wales, Scotland, and Ireland, where it was performed twenty-four days successively. The ladies carried about with them the favourite songs of it in fans, and houses were furnished with it in screens. The fame of it was not confined to the author only. The person who acted Polly, till then obscure, became all at once the favourite of the town; her pictures were engraved, and sold in great numbers; her life written, books of

letters and verses to her published, and pamphlets made even of her sayings and jests. Furthermore, it drove out of England (for that season) the Italian opera, which had carried all before it for ten years.'

Of this performance, when it was printed, the reception was different, according to the different opinion of its readers. Swift commended it for the excellence of its morality, as a piece that 'placed all kinds of vice in the strongest and most odious light;' but others; and among them Dr. Herring, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, censured it, as giving encouragement not only to vice but to crimes, by making a highwayman the hero, and dismissing him at last unpunished. It has been even said, that after the exhibition of the 'Beggar's Opera,' the gangs of robbers were evidently multiplied.

Both these decisions are surely exaggerated. The play, like many others, was plainly written only to divert, without any moral purpose, and is therefore not likely to do good; nor can it be conceived, without more speculation than life requires or admits, to be productive of much evil. Highwaymen and house-breakers seldom frequent the playhouse, or mingle in any elegant diversion; nor is it possible for any one to imagine that he may rob with safety, because he sees Mackheath reprieved upon the stage.

This objection, however, or some other rather

political than moral, obtained such prevalence, that when Gay produced a second part under the name of 'Polly,' it was prohibited by the Lord Chamberlain; and he was forced to recompense his repulse by a subscription, which is said to have been so liberally bestowed, that what he called oppression ended in profit. The publication was so much favoured, that though the first part gained him four hundred pounds, near thrice as much was the profit of the second.*

He received yet another recompense for this supposed hardship in the affectionate attention of the Duke and Duchess of Queensberry, into whose house he was taken, and with whom he passed the remaining part of his life. The Duke, considering his want of economy, undertook the management of his money, and gave it to him as he wanted it.† But it is supposed that the discountenance of the court sunk deep into his heart, and gave him more discontent than the applauses or tenderness of his friend could overpower. He soon fell into his old distemper, an habitual colic, and languished, though with many intervals of ease and cheerfulness, till a violent fit at last seized him, and hurried him to the grave, as Arbuthnot reported, with more precipitance than he had ever known. He died on the 4th of December, 1732, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. The letter which

* Spence.

† Ibid.

brought an account of his death to Swift was laid by for some days unopened, because when he received it he was impressed with the preconception of some misfortune.

After his death, was published a second volume of 'Fables,' more political than the former. His opera of 'Achilles,' was acted, and the profits were given to two widow sisters, who inherited what he left, as his lawful heirs: for he died without a will, though he had gathered* three thousand pounds. There have appeared, likewise, under his name, a comedy called 'The Distressed Wife,' and 'The Rehearsal at Gotham,' a piece of humour.

The character given him by Pope is this; that 'he was a natural man, without design, who spoke what he thought and just as he thought it;' and that 'he was of a timid temper, and fearful of giving offence to the great:' which caution, however, says Pope, was of no avail.†

As a poet, he cannot be rated very high. He was, as I once heard a female critic remark, 'of a lower order.' He had not in any great degree the *mens divinator*, the dignity of genius. Much however must be allowed to the author of a new species of composition, though it be not of the highest kind. We owe to Gay the ballad opera; a mode of comedy which at first was supposed to

* Spence.

† Ibid.

delight only by its novelty, but has now, by the experience of half a century, been found so well accommodated to the disposition of a popular audience, that it is likely to keep long possession of the stage. Whether this new drama was the product of judgment or of luck, the praise of it must be given to the inventor; and there are many writers read with more reverence to whom such merit of originality cannot be attributed.

His first performance, 'The Rural Sports,' is such as was easily planned and executed; it is never contemptible nor ever excellent. 'The Fan' is one of those mythological fictions which antiquity delivers ready to the hand, but which, like other things that lie open to every man's use, are of little value. The attention naturally retires from a new tale of Venus, Diana, and Minerva.

His 'Fables' seem to have been a favourite work; for, having published one volume, he left another behind him. Of this kind of fables, the authors do not appear to have formed any distinct or settled notion. Phædrus evidently confounds them with tales; and Gay both with tales and allegorical prosopopœias. A fable or apologue, such as is now under consideration, seems to be, in its genuine state, a narrative in which beings irrational, and sometimes inanimate, *arbores loquuntur, non tantum feræ*, are, for the purpose of moral instruction, feigned to act and speak with human interests and passions. To this description

the compositions of Gay do not always conform. For a fable he gives now and then a tale, or an abstracted allegory ; and from some, by whatever name they may be called, it will be difficult to extract any moral principle. They are, however, told with liveliness, the versification is smooth, and the diction, though now and then a little constrained by the measure or the rhyme, is generally happy.

To 'Trivia' may be allowed all that it claims ; it is sprightly, various, and pleasant. The subject is of that kind which Gay was by nature qualified to adorn ; yet some of his decorations may be justly wished away. An honest blacksmith might have done for Patty what is performed by Vulcan. The appearance of Cloacina is nauseous and superfluous : a shoe-boy could have been produced by the casual cohabition of mere mortals. Horace's rule is broken in both cases : there is no *dignus vindice nodus*, no difficulty that required any supernatural interposition. A patten may be made by the hammer of a mortal ; and a bastard may be dropped by a human strumpet. On great occasions, and on small, the mind is repelled by useless and apparent falsehood.

Of his little poems the public judgment seems to be right ; they are neither much esteemed nor totally despised. The story of the apparition is borrowed from one of the tales of Poggio. Those that please least are the pieces to which Gulliver

gave occasion ; for who can much delight in the echo of unnatural fiction ?

‘Dione’ is a counterpart to ‘Amynta’ and ‘Pastor Fido,’ and other trifles of the same kind, easily imitated, and unworthy of imitation. What the Italians call comedies from a happy conclusion, Gay calls a tragedy from a mournful event ; but the style of the Italians and of Gay is equally tragical. There is something in the poetical Arcadia so remote from known reality and speculative possibility, that we can never support its representation through a long work. A pastoral of a hundred lines may be endured ; but who will hear of sheep and goats, and myrtle bowers, and purling rivulets, through five acts ? Such scenes please barbarians in the dawn of literature, and children in the dawn of life ; but will be for the most part thrown away, as men grow wise, and nations grow learned.

FABLES.

VOL. I.

1

INTRODUCTION.

THE SHEPHERD AND THE PHILOSOPHER.

REMOTE from cities liv'd a Swain,
Unvex'd with all the cares of gain ;
His head was silver'd o'er with age,
And long experience made him sage ;
In summer's heat and winter's cold
He fed his flock and penn'd the fold :
His hours in cheerful labour flew,
Nor envy nor ambition knew :
His wisdom and his honest fame
Through all the country rais'd his name.

A deep Philosopher (whose rules
Of moral life were drawn from schools)
The Shepherd's homely cottage sought,
And thus explor'd his reach of thought :

‘ Whence is thy learning? hath thy toil
O'er books consum'd the midnight oil ?
Hast thou old Greece and Rome survey'd,
And the vast sense of Plato weigh'd ?
Hath Socrates thy soul refin'd,
And hast thou fathom'd Tully's mind ?
Or, like the wise Ulysses, thrown,
By various fates, on realms unknown,

Hast thou through many cities stray'd,
Their customs, laws, and manners weigh'd?'

The Shepherd modestly replied,—
I ne'er the paths of learning tried;
Nor have I roam'd in foreign parts
To read mankind, their laws and arts;
For man is practis'd in disguise,
He cheats the most discerning eyes:
Who by that search shall wiser grow,
When we ourselves can never know?
The little knowledge I have gain'd,
Was all from simple Nature drain'd;
Hence my life's maxims took their rise,
Hence grew my settled hate to vice.

'The daily labours of the bee
Awake my soul to industry:
Who can observe the careful ant,
And not provide for future want?
My dog (the trustiest of his kind)
With gratitude inflames my mind:
I mark his true, his faithful way,
And in my service copy Tray.
In constancy and nuptial love,
I learn my duty from the dove.
The hen, who from the chilly air,
With pious wing, protects her care,
And every fowl that flies at large,
Instructs me in a parent's charge.

'From Nature, too, I take my rule,
To shun contempt and ridicule.

I never, with important air,
In conversation overbear.
Can grave and formal pass for wise,
When men the solemn owl despise?
My tongue within my lips I rein;
For who talks much must talk in vain.
We from the wordy torrent fly:
Who listens to the chattering pye?
Nor would I, with felonious slight,
By stealth invade my neighbour's right.
Rapacious animals we hate:
Kites, hawks, and wolves, deserve their fate.
Do not we just abhorrence find
Against the toad and serpent kind?
But Envy, Calumny, and Spite,
Bear stronger venom in their bite.
Thus every object of creation
Can furnish hints to contemplation;
And from the most minute and mean,
A virtuous mind can morals glean.'

'Thy fame is just, (the Sage replies)
Thy virtue proves thee truly wise.
Pride often guides the author's pen;
Books as affected are as men:
But he who studies Nature's laws,
From certain truth his maxims draws;
And those, without our schools, suffice
To make men moral, good, and wise.

I have just received your letter of the 10th inst. and am
glad to hear that you are well and happy. I am
also well and hope these few lines will find you
the same. I have not much news to write at
present. The weather here is very warm and
pleasant. I have been out for a walk every
day. The children are all well and happy.
I have just received your letter of the 10th inst. and
am glad to hear that you are well and happy. I
am also well and hope these few lines will find you
the same. I have not much news to write at
present. The weather here is very warm and
pleasant. I have been out for a walk every
day. The children are all well and happy.

FABLES.

TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS

WILLIAM DUKE OF CUMBERLAND.

PART I.

THE LION, TIGER, AND TRAVELLER.

ACCEPT, young Prince! the moral lay,
And in these Tales mankind survey;
With early virtues plant your breast,
The specious arts of vice detest.

Princes, like beauties, from their youth
Are strangers to the voice of Truth.
Learn to contemn all praise betimes,
For flattery's the nurse of crimes:
Friendship by sweet reproof is shown;
(A virtue never near a throne)
In courts such freedom must offend;
There none presumes to be a friend.
To those of your exalted station,
Each courtier is a dedication:
Must I, too, flatter like the rest,
And turn my morals to a jest?

The Muse disdains to steal from those
Who thrive in courts by fulsome prose.

But shall I hide your real praise,
Or tell you what a nation says ?
They in your infant bosom trace
The virtues of your royal race ;
In the fair dawning of your mind
Discern you generous, mild, and kind :
They see you grieve to hear distress,
And pant already to redress.
Go on ; the height of good attain,
Nor let a nation hope in vain :
For hence we justly may presage
The virtues of a riper age.

True courage shall your bosom fire,
And future actions own your sire.
Cowards are cruel, but the brave
Love mercy, and delight to save.

A Tiger, roaming for his prey,
Sprung on a Traveller in the way ;
The prostrate game a Lion spies,
And on the greedy tyrant flies :
With mingled roar resounds the wood,
Their teeth, their claws, distil with blood ;
Till, vanquish'd by the Lion's strength,
The spotted foe extends his length.
The Man besought the shaggy lord,
And on his knees for life implor'd :
His life the generous hero gave.
Together walking to his cave,

The Lion thus bespoke his guest :

‘What hardy beast shall dare contest
My matchless strength? you saw the fight,
And must attest my power and right.
Forc’d to forego their native home,
My starving slaves at distance roam.
Within these woods I reign alone ;
The boundless forest is my own.
Bears, wolves, and all the savage brood,
Have dy’d the regal den with blood.
These carcasses on either hand,
Those bones that whiten all the land,
My former deeds and triumphs tell,
Beneath these jaws what numbers fell.’

‘True, (says the Man) the strength I saw
Might well the brutal nation awe ;
But shall a monarch, brave, like you,
Place glory in so false a view ?
Robbers invade their neighbour’s right :
Be lov’d ; let justice bound your might.
Mean are ambitious heroes’ boasts
Of wasted lands and slaughter’d hosts.
Pirates their power by murders gain ;
Wise kings by love and mercy reign.
To me your clemency hath shown
The virtue worthy of a throne.
Heav’n gives you power above the rest,
Like Heav’n, to succour the distress.’
‘The case is plain, (the monach said)
False glory hath my youth misled ;

For beasts of prey, a servile train,
Have been the flatterers of my reign.
You reason well: yet tell me, friend,
Did ever you in courts attend?
For all my fawning rogues agree,
That human heroes rule like me.'

THE SPANIEL AND THE CHAMELEON.

A SPANIEL, bred with all the care
That waits upon a favourite heir,
Ne'er felt correction's rigid hand;
Indulg'd to disobey command,
In pamper'd ease his hours were spent:
He never knew what learning meant.
Such forward airs, so pert, so smart,
Were sure to win his lady's heart:
Each little mischief gain'd him praise;
How pretty were his fawning ways!

The wind was south, the morning fair,
He ventures forth to take the air:
He ranges all the meadow round,
And rolls upon the softest ground;
When near him a Chameleon seen,
Was scarce distinguish'd from the green.

' Dear emblem of the flattering host,
What, live with clowns! a genius lost!

To cities and the court repair;
A fortune cannot fail thee there:
Preferment shall thy talents crown;
Believe me, friend; I know the Town.'

'Sir, (says the Sycophant) like you,
Of old, politer life I knew:
Like you, a courtier born and bred,
Kings lean'd their ear to what I said:
My whisper always met success;
The ladies prais'd me for address:
I knew to hit each courtier's passion,
And flatter'd ev'ry vice in fashion:
But Jove, who hates the liar's ways,
At once cut short my prosperous days,
And, sentenc'd to retain my nature,
'Transform'd me to this crawling creature.
Doom'd to a life obscure and mean,
I wander in the sylvan scene:
For Jove the heart alone regards;
He punishes what man rewards.
How different is thy case and mine?
With men at least you sup and dine,
While I, condemn'd to thinnest fare,
Like those I flatter'd, feed on air.'

THE
MOTHER, THE NURSE, AND THE FAIRY.

‘GIVE me a son.’ The blessing sent,
Were ever parents more content?
How partial are their doating eyes!
No child is half so fair and wise.

Wak’d to the morning’s pleasing care,
The Mother rose and sought her heir.
She saw the Nurse like one possest,
With wringing hands and sobbing breast.

‘Sure some disaster has befall:
Speak, Nurse; I hope the boy is well.’

‘Dear Madam, think not me to blame;
Invisible the Fairy came:
Your precious babe is hence convey’d,
And in the place a changeling laid.
Where are the father’s mouth and nose?
The mother’s eyes, as black as sloes?
See, here, a shocking awkward creature,
That speaks a fool in every feature.’

‘The woman’s blind, (the Mother cries)
I see wit sparkle in his eyes.’

‘Lord, Madam, what a squinting leer!
No doubt the Fairy hath been here.’

Just as she spoke, a pigmy sprite
Pops through the keyhole swift as light;

Perch'd on the cradle's top he stands,
And thus her folly reprimands.

‘ Whence sprung the vain conceited lie,
That we the world with fools supply ?
What ! give our sprightly race away
For the dull, helpless sons of Clay !
Besides, by partial fondness shown,
Like you we dote upon our own.
Where yet was ever found a Mother
Who 'd give her booby for another ?
And should we change with human breed,
Well might we pass for fools indeed.’

THE EAGLE AND ASSEMBLY OF ANIMALS

As Jupiter's all-seeing eye
Survey'd the worlds beneath the sky ;
From this small speck of earth were sent
Murmurs and sounds of discontent ;
For every thing alive complain'd
That he the hardest life sustain'd.

Jove calls his Eagle. At the word
Before him stands the royal bird.
The bird, obedient, from heaven's height,
Downward directs his rapid flight ;
Then cited every living thing
To hear the mandates of his king.

‘ Ungrateful creatures ! whence arise
These murmurs which offend the skies ;
Why this disorder ? say the cause ;
For just are Jove’s eternal laws.
Let each his discontent reveal ;
To yon sour Dog I first appeal.’

‘ Hard is my lot, (the Hound replies ;)
On what fleet nerves the Greyhound flies !
While I, with weary step and slow,
O’er plains, and vales, and mountains, go.
The morning sees my chase begun,
Nor ends it till the setting sun.’

‘ When (says the Greyhound) I pursue,
My game is lost, or caught in view ;
Beyond my sight the prey’s secure ;
The Hound is slow, but always sure ;
And had I his sagacious scent,
Jove ne’er had heard my discontent.’

The Lion crav’d the Fox’s art ;
The Fox the Lion’s force and heart :
The Cock implor’d the Pigeon’s flight,
Whose wings were rapid, strong, and light ;
The Pigeon strength of wing despis’d,
And the Cock’s matchless valour priz’d :
The fishes wish’d to graze the plain,
The Beasts to skim beneath the main :
Thus, envious of another’s state,
Each blam’d the partial hand of Fate.

The Bird of Heav’n then cried aloud,
‘ Jove bids disperse the murmuring crowd ;

The god rejects your idle prayers.
Would ye, rebellious mutineers !
Entirely change your name and nature,
And be the very envied creature ?—
What, silent all, and none consent ?
Be happy, then, and learn content ;
Nor imitate the restless mind,
And proud ambition, of mankind.'

THE WILD BOAR AND THE RAM.

AGAINST an elm a sheep was tied,
The butcher's knife in blood was dyed ;
The patient flock, in silent fright,
From far beheld the horrid sight :
A savage Boar, who near them stood,
Thus mock'd to scorn the fleecy brood.

'All cowards should be serv'd like you.
See, see, your murderer is in view :
With purple hands, and reeking knife,
He strips the skin yet warm with life.
Your quarter'd sires, your bleeding dams,
The dying bleat of harmless lambs,
Call for revenge. O stupid race !
The heart that wants revenge, is base.'

'I grant (an ancient Ram replies)
We bear no terror in our eyes ;

Yet think us not of soul so tame,
Which no repeated wrongs inflame ;
Insensible of every ill,
Because we want thy tusks to kill.
Know, those who violence pursue,
Give to themselves the vengeance due ;
For in these massacres they find
The two chief plagues that waste mankind.
Our skin supplies the wrangling bar,
It wakes their slumbering sons to war ;
And well revenge may rest contented,
Since drums and parchment were invented.'

THE MISER AND PLUTUS.

THE wind was high, the window shakes,
With sudden start the Miser wakes ;
Along the silent room he stalks,
Looks back, and trembles as he walks.
Each lock and every bolt he tries,
In every creek and corner pries,
Then opes the chest with treasure stor'd,
And stands in rapture o'er his hoard.
But now with sudden qualms possest,
He wrings his hands, he beats his breast ;
By conscience stung he wildly stares,
And thus his guilty soul declares :

‘ Had the deep earth her stores confin’d,
This heart had known sweet peace of mind.
But virtue’s sold. Good gods ! what price
Can recompense the pangs of vice !
O bane of good ! seducing cheat !
Can man, weak man, thy power defeat ?
Gold banish’d honor from the mind,
And only left the name behind ;
Gold sow’d the world with every ill ;
Gold taught the murderer’s sword to kill :
’Twas gold instructed coward hearts
In treachery’s more pernicious arts.
Who can recount the mischiefs o’er ?
Virtue resides on earth no more !’—
He spoke, and sigh’d. In angry mood,
Plutus, his god, before him stood.
The Miser, trembling, lock’d his chest ;
The Vision frown’d, and thus address’d :—

‘ Whence is this vile ungrateful rant,
Each sordid rascal’s daily cant ?
Did I, base wretch ! corrupt mankind ?—
The fault’s in thy rapacious mind.
Because my blessings are abus’d,
Must I be censur’d, curs’d, accus’d ?
Ev’n Virtue’s self by knaves is made
A cloak to carry on the trade ;
And pow’r (when lodg’d in their possession)
Grows tyranny, and rank oppression.
Thus, when the villain crams his chest,
Gold is the canker of the breast ;

'Tis avarice, insolence, and pride,
And every shocking vice beside :
But when to virtuous hands 'tis given,
It blesses, like the dews of Heav'n :
Like Heav'n, it hears the orphan's cries,
And wipes the tears from widows' eyes.
Their crimes on gold shall Misers lay,
Who pawn'd their sordid souls for pay ?
Let bravos, then, when blood is spilt,
Upbraid the passive soul with guilt.'

THE LION, THE FOX, AND THE GEESE.

A LION, tir'd with state affairs,
Quite sick of pomp, and worn with cares,
Resolv'd (remote from noise and strife)
In peace to pass his latter life.

It was proclaim'd ; the day was set ;
Behold the general council met.
The Fox was viceroy nam'd. The crowd
To the new regent humbly bow'd.
Wolves, bears, and mighty tigers bend,
And strive who most shall condescend.
He straight assumes a solemn grace,
Collects his wisdom in his face ;
The crowd admire his wit, his sense ;
Each word hath weight and consequence.

The flatterer all his art displays :
He who hath pow'r is sure of praise.
A Fox stept forth before the rest,
And thus the servile throng addrest :

‘ How vast his talents, born to rule,
And train'd in Virtue's honest school !
What clemency his temper sways !
How uncorrupt are all his ways !
Beneath his conduct and command
Rapine shall cease to waste the land.
His brain hath stratagem and art ;
Prudence and mercy rule his heart.
What blessings must attend the nation
Under this good administration ! ’

He said. A Goose, who distant stood,
Harangued apart the cackling brood :

‘ Whene'er I hear a knave commend,
He bids me shun his worthy friend.
What praise ! what mighty commendation !
But 'twas a Fox who spoke th' oration.
Foxes this government may prize
As gentle, plentiful, and wise ;
If they enjoy the sweets, 'tis plain
We Geese must feel a tyrant reign.
What havoc now shall thin our race,
When every petty clerk in place,
To prove his taste, and seem polite,
Will feed on Geese both noon and night ? ’

THE LADY AND THE WASP.

WHAT whispers must the beauty bear !
What hourly nonsense haunts her ear !
Where'er her eyes dispense their charms,
Impertinence around her swarms.
Did not the tender nonsense strike,
Contempt and scorn might look dislike ;
Forbidding airs might thin the place,
The slightest flap a fly can chase :
But who can drive the numerous breed ?
Chase one, another will succeed.
Who knows a fool, must know his brother ;
One fop will recommend another :
And with this plague she's rightly curst,
Because she listen'd to the first.

As Doris, at her toilette's duty,
Sate meditating on her beauty,
She now was pensive, now was gay,
And loll'd the sultry hours away.

As thus in indolence she lies,
A giddy Wasp around her flies.
He now advances, now retires,
Now to her neck and cheek aspires.
Her fan in vain defends her charms ;
Swift he returns, again alarms ;

For by repulse he bolder grew,
Perch'd on her lip, and sipt the dew.

She frowns; she frets. 'Good gods! (she cries)
Protect me from these teasing flies:
Of all the plagues that Heav'n hath sent,
A Wasp is most impertinent.'

The hovering insect thus complain'd;
'Am I then slighted, scorn'd, disdain'd?
Can such offence your anger wake?
'Twas beauty caus'd the bold mistake.
'Those cherry lips that breathe perfume,
That cheek so ripe with youthful bloom,
Made me with strong desire pursue
The fairest peach that ever grew.'

'Strike him not, Jenny, (Doris cries,)
Nor murder Wasps like vulgar flies;
For though he's free, (to do him right)
The creature's civil and polite.'

In ecstasies away he posts;
Where'er he came the favour boasts;
Braggs how her sweetest tea he sips,
And shows the sugar on his lips.

The hint alarm'd the forward crew;
Sure of success, away they flew:
They share the dainties of the day,
Round her with airy music play:
And now they flutter, now they rest,
Now soar again, and skim her breast.
Nor were they banish'd till she found
That Wasps have stings, and felt the wound.

THE BULL AND THE MASTIFF.

SEEK you to train your favourite boy?
Each caution, every care employ;
And ere you venture to confide,
Let his preceptor's heart be tried
Weigh well his manners, life, and scope;
On these depends thy future hope.

As on a time, in peaceful reign,
A Bull enjoy'd the flowery plain,
A Mastiff pass'd; inflam'd with ire,
His eyeballs shot indignant fire;
He foam'd, he rag'd with thirst of blood.

Spurning the ground the monarch stood,
And roar'd aloud: 'Suspend the fight;
In a whole skin go sleep to-night;
Or tell me, ere the battle rage,
What wrongs provoke thee to engage?
Is it ambition fires thy breast,
Or avarice, that ne'er can rest?
From these alone unjustly springs
The world-destroying wrath of kings.'

The surly Mastiff thus returns:
'Within my bosom glory burns.
Like heroes of eternal name,
Whom poets sing, I fight for fame.

The butcher's spirit-stirring mind
To daily war my youth inclin'd ;
He train'd me to heroic deed,
Taught me to conquer or to bleed.'

‘ Curs'd Dog, (the Bull replied,) no more
I wonder at thy thirst of gore ;
For thou (beneath a butcher train'd,
Whose hands with cruelty are stain'd,
His daily murders in thy view)
Must, like thy tutor, blood pursue.
Take, then, thy fate.' With goring wound
At once he lifts him from the ground :
Aloft the sprawling hero flies,
Mangled he falls, he howls, and dies.

THE ELEPHANT AND THE BOOKSELLER.

THE man who with undaunted toils
Sails unknown seas to unknown soils,
With various wonders feasts his sight :
What stranger wonders does he write ?
We read, and in description view
Creatures which Adam never knew ;
For when we risk no contradiction,
It prompts the tongue to deal in fiction.
Those things that startle me or you
I grant are strange ; yet may be true.

Who doubts that Elephants are found
For science and for sense renown'd ?
Borri records their strength of parts,
Extent of thought, and skill in arts ;
How they perform the law's decrees,
And save the state the hangman's fees ;
And how by travel understand
The language of another land.
Let those who question this report,
To Pliny's ancient page resort.
How learn'd was that sagacious breed !
Who now (like them) the Greek can read !

As one of these, in days of yore,
Rummag'd a shop of learning o'er,
Not, like our modern dealers, minding
Only the margin's breadth and binding ;
A book his curious eye detains,
Where, with exactest care and pains,
Were every beast and bird portray'd,
That e'er the search of man survey'd ;
Their natures and their powers were writ
With all the pride of human wit :
The page he with attention spread,
And thus remark'd on what he read.

' Man with strong reason is endow'd,
A beast scarce instinct is allow'd :
But let this author's worth be tried,
'Tis plain that neither was his guide.
Can he discern the different natures,
And weigh the pow'r of other creatures,

Who by the partial work hath shown
He knows so little of his own?
How falsely is the spaniel drawn!
Did man from him first learn to fawn?
A dog proficient in the trade!
He, the chief flatterer Nature made!
Go, Man! the ways of courts discern,
You'll find a spaniel still might learn.
How can the fox's theft and plunder
Provoke his censure or his wonder?
From courtiers' tricks and lawyers' arts,
The fox might well improve his parts.
The lion, wolf, and tiger's brood,
He curses, for their thirst of blood:
But is not man to man a prey?
Beasts kill for hunger, men for pay.'

The Bookseller, who heard him speak,
And saw him turn a page of Greek,
Thought, what a genius have I found!
Then thus address'd with bow profound.

'Learn'd Sir, if you'd employ your pen
Against the senseless sons of men,
Or write the history of Siam,
No man is better pay than I am;
Or, since you're learn'd in Greek, let's see
Something against the Trinity.

When wrinkling with a sneer his trunk,
'Friend, (quoth the Elephant) you're drunk:
E'en keep your money and be wise;
Leave man on man to criticize:

For that you ne'er can want a pen
Among the senseless sons of men.
They unprovok'd will court the fray;
Envy's a sharper spur than pay:
No author ever spar'd a brother;
Wits are gamecocks to one another.'

THE PEACOCK, TURKEY, AND GOOSE.

In beauty faults conspicuous grow;
The smallest speck is seen on snow.
As near a barn, by hunger led,
A peacock with the poultry fed,
All view'd him with an envious eye,
And mock'd his gaudy pageantry.
He, conscious of superior merit,
Contemns their base reviling spirit;
His state and dignity assumes,
And to the sun displays his plumes,
Which, like the Heav'n's o'er-arching skies,
Are spangled with a thousand eyes.
The circling rays, and varied light,
At once confound their dazzled sight;
On every tongue detraction burns,
And malice prompts their spleen by turns.
'Mark with what insolence and pride
The creature takes his haughty stride,

(The Turkey cries). Can spleen contain?
Sure never bird was half so vain.
But were intrinsic merit seen,
We Turkeys have the whiter skin.'

From tongue to tongue they caught abuse,
And next was heard the hissing Goose:
'What hideous legs! what filthy claws!
I scorn to censure little flaws:
Then what a horrid squalling throat!
Ev'n owls are frightened at the note.'

'True: those are faults, (the Peacock cries)
My scream, my shanks, you may despise;
But such blind critics rail in vain.
What, overlook my radiant train!
Know, did my legs (your scorn and sport)
The Turkey or the Goose support,
And did ye scream with harsher sound,
Those faults in you had ne'er been found:
To all apparent beauties blind,
Each blemish strikes an envious mind.'

Thus in assemblies have I seen
A nymph of brightest charms and mien
Wake envy in each ugly face,
And buzzing scandal fills the place.

CUPID, HYMEN, AND PLUTUS.

As Cupid in Cythera's grove
Employ'd the lesser powers of Love ;
Some shape the bow, or fit the string,
Some give the taper shaft its wing,
Or turn the polish'd quiver's mould,
Or head the darts with temper'd gold.

Amidst their toil and various care
Thus Hymen, with assuming air,
Address'd the god : ' Thou purblind Chit,
Of awkward and ill-judging wit,
If matches are not better made,
At once I must forswear my trade.
You send me such ill-coupled folks,
That 'tis a shame to sell them yokes.
They squabble for a pin, a feather,
And wonder how they came together.
The husband's sullen, dogged, shy,
The wife grows flippant in reply :
He loves command and due restriction,
And she as well likes contradiction :
She never slavishly submits ;
She'll have her will, or have her fits.
He this way tugs, she t' other draws ;
The man grows jealous, and with cause.

Nothing can save him but divorce ;
And here the wife complies of course.'

' When (says the Boy) had I to do
With either your affairs or you ?
I never idly spend my darts ;
You trade in mercenary hearts.
For settlements the lawyer's fee'd ;
Is my hand witness to the deed ?
If they like cat and dog agree,
Go rail at Plutus, not at me.'

Plutus appear'd, and said, ' Tis true,
In marriage gold is all their view ;
They seek not beauty, wit, or sense,
And love is seldom the pretence.
All offer incense at my shrine,
And I alone the bargain sign.
How can Belinda blame her fate ?
She only ask'd a great estate.
Doris was rich enough, 'tis true ;
Her lord must give her title too :
And every man, or rich or poor,
A fortune asks, and asks no more.'

Avarice, whatever shape it bears,
Must still be coupled with its cares.

THE TAME STAG.

As a young Stag the thicket past,
The branches held his antlers fast ;
A clown, who saw the captive hung,
Across the horns his halter flung.

Now safely hamper'd in the cord,
He bore the present to his lord.
His lord was pleas'd, as was the clown,
When he was tip'd with half-a-crown.
The Stag was brought before his wife ;
The tender lady begg'd his life :
'How sleek 's the skin ! how speck'd like ermine!
Sure never creature was so charming !'

At first within the yard confin'd,
He flies and hides from all mankind ;
Now bolder grown, with fix'd amaze,
And distant awe, presumes to gaze ;
Munches the linen on the lines,
And on a hood or apron dines :
He steals my little master's bread,
Follows the servants to be fed :
Nearer and nearer now he stands,
To feel the praise of patting hands ;
Examines every fist for meat,
And, though repuls'd, disdains retreat :

Attacks again with levell'd horns,
And man, that was his terror, scorns.

Such is the country maiden's fright,
When first a Redcoat is in sight ;
Behind the door she hides her face,
Next time at distance eyes the lace :
She now can all his terrors stand,
Nor from his squeeze withdraws her hand.
She plays familiar in his arms,
And every soldier hath his charms.
From tent to tent she spreads her flame ;
For custom conquers fear and shame.

THE MONKEY

WHO HAD SEEN THE WORLD.

A MONKEY, to reform the times,
Resolv'd to visit foreign climes ;
For men in distant regions roam
To bring politer manners home.
So forth he fares, all toil defies :
Misfortune serves to make us wise.

At length the treacherous snare was laid ;
Poor Pug was caught ; to Town convey'd ;
There sold. (How envied was his doom,
Made captive in a lady's room !)

Proud, as a lover, of his chains,
He day by day her favour gains.
Whene'er the duty of the day
The toilette calls ; with mimic play
He twirls her knots, he cracks her fan,
Like any other gentleman.
In visits, too, his parts and wit,
When jests grew dull, were sure to hit.
Proud with applause, he thought his mind
In every courtly art refin'd ;
Like Orpheus, burnt with public zeal,
To civilize the Monkey-weal ;
So watch'd occasion, broke his chain,
And sought his native woods again.

The hairy sylvans round him press,
Astonish'd at his strut and dress.
Some praise his sleeve, and others glote
Upon his rich embroider'd coat,
His dapper periwig commending,
With the black tail behind depending ;
His powder'd back, above, below,
Like hoary frosts, or fleecy snow ;
But all, with envy and desire,
His fluttering shoulder-knot admire.

‘ Hear and improve, (he pertly cries)
I come to make a nation wise.
Weigh your own worth ; support your place
The next in rank to human race.
In cities long I pass'd my days,
Convers'd with men, and learn'd their ways.

Their dress, their courtly manners see ;
Reform your state, and copy me.
Seek ye to thrive? in flattery deal ;
Your scorn, your hate, with that conceal.
Seem only to regard your friends,
But use them for your private ends.
Stint not to truth the flow of wit ;
Be prompt to lie whene'er 'tis fit.
Bend all your force to spatter merit ;
Scandal is conversation's spirit.
Boldly to every thing pretend,
And men your talents shall commend.
I knew the great. Observe me right ;
So shall you grow, like man, polite.'

He spoke, and bow'd. With muttering jaws
The wondering circle grinn'd applause.

Now, warm'd with malice, envy, spite,
Their most obliging friends they bite ;
And, fond to copy human ways,
Practise new mischiefs all their days.

Thus the dull lad, too tall for school,
With travel finishes the fool ;
Studious of every coxcomb's airs,
He drinks, games, dresses, whores, and swears
O'erlooks with scorn all virtuous arts,
For vice is fitted to his parts.

THE
PHILOSOPHER AND THE PHEASANTS.

THE Sage, awak'd at early day,
Through the deep forest took his way ;
Drawn by the music of the groves,
Along the winding gloom he roves :
From tree to tree the warbling throats
Prolong the sweet alternate notes :
But where he past he terror threw,
The song broke short, the warblers flew ;
The thrushes chatter'd with affright,
And nightingales abhorr'd his sight ;
All animals before him ran,
To shun the hateful sight of man.

‘ Whence is this dread of every creature ?
Fly they our figure or our nature ? ’

As thus he walk'd in musing thought,
His ear imperfect accents caught ;
With cautious step he nearer drew,
By the thick shade conceal'd from view.
High on the branch a Pheasant stood,
Around her all her listening brood ;
Proud of the blessings of her nest,
She thus a mother's care express'd.

• No dangers here shall circumvent;
Within the woods enjoy content.
Sooner the hawk or vulture trust
Than man, of animals the worst:
In him ingratitude you find,
A vice peculiar to the kind.
The sheep, whose annual fleece is dy'd
To guard his health, and serve his pride,
Forc'd from his fold and native plain,
Is in the cruel shambles slain.
The swarms who, with industrious skill,
His hives with wax and honey fill,
In vain whole summer days employ'd;
Their stores are sold, the race destroy'd.
What tribute from the goose is paid!
Does not her wing all science aid?
Does it not lovers' hearts explain,
And drudge to raise the merchant's gain?
What now rewards this general use?
He takes the quills, and eats the goose.
Man then avoid, detest his ways,
So safety shall prolong your days.
When services are thus acquitted,
Be sure we Pheasants must be spitted.'

THE PIN AND THE NEEDLE.

A PIN who long had serv'd a beauty,
Proficient in the toilette's duty,
Had form'd her sleeve, confin'd her hair,
Or given her knot a smarter air,
Now nearest to her heart was plac'd,
Now in her manteau's tail disgrac'd ;
But could she partial Fortune blame,
Who saw her lovers serv'd the same?

At length from all her honours cast,
Through various turns of life she past ;
Now glitter'd on a tailor's arm,
Now kept a beggar's infant warm ;
Now rang'd within a miser's coat,
Contributes to his yearly groat ;
Now, rais'd again from low approach,
She visits in the doctor's coach :
Here, there, by various fortune tost,
At last in Gresham-hall was lost.
Charm'd with the wonders of the show,
On every side, above, below,
She now of this or that inquires,
What least was understood admires,
'Tis plain, each thing so struck her mind,
Her head's of virtuoso kind.

‘And pray what’s this, and this, dear Sir?
‘A needle,’ says the interpreter.
She knew the name; and thus the fool
Address’d her as a tailor’s tool.

‘A needle with that filthy stone,
Quite idle, all with rust o’ergrown!
You better might employ your parts,
And aid the sempstress in her arts;
But tell me how the friendship grew
Between that paltry flint and you.’

‘Friend, (says the Needle) cease to blame;
I follow real worth and fame.
Know’st thou the loadstone’s pow’r and art,
That virtue virtues can impart?
Of all his talents I partake,
Who then can such a friend forsake?
’Tis I direct the pilot’s hand
To shun the rocks and treacherous sand:
By me the distant world is known,
And either India is our own.
Had I with milliners been bred,
What had I been? the guide of thread;
And drudg’d as vulgar Needles do,
Of no more consequence than you.’

THE SHEPHERD'S DOG AND THE WOLF.

A WOLF, with hunger fierce and bold,
Ravag'd the plains, and thinn'd the fold ;
Deep in the wood secure he lay,
The thefts of night regal'd the day.
In vain the shepherd's wakeful care
Had spread the toils, and watch'd the snare ;
In vain the dog pursued his pace,
The fleeter robber mock'd the chase.

As Lightfoot rang'd the forest round,
By chance his foe's retreat he found.

'Let us awhile the war suspend,
And reason as from friend to friend.'

'A truce?' replies the Wolf. 'Tis done.
The Dog the parley thus begun.

'How can that strong intrepid mind
Attack a weak defenceless kind ?
Those jaws should prey on nobler food,
And drink the boar's and lion's blood.
Great souls with generous pity melt,
Which coward tyrants never felt.
How harmless is our fleecy care !
Be brave, and let thy mercy spare.'

'Friend, (says the Wolf) the matter weigh ;
Nature design'd us beasts of prey ;

As such, when hunger finds a treat,
'Tis necessary Wolves should eat.
If, mindful of the bleating weal,
Thy bosom burn with real zeal,
Hence, and thy tyrant lord beseech;
To him repeat the moving speech;
A Wolf eats sheep but now and ther,
Ten thousands are devour'd by men.
An open foe may prove a curse,
But a pretended friend is worse.'

THE PAINTER

WHO PLEASED NOBODY AND EVERYBODY.

LEST men suspect your tale untrue,
Keep probability in view.
The traveller leaping o'er those bounds,
The credit of his book confounds.
Who with his tongue hath armies routed,
Makes ev'n his real courage doubted.
But flattery never seems absurd;
The flatter'd always take your word:
Impossibilities seem just:
They take the strongest praise on trust.

Hyperboles, though ne'er so great,
Will still come short of self-conceit.

So very like a Painter drew,
That every eye the picture knew ;
He hit complexion, feature, air,
So just; the life itself was there.
No flattery with his colours laid,
To bloom restor'd the faded maid ;
He gave each muscle all its strength ;
The mouth, the chin, the nose's length ;
His honest pencil touch'd with truth,
And mark'd the date of age and youth.

He lost his friends, his practice fail'd ;
Truth should not always be reveal'd :
In dusty piles his pictures lay,
For no one sent the second pay.
Two bustos, fraught with every grace,
A Venus' and Apollo's face,
He plac'd in view : resolv'd to please,
Whoever sat he drew from these,
From these corrected every feature,
And spirited each awkward creature.

All things were set ; the hour was come,
His pallet ready o'er his thumb ;
My Lord appear'd ; and, seated right,
In proper attitude and light,
The Painter look'd, he sketch'd the piece,
Then dipt his pencil, talk'd of Greece,
Of Titan's tints, of Guido's air ;
'Those eyes, my Lord, the spirit there

Might well a Raphael's hand require,
To give them all the native fire ;
The features, fraught with sense and wit,
You'll grant are very hard to hit ;
But yet with patience you shall view
As much as paint and art can do.'

Observe the work. My Lord replied,
'Till now I thought my mouth was wide ;
Besides my nose is somewhat long ;
Dear Sir, for me, 'tis far too young.'

'Oh ! pardon me, (the artist cried)
In this we Painters must decide.
The piece ev'n common eyes must strike,
I warrant it extremely like.'

My Lord examin'd it a-new ;
No looking-glass seem'd half so true.

A lady came, with borrow'd grace,
He from his Venus form'd her face.
Her lover prais'd the Painter's art ;
So like the picture in his heart !
To every age some charm he lent ;
Ev'n beauties were almost content.

Through all the town his art they prais'd ;
His custom grew, his price was rais'd.
Had he the real likeness shown,
Would any man the picture own ?
But when thus happily he wrought,
Each found the likeness in his thought.

THE LION AND THE CUB.

How fond are men of rule and place,
Who court it from the mean and base !
These cannot bear an equal nigh,
But from superior merit fly.
They love the cellar's vulgar joke,
And lose their hours in ale and smoke.
There o'er some petty club preside ;
So poor, so paltry, is their pride !
Nay, ev'n with fools whole nights will sit,
In hopes to be supreme in wit.
If these can read, to these I write,
To set their worth in truest light.

A Lion-cub, of sordid mind,
Avoided all the lion kind ;
Fond of applause, he sought the feasts
Of vulgar and ignoble beasts ;
With asses all his time he spent,
Their club's perpetual president.
He caught their manners, looks, and airs ;
An ass in every thing but ears !
If e'er his Highness meant a joke,
They grinn'd applause before he spoke ;
But at each word what shouts of praise !
' Good gods ! how natural he brays !'

Elate with flattery and conceit,
He seeks his royal sire's retreat;
Forward, and fond to show his parts,
His Highness brays; the Lion starts.

‘Puppy! that curs’d vociferation
Betrays thy life and conversation:

Coxcombs, an ever-noisy race,
Are trumpets of their own disgrace.’

‘Why so severe? (the Cub replies)
Our senate always held me wise.’

‘How weak is pride! (returns the sire)
All fools are vain when fools admire!
But know, what stupid asses prize,
Lions and noble beasts despise.’

THE OLD HEN AND THE COCK.

RESTRAIN your child; you’ll soon believe
The text which says we sprung from Eve.

As an old Hen led forth her train,
And seem’d to peck to show the grain,
She rak’d the chaff, she scratch’d the ground,
And glean’d the spacious yard around:
A giddy chick, to try her wings,
On the well’s narrow margin springs,

And prone she drops. The mother's breast
All day with sorrow was possest.

A Cock she met ; her son she knew ;
And in her heart affection grew.

'My Son, (says she) I grant your years
Have reach'd beyond a mother's cares.
I see you vigorous, strong, and bold ;
I hear with joy your triumphs told.
'Tis not from Cocks thy fate I dread ;
But let thy ever-wary tread
Avoid yon well ; that fatal place
Is sure perdition to our race.
Print this my counsel on thy breast ;
To the just gods I leave the rest.'

He thank'd her care ; yet day by day
His bosom burn'd to disobey,
And every time the well he saw,
Scorn'd in his heart the foolish law :
Near and more near each day he drew,
And long'd to try the dangerous view.

'Why was this idle charge ? (he cries)
Let courage female fears despise.
Or did she doubt my heart was brave,
And therefore this injunction gave ?
Or does her harvest store the place
A treasure for her younger race ?
And would she thus my search prevent ?
I stand resolv'd, and dare th' event.'

Thus said, he mounts the margin's round,
And pries into the depth profound.

He stretch'd his neck ; and from below
With stretching neck advanc'd a foe :
With wrath his ruffled plumes he rears,
The foe with ruffled plumes appears :
Threat answer'd threat ; his fury grew ;
Headlong to meet the war he flew ;
But when the watery death he found,
He thus lamented as he drown'd :

‘ I ne’er had been in this condition,
But for my mother’s prohibition.’

THE RAT-CATCHER AND CATS.

THE rats by night such mischief did,
Betty was every morning chid :
They undermin’d whole sides of bacon,
Her cheese was sapp’d, her tarts were taken ;
Her pasties, fenc’d with thickest paste,
Were all demolish’d and laid waste :
She curs’d the Cat for want of duty,
Who left her foes a constant booty.

An engineer, of noted skill,
Engag’d to stop the growing ill.

From room to room he now surveys
Their haunts, their works, their secret ways ;

Finds where they 'scape an ambuscade,
And whence the nightly sally 's made.

An envious Cat from place to place,
Unseen, attends his silent pace :
She saw that if his trade went on,
The purring race must be undone ;
So secretly removes his baits,
And every stratagem defeats.

Again he sets the poison'd toils,
And Puss again the labour foils.

' What foe, to frustrate my designs,
My schemes thus nightly countermines ?
(Incens'd, he cries) this very hour
The wretch shall bleed beneath my power.'

So said, a pondrous trap he brought,
And in the fact poor Puss was caught.

' Smuggler, (says he) thou shalt be made.
A victim to our loss of trade.'

The captive Cat, with piteous mews,
For pardon, life, and freedom sues :
' A sister of the science spare ;
One interest is our common care.'

' What insolence ! (the Man replied)
Shall Cats with us the game divide ?
Were all your interloping band
Extinguish'd, or expell'd the land,
We Rat-catchers might raise our fees,
Sole guardians of a nation's cheese !'

A Cat, who saw the lifted knife,
Thus spoke, and sav'd her sister's life :

‘In every age and clime we see
Two of a trade can ne’er agree.
Each hates his neighbour for encroaching ;
’Squire stigmatizes ’squire for poaching ;
Beauties with beauties are in arms,
And scandal pelts each other’s charms ;
Kings, too, their neighbour kings dethrone,
In hope to make the world their own :
But let us limit our desires,
Not war like beauties, kings, and ’squires ;
For though we both one prey pursue,
There ’s game enough for us and you.’

THE GOAT WITHOUT A BEARD.

’Tis certain that the modish passions
Descend among the crowd like fashions.
Excuse me, then, if pride, conceit,
(The manners of the fair and great)
I give to monkeys, asses, dogs,
Fleas, owls, goats, butterflies, and hogs.
I say that these are proud : what then ?
I never said they equal men.

A Goat (as vain as Goat can be)
Affected singularity :
Whene’er a thymy bank he found,

He roll'd upon the fragrant ground ;
And then with fond attention stood,
Fix'd o'er his image in the flood.

'I hate my frowzy beard, (he cries)
My youth is lost in this disguise.
Did not the females know my vigour,
Well might they loathe this reverend figure.'

Resolv'd to smooth his shaggy face,
He sought the barber of the place.
A flippant monkey, spruce and smart,
Hard by, profess'd the dapper art ;
His pole with pewter basons hung,
Black rotten teeth in order strung,
Rang'd cups, that in the window stood,
Lin'd with red rags, to look like blood,
Did well his threefold trade explain,
Who shav'd, drew teeth, and breath'd a vein.

The Goat he welcomes with an air,
And seats him in his wooden chair :
Mouth, nose, and cheek, the lather hides ;
Light, smooth, and swift, the razor glides.

'I hope your custom, Sir, (says Pug)
Sure never face was half so smug !'

The Goat, impatient for applause,
Swift to the neighbouring hill withdraws ;
The shaggy people grinn'd and star'd :

'Heigh-day ! what 's here ? without a beard !
Say, brother, whence the dire disgrace ?
What envious hand hath robb'd your face ?'—
When thus the fop with smiles of scorn :

‘ Are beards by civil nations worn ?
Ev’n Muscovites have mow’d their chins.
Shall we, like formal Capuchins,
Stubborn in pride, retain the mode,
And bear about the hairy load ?
Whene’er we through the village stray,
Are we not mock’d along the way,
Insulted with loud shouts of scorn,
By boys our beards disgrac’d and torn ?’

‘ Were you no more with Goats to dwell,
Brother, I grant you reason well ;
(Replies a bearded chief.) Beside,
If boys can mortify thy pride,
How wilt thou stand the ridicule
Of our whole flock ? Affected fool !
Coxcombs, distinguish’d from the rest,
To all but coxcombs are a jest.’

THE OLD WOMAN AND HER CATS.

Who friendship with a knave hath made,
Is judg’d a partner in the trade.
The matron who conducts abroad
A willing nymph, is thought a bawd ;
And if a modest girl is seen
With one who cures a lover’s spleen,
We guess her not extremely nice,
And only wish to know her price.

'Tis thus that on the choice of friends
Our good or evil name depends.

A wrinkled hag, of wicked fame,
Beside a little smoky flame
Sate hovering, pinch'd with age and frost;
Her shrivell'd hands, with veins emboss'd,
Upon her knees her weight sustains,
While palsy shook her crazy brains:
She mumbles forth her backward prayers,
An untam'd scold of four-score years:
About her swarm'd a numerous brood
Of Cats, who lank with hunger mew'd.

Teas'd with their cries, her choler grew,
And thus she sputter'd, 'Hence, ye crew!
Fool that I was, to entertain
Such imps, such fiends, a hellish train!
Had ye been never hous'd and nurs'd,
I for a witch had ne'er been curs'd.
To you I owe that crowds of boys
Worry me with eternal noise;
Straws laid across my pace retard,
The horseshoe's nail'd (each threshold's guard)
The stunted broom the wenches hide,
For fear that I should up and ride;
They stick with pins my bleeding seat,
And bid me show my secret teat.'

'To hear you prate would vex a saint;
Who hath most reason of complaint?
(Replies a Cat) Let's come to proof.
Had we ne'er starv'd beneath your roof,

We had, like others of our race,
In credit liv'd as beasts of chase.
'Tis infamy to serve a hag;
Cats are thought imps, her broom a nag!
And boys against our lives combine,
Because, 'tis said, your Cats have nine.'

THE BUTTERFLY AND THE SNAIL.

ALL upstarts, insolent in place,
Remind us of their vulgar race.

As in the sunshine of the morn
A Butterfly (but newly born)
Sate proudly perking on a rose,
With pert conceit his bosom glows;
His wings (all glorious to behold)
Bedropt with azure, jet, and gold,
Wide he displays; the spangled dew
Reflects his eyes and various hue,

His now-forgotten friend, a Snail,
Beneath his house, with slimy trail
Crawls o'er the grass, whom when he spies,
In wrath he to the gard'ner cries,
'What means yon peasant's daily toil,
From choking weeds to rid the soil?
Why wake you to the morning's care?
Why with new arts correct the year?

Why grows the peach with crimson hue?
And why the plumbs inviting blue?
Were they to feast his taste design'd,
That vermin of voracious kind?
Crush then the slow, the pilfering race,
So purge thy garden from disgrace.'

‘What arrogance! (the Snail replied)
How insolent is upstart pride!
Hadst thou not thus, with insult vain,
Provok'd my patience to complain,
I had conceal'd thy meaner birth,
Nor trac'd thee to the scum of earth:
For scarce nine suns have wak'd the hours,
To swell the fruit, and paint the flow'rs,
Since I thy humbler life survey'd,
In base, in sordid guise array'd;
A hideous insect, vile, unclean,
You dragg'd a slow and noisome train;
And from your spider-bowels drew
Foul film, and spun the dirty clue.
I own my humble life, good Friend;
Snail was I born, and Snail shall end.
And what's a Butterfly? at best
He's but a caterpillar drest;
And all thy race (a numerous seed)
Shall prove of caterpillar breed.'

THE SCOLD AND THE PARROT.

THE husband thus reprov'd his wife :
'Who deals in slander, lives in strife.
Art thou the herald of disgrace,
Denouncing war to all thy race?
Can nothing quell thy thunder's rage,
Which spares nor friend, nor sex, nor age?
That vixen tongue of yours, my dear,
Alarms our neighbors far and near,
Good gods! 'tis like a rolling river,
That murmuring flows, and flows for ever!
Ne'er tir'd, perpetual discord sowing!
Like fame, it gathers strength by going.'

Heigh-day! (the flippant tongue replies)
How solemn is the fool! how wise!
Is Nature's choicest gift debarr'd?—
Nay, frown not; for I will be heard.
Women of late are finely ridden,
A Parrot's privilege forbidden!
You praise his talk, his squalling song,
But wives are always in the wrong.'

Now reputations flew in pieces
Of mothers, daughters, aunts, and nieces:
She ran the Parrot's language o'er,
Bawd, hussy, drunkard, slattern, whore;

On all the sex she vents her fury,
Tries and condemns without a jury.

At once the torrent of her words
Alarm'd cat, monkey, dogs, and birds :
All join their forces to confound her,
Puss spits, the monkey chatters round her ;
The yelping cur her heels assaults ;
The Magpie blabs out all her faults :
Poll, in the uproar, from his cage,
With this rebuke outscram'd her rage :

‘ A Parrot is for talking priz'd,
But prattling women are despis'd.
She who attacks another's honour,
Draws every living thing upon her.
Think, Madam, when you stretch your lungs,
That all your neighbours too have tongues '
One slander must ten thousand get ;
The world with interest pays the debt.’

THE CUR AND THE MASTIFF.

A SNEAKING Cur, the master's spy,
Rewarded for his daily lie,
With secret jealousies and fears
Set all together by the ears.
Poor puss to-day was in disgrace,
Another cat supplied her place ;

The hound was beat, the Mastiff chid,
The monkey was the room forbid;
Each to his dearest friend grew shy,
And none could tell the reason why.

A plan to rob the house was laid:
The thief with love seduc'd the maid,
Cajol'd the Cur, and strok'd his head,
And bought his secrecy with bread:
He next the Mastiff's honour tried,
Whose honest jaws the bribe defied:
He stretch'd his hand to proffer more;
The surly Dog his fingers tore.

Swift ran the Cur; with indignation
The master took his information.
'Hang him, the villain's curs'd, he cries;
And round his neck the halter ties.

The Dog his humble suit preferr'd,
And begg'd in justice to be heard.
The master sat. On either hand
The cited Dogs confronting stand;
The cur the bloody tale relates,
And like a lawyer, aggravates.

'Judge not unheard, (the Mastiff cried)
But weigh the cause of either side.
Think not that treachery can be just;
Take not informers' words on trust;
They ope their hand to every pay,
And you and me by turns betray.'

He spoke; and all the truth appear'd:
The Cur was hang'd, the Mastiff clear'd.

THE SICK MAN AND THE ANGEL.

‘Is there no hope?’ the sick man said.
The silent doctor shook his head,
And took his leave with signs of sorrow,
Despairing of his fee to-morrow.

When thus the Man, with gasping breath;
‘I feel the chilling wound of Death.
Since I must bid the world adieu,
Let me my former life review.
I grant my bargains well were made,
But all men overreach in trade;
’Tis self-defence in each profession;
Sure self-defence is no transgression.
The little portion in my hands,
By good security on lands
Is well increas’d. If, unawares,
My justice to myself and heirs
Hath let my debtor rot in jail,
For want of good sufficient bail;
If I by writ, or bond, or deed,
Reduc’d a family to need,
My will hath made the world amends;
My hope on charity depends.
When I am number’d with the dead,
And all my pious gifts are read,

By heav'n and earth 'twill then be known
My charities were amply shown.'

An Angel came: 'Ah! Friend! (he cried)
No more in flattering hope confide.
Can thy good deeds in former times
Outweigh the balance of thy crimes?
What widow or what orphan prays
To crown thy life with length of days?
A pious action's in thy power,
Embrace with joy the happy hour.
Now while you draw the vital air,
Prove your intention is sincere:
This instant give a hundred pound;
Your neighbours want, and you abound.'

'But why such haste, (the sick Man whines)
Who knows as yet what Heav'n designs?
Perhaps I may recover still.
That sum and more are in my will.'

'Fool, (says the Vision) now 'tis plain
Your life, your soul, your heav'n, was gain.
From every side, with all your might,
You scrap'd, and scrap'd beyond your right;
And after death would fain atone,
By giving what is not your own.'

'While there is life, there's hope, (he cried)
Then why such haste?' so groan'd and died.

THE
PERSIAN, THE SUN, AND THE CLOUD.

Is there a bard whom genius fires,
Whose every thought the god inspires?
When Envy reads the nervous lines,
She frets, she rails, she raves, she pines;
Her hissing snakes with venom swell;
She calls her venal train from hell:
The servile fiends her nod obey,
And all Curl's authors are in pay.
Fame calls up Calumny and Spite:
Thus shadow owes its birth to light.

As prostrate to the God of Day,
With heart devout, a Persian lay,
His invocation thus begun:

‘Parent of Light! all-seeing Sun!
Prolific beam, whose rays dispense
The various gifts of Providence,
Accept our praise, our daily prayer,
Smile on our fields, and bless the year.’

A Cloud, who mock'd his grateful tongue,
The day with sudden darkness hung;
With pride and envy swell'd, aloud
A voice thus thunder'd from the Cloud:

‘Weak is this gaudy god of thine,
Whom I at will forbid to shine.

Shall I not vows nor incense know?—

Where praise is due the praise bestow.'

With fervent zeal the Persian mov'd,
Thus the proud calumny reprov'd :

'It was that god who claims my pray'r

Who gave thee birth, and rais'd thee there ;

When o'er his beams the veil is thrown,

Thy substance is but plainer shown :

A passing gale, a puff of wind,

Dispels thy thickest troops combin'd.'

The gale arose ; the vapour tost
(The sport of winds) in air was lost ;

The glorious orb the day refines.

Thus envy breaks, thus merit shines.

THE FOX AT THE POINT OF DEATH.

A Fox, in life's extreme decay,

Weak, sick, and faint, expiring lay ;

All appetite had left his maw,

And Age disarm'd his mumbling jaw.

His numerous race around him stand,

To learn their dying sire's command :

He rais'd his head with whining moan,

And thus was heard the feeble tone :

'Ah ! sons ! from evil ways depart ;

My crimes lie heavy on my heart.

See, see the murder'd geese appear!
Why are those bleeding turkeys there?
Why all around this cackling train,
Who haunt my ears for chicken slain?'

The hungry Foxes round them star'd,
And for the promis'd feast prepar'd:

'Where, Sir, is all this dainty cheer?
Nor turkey, goose, nor hen, is here.
These are the phantoms of your brain,
And your sons lick their lips in vain.'

'O gluttons! (says the drooping sire)
Restrain inordinate desire:
Your liquorish taste you shall deplore,
When peace of conscience is no more.
Does not the hound betray our pace,
And gins and guns destroy our race?
Thieves dread the searching eye of pow'r,
And never feel the quiet hour.
Old age (which few of us shall know)
Now puts a period to my woe.
Would you true happiness attain,
Let honesty your passions rein;
So live in credit and esteem,
And the good name you lost redeem.'

'The counsel's good, (a Fox replies)
Could we perform what you advise.
Think what our ancestors have done;
A line of thieves from son to son:
To us descends the long disgrace,
And infamy hath mark'd our race.

Though we, like harmless sheep, should feed,
Honest in thought, in word, and deed,
Whatever hen-roost is decreas'd,
We shall be thought to share the feast.
The change shall never be believ'd.
A lost good name is ne'er retriev'd.

‘Nay, then, (replies the feeble Fox)
But, hark! I hear a hen that crows :
Go, but be moderate in your food ;
A chicken, too, might do me good.’

THE

SETTING-DOG AND THE PARTRIDGE.

THE ranging Dog the stubble tries,
And searches every breeze that flies ;
The scent grows warm ; with cautious fear
He creeps, and points the covey near ;
The men, in silence, far behind,
Conscious of game, the net unbind.

A Partridge, with experience wise,
The fraudulent preparation spies ;
She mocks their toils, alarms her brood,
The covey springs, and seeks the wood ;
But ere her certain wing she tries,
Thus to the creeping Spaniel cries :

‘Thou fawning slave to man’s deceit,
Thou pimp of Luxury, sneaking cheat,
Of thy whole species thou disgrace,
Dogs should disown thee of their race!
For if I judge their native parts,
They’re born with honest open hearts;
And, ere they serv’d man’s wicked ends,
Were generous foes, or real friends.’

When thus the Dog, with scornful smile:
‘Secure of wing thou dar’st revile.
Clowns are to polish’d manners blind;
How ignorant is the rustic mind!
My worth sagacious courtiers see,
And to preferment rise like me.
The thriving pimp, who beauty sets,
Hath oft enhanc’d a nation’s debts:
Friend sets his friend, without regard,
And ministers his skill reward:
Thus train’d by man I learnt his ways,
And growing favour feasts my days.’

‘I might have guess’d, (the Partridge said)
The place where you were train’d and fed;
Servants are apt, and in a trice
Ape to a hair their masters’ vice.
You came from court, you say: Adieu!’
She said, and to the covey flew.

THE UNIVERSAL APPARITION.

A RAKE, by every passion rul'd,
With every vice his youth had cool'd ;
Disease his tainted blood assails ;
His spirits droop, his vigour fails :
With secret ills at home he pines,
And, like infirm old age, declines.

As, twing'd with pain, he pensive sits,
And raves, and prays, and swears by fits ;
A ghastly phantom, lean and wan,
Before him rose, and thus began :

‘ My name, perhaps, hath reach'd your ear ;
Attend, and be advis'd by Care.
Nor love, nor honour, wealth, nor pow'r,
Can give the heart a cheerful hour
When health is lost. Be timely wise :
With health all taste of pleasure flies.’

Thus said, the Phantom disappears,
The wary counsel wak'd his fears :
He now from all excess abstains,
With physic purifies his veins ;
And, to procure a sober life,
Resolves to venture on a wife.

But now again the Sprite ascends.
Where'er he walks his ear attends ;

Insinuates that beauty's frail,
That perseverance must prevail;
With jealousies his brain inflames,
And whispers all her lovers' names.
In other hours she represents
His household charge, his annual rents,
Increasing debts, perplexing duns,
And nothing for his younger sons.

Straight all his thought to gain he turns,
And with the thirst of lucre burns.
But when possess'd of fortune's store,
The Spectre haunts him more and more;
Sets want and misery in view,
Bold thieves and all the murdering crew;
Alarms him with eternal frights,
Infests his dream, or wakes his nights.
How shall he chase this hideous guest?
Power may perhaps protect his rest.
To power he rose. Again the Sprite
Besets him morning, noon, and night;
Talks of Ambition's tottering seat,
How Envy persecutes the great;
Of rival hate, of treacherous friends,
And what disgrace his fall attends.

The court he quits to fly from Care.
And seeks the peace of rural air:
His groves, his fields, amus'd his hours;
He prun'd his trees, he rais'd his flowers.
But Care again his steps pursues,
Warns him of blasts, of blighting dews,

Of plundering insects, snails, and rains,
And drougths that starv'd the labour'd plains.
Abroad, at home, the Spectre's there ;
In vain we seek to fly from Care.

At length he thus the Ghost addrest :
' Since thou must be my constant guest,
Be kind, and follow me no more ;
For Care, by right, should go before.'

THE TWO OWLS AND THE SPARROW.

Two formal Owls together sat,
Conferring thus in solemn chat :

' How is the modern taste decay'd !
Where's the respect to wisdom paid ?
Our worth the Grecian sages knew ;
They gave our sires the honour due ;
They weigh'd the dignity of fowls,
And pry'd into the depth of Owls.
Athens, the seat of learned fame,
With general voice rever'd our name ;
On merit title was conferr'd,
And all ador'd th' Athenian bird.'

' Brother, you reason well ; (replies
The solemn mate, with half-shut eyes)
Right: Athens was the seat of learning,
And truly wisdom is discerning.

Besides, on Pallas' helm we sit,
The type and ornament of wit :
But now, alas ! we're quite neglected,
And a pert Sparrow's more respected.'

A Sparrow, who was lodg'd beside,
O'erhears them soothe each other's pride,
And thus he nimbly vents his heat :

' Who meets a fool must find conceit.
I grant you were at Athens grac'd,
And on Minerva's helm were plac'd ;
But every bird that wings the sky,
Except an Owl, can tell you why.
From hence they taught their schools to know
How false we judge by outward show ;
That we should never look on esteem,
Since fools as wise as you might seem.
Would ye contempt and scorn avoid,
Let your vainglory be destroy'd :
Humble your arrogance of thought,
Pursue the ways by Nature taught ;
So shall you find delicious fare,
And grateful farmers praise your care ;
So shall sleek mice your chase reward,
And no keen cat find more regard.'

THE COURTIER AND PROTEUS.

WHENE’ER a Courtier’s out of place,
The country shelters his disgrace ;
Where, doom’d to exercise and health,
His house and gardens own his wealth.
He builds new schemes, in hope to gain
The plunder of another reign ;
Like Philip’s son, would fain be doing,
And sighs for other realms to ruin.

As one of these (without his wand)
Pensive along the winding strand
Employ’d the solitary hour,
In projects to regain his pow’r,
The waves in spreading circles ran,
Proteus arose, and thus began :

‘Came you from court? for in your mien
A self-important air is seen.’

He frankly own’d his friends had trick’d him,
And how he fell his party’s victim.

‘Know, (says the God) by matchless skill
I change to every shape at will ;
But yet I’m told, at court you see
Those who presume to rival me.’

Thus said : a snake, with hideous trail,
Proteus extends his scaly mail.

‘ Know, (says the Man) though proud in place,
All Courtiers are of reptile race.
Like you, they take that dreadful form,
Bask in the sun, and fly the storm ;
With malice hiss, with envy glote,
And for convenience change their coat ;
With new-got lustre rear their head,
Though on a dunghill born and bred.’

Sudden the god a lion stands ;
He shakes his mane, he spurns the sands ;
Now a fierce lynx, with fiery glare,
A wolf, an ass, a fox, a bear.

‘ Had I ne’er liv’d at court (he cries)
Such transformation might surprise ;
But there, in quest of daily game,
Each able Courtier acts the same.
Wolves, lions, lynxes, while in place,
Their friends and fellows are their chase.
They play the bear’s and fox’s part,
Now rob by force, now steal with art.
They sometimes in the senate bray,
Or chang’d again to beasts of prey,
Down from the lion to the ape,
Practise the frauds of every shape.
So said : upon the god he flies,
In cords the struggling captive ties.

‘ Now, Proteus ! now (to truth compell’d)
Speak, and confess thy art excell’d.

Use strength, surprise, or what you will,
The Courtier finds evasions still ;
Not to be bound by any ties,
And never forc'd to leave his lies.

THE MASTIFFS.

THOSE who in quarrels interpose,
Must often wipe a bloody nose.

A Mastiff, of true English blood,
Lov'd fighting better than his food.
When dogs were snarling for a bone,
He long'd to make the war his own,
And often found (when two contend)
To interpose obtain'd his end ;
He gloried in his limping pace ;
The scars of honour seam'd his face ;
In every limb a gash appears,
And frequent fights retrench'd his ears.

As on a time he heard from far
Two dogs engag'd in noisy war,
Away he scours, and lays about him,
Resolv'd no fray should be without him.

Forth from his yard a tanner flies,
And to the bold intruder cries,

'A cudgel shall correct your manners :
Whence sprung this cursed hate to tanners?

While on my dog you vent your spite,
Sirrah ! 'tis me you dare not bite.'

To see the battle thus perplex'd,
With equal rage a butcher vex'd,
Hoarse-screaming from the circled crowd,
To the curs'd Mastiff cries aloud,

' Both Hockley-hole and Mary-bone
The combats of my dog have known :
He ne'er, like bullies, coward-hearted,
Attacks in public, to be parted.
Think not, rash fool, to share his fame ;
Be his the honour or the shame.'

Thus said, they swore, and rav'd like thunder,
Then dragg'd their fasten'd dogs asunder ;
While clubs and kicks from every side
Rebounded from the Mastiff's hide.

All reeking now with sweat and blood,
Awhile the parted warriors stood,
Then pour'd upon the meddling foe,
Who, worried, howl'd, and sprawl'd below.
He rose ; and limping from the fray,
By both sides mangled, sneak'd away.

THE BARLEY-MOW AND THE DUNGHILL

How many saucy airs we meet
From Temple Bar to Aldgate Street!
Proud rogues, who shar'd the South-sea prey,
And sprung like mushrooms in a day!
They think it mean to condescend
To know a brother or a friend;
They blush to hear their mother's name,
And by their pride expose their shame.

As cross his yard, at early day,
A careful farmer took his way,
He stopp'd, and leaning on his fork,
Observ'd the flail's incessant work.
In thought he measur'd all his store,
His geese, his hogs, he number'd o'er;
In fancy weigh'd the fleeces shorn,
And multiplied the next year's corn.

A Barley-mow, which stood beside,
Thus to its musing master cry'd:
'Say, good Sir, is it fit or right
To treat me with neglect and slight;
Me, who contribute to your cheer,
And raise your mirth with ale and beer?
Why thus insulted, thus disgrac'd,
And that vile Dunghill near me plac'd?

Are those poor sweepings of a groom,
That filthy sight, that nauseous fume,
Meet objects here? command it hence;
A thing so mean must give offence.'

The humble Dunghill thus replied:
'Thy master hears, and mocks thy pride:
Insult not thus the meek and low:
In me thy benefactor know;
My warm assistance gave thee birth,
Or thou hadst perish'd low in earth;
But upstarts, to support their station,
Cancel at once all obligation.'

PYTHAGORAS AND THE COUNTRYMAN.

PYTHAG'RAS rose at early dawn,
By soaring meditation drawn;
To breathe the fragrance of the day,
Through flowery fields he took his way.
In musing contemplation warm,
His steps misled him to a farm,
Where on a ladder's topmost round
A peasant stood; the hammer's sound
Shook the weak barn. 'Say, Friend, what care
Calls for thy honest labour there?

The Clown with surly voice replies,
'Vengeance aloud for justice cries.

This kite by daily rapine fed,
My hens' annoy, my turkeys' dread,
At length his forfeit life hath paid;
See on the wall his wings display'd,
Here nail'd, a terror to his kind,
My fowls shall future safety find;
My yard the thriving poultry feed,
And my barns' refuse fat the breed.'

'Friend, (says the Sage) the doom is wise;
For public good the murderer dies:
But if these tyrants of the air
Demand a sentence so severe,
Think how the glutton, man, devours;
What bloody feasts regale his hours!
O impudence of pow'r and might,
Thus to condemn a hawk or kite,
When thou, perhaps, carniv'rous sinner,
Hadst pullets yesterday for dinner!'

'Hold, (cried the Clown, with passion heated)
Shall kites and men alike be treated?
When Heav'n the world with creatures stor'd,
Man was ordain'd their sovereign lord.'

'Thus tyrants boast, (the Sage replied)
Whose murders spring from pow'er and pride.
Own then this manlike kite is slain
Thy greater luxury to sustain;
For "Petty rogues submit to Fate,
That great ones may enjoy their state." ¹

¹ Garth's Dispensary.

THE FARMER'S WIFE AND THE RAVEN.

‘WHY are those tears? why droops your head?
Is then your other husband dead?
Or does a worse disgrace betide?
Hath no one since his death applied?’

‘Alas! you know the cause too well;
The salt is spilt, to me it fell;
Then to contribute to my loss,
My knife and fork were laid across:
On Friday, too! the day I dread!
Would I were safe at home in bed!
Last night (I vow to Heav’n ’tis true)
Bounce from the fire a coffin flew.
Next post some fatal news shall tell:
God send my Cornish friends be well!’

‘Unhappy widow, cease thy tears,
Nor feel affliction in thy fears;
Let not thy stomach be suspended;
Eat now, and weep when dinner’s ended;
And when the butler clears the table,
For thy desert, I’ll read my Fable.’

Betwixt her swagging pannier’s load
A Farmer’s Wife to market rode,
And, jogging on, with thoughtful care,
Summ’d up the profits of her ware;

When, starting from her silver dream,
Thus far and wide was heard her scream :

‘ That Raven on yon left-hand oak
(Curse on his ill-betiding croak)
Bodes me no good.’ No more she said,
When poor blind Ball, with stumbling tread
Fell prone ; o’erturn’d the pannier lay,
And her mash’d eggs bestrow’d the way.

She, sprawling in the yellow road,
Rail’d, swore, and curs’d : ‘ Thou croaking toad,
A murrain take thy whoreson throat !
I knew misfortune in the note.’

‘ Dame, (quoth the Raven) spare your oaths,
Unclench your fist, and wipe your clothes.
But why on me those curses thrown ?
Goody, the fault was all your own ;
For had you laid this brittle ware
On Dun, the old sure-footed mare,
Though all the Ravens of the Hundred,
With croaking had your tongue out-thunder’d,
Sure-footed Dun had kept her legs,
And you, good Woman, sav’d your eggs.’

THE TURKEY AND THE ANT.

IN other men we faults can spy,
And blame the mote that dims their eye;
Each little speck and blemish find,
To our own stronger errors blind.

A Turkey, tir'd of common food,
Forsook the barn, and sought the wood;
Behind her ran an infant train,
Collecting here and there a grain.
'Draw near, my Birds! (the mother cries)
This hill delicious fare supplies;
Behold the busy negro race,
See millions blacken all the place!
Fear not; like me with freedom eat;
An Ant is most delightful meat.
How bless'd, how envied, were our life,
Could we but 'scape the poulterer's knife!
But man, curs'd man, on Turkeys preys,
And Christmas shortens all our days.
Sometimes with oysters we combine,
Sometimes assist the savoury chine;
From the low peasant to the lord,
The Turkey smokes on every board.
Sure men for gluttony are curs'd,
Of the seven deadly sins the worst.'

An Ant, who climb'd beyond his reach,
Thus answer'd from the neighb'ring beech:

‘Ere you remark another’s sin,
Bid thy own conscience look within;
Control thy more voracious bill,
Nor for a breakfast nations kill.’

THE FATHER AND JUPITER.

THE Man to Jove his suit preferr’d;
He begg’d a wife: his prayer was heard.
Jove wonder’d at his bold addressing;
For how precarious is the blessing!

A wife he takes: and now for heirs
Again he worries Heav’n with prayers.
Jove nods assent: two hopeful boys
And a fine girl reward his joys.

Now more solicitous he grew,
And set their future lives in view;
He saw that all respect and duty
Were paid to wealth, to power, and beauty.

‘Once more (he cries) accept my prayer;
Make my lov’d progeny thy care:
Let my first hope, my favourite boy,
All Fortune’s richest gifts enjoy:
My next with strong ambition fire;
May favour teach him to aspire,
Till he the step of power ascend,
And courtiers to their idol bend.’

With every grace, with every charm,
My daughter's perfect features arm.
If Heav'n approve, a Father's bless'd.—
Jove smiles, and grants his full request.

The first, a miser at the heart,
Studious of every griping art,
Heaps hoards on hoards with anxious pain,
And all his life devotes to gain.
He feels no joy, his cares increase,
He neither wakes nor sleeps in peace;
In fancied want (a wretch complete)
He starves, and yet he dares not eat.
The next to sudden honours grew;
The thriving art of courts he knew;
He reach'd the height of power and place,
Then fell the victim of disgrace.

Beauty with early bloom supplies
His daughters cheek, and points her eyes.
The vain coquette each suit disdains,
And glories in her lovers' pains.
With age she fades, each lover flies;
Contemn'd, forlorn, she pines and dies.

When Jove the Father's grief survey'd,
And heard him Heav'n and Fate upbraid,
Thus spoke the God: 'By outward show
Men judge of happiness and woe:
Shall ignorance of good and ill
Dare to direct the eternal will?
Seek virtue; and, of that possest,
To Providence resign the rest.'

THE TWO MONKEYS.

THE learned, full of inward pride,
The fops of outward show deride ;
The fop, with learning at defiance,
Scoffs at the pedant and the science :
The Don, a formal solemn strutter,
Despises Monsieur's airs and flutter ;
While Monsieur mocks the formal fool,
Who looks, and speaks, and walks, by rule.
Britain, a medley of the twain,
As pert as France, as grave as Spain,
In fancy wiser than the rest,
Laughs at them both, of both the jest.
Is not the Poet's chiming close
Censur'd by all the sons of Prose ?
While bards of quick imagination
Despise the sleepy prose narration.
Men laugh at apes ; they men contemn ;
For what are we but apes to them ?

Two Monkeys went to Southwark fair,
No critics had a sourer air :
They forc'd their way through draggled folks,
Who gap'd to catch Jack Pudding's jokes ;
Then took their tickets for the show,
And got by chance the foremost row.

To see their grave observing face,
Provok'd a laugh through all the place.

‘Brother, (says Pug, and turn'd his head)
The rabble's monstrously ill-bred.’

Now through the booth loud hisses ran,
Nor ended till the show began.

The tumbler whirls the flipflap round,
With somersets he shakes the ground;
The cord beneath the dancer springs;
Aloft in air the vaulter swings;
Distorted now, now prone depends,
Now through his twisted arms ascends;
The crowd, in wonder and delight,
With clapping hands applaud the sight.

With smiles, quoth Pug, ‘If pranks like these
The giant apes of reason please,
How would they wonder at our arts?
They must adore us for our parts.
High on the twig I've seen you cling,
Play, twist, and turn in airy ring:
How can those clumsy things like me,
Fly with a bound from tree to tree?
But yet, by this applause, we find
These emulators of our kind
Discern our worth, our parts regard,
Who our mean mimics thus reward.’

‘Brother, (the grinning mate replies)
In this I grant that man is wise:
While good example they pursue,
We must allow some praise is due;

But when they strain beyond their guide,
I laugh to scorn the mimic pride ;
For how fantastic is the sight,
To meet men always bolt upright,
Because we sometimes walk on two !
I hate the imitating crew.'

THE OWL AND THE FARMER.

AN Owl of grave deport and mien,
Who (like the Turk) was seldom seen,
Within a barn had chose his station,
As fit for prey and contemplation :
Upon a beam aloft he sits,
And nods, and seems to think, by fits.
(So have I seen a man of news,
Or Post-boy or Gazette peruse,
Smoke, nod, and talk with voice profound,
And fix the fate of Europe round.)
Sheaves pil'd on sheaves hid all the floor :
At dawn of morn to view his store
The Farmer came. The hooting guest
His self-importance thus exprest :
 ' Reason in man is mere pretence :
How weak, how shallow, is his sense !
To treat with scorn the Bird of Night,
Declares his folly or his spite.

Then, too, how partial is his praise !
The lark's, the linnet's, chirping lays
To his ill-judging ears are fine,
And nightingales are all divine :
But the more knowing feather'd race
See wisdom stamp'd upon my face.
Whene'er to visit light I deign,
What flocks of fowl compose my train !
Like slaves, they crowd my flight behind,
And own me of superior kind.'

The farmer laugh'd, and thus replied :
'Thou dull important lump of pride !
Dar'st thou with that harsh grating tongue
Depreciate birds of warbling song ?
Indulge thy spleen : know men and fowl
Regard thee, as thou art, an Owl.
Besides, proud Blockhead ! be not vain
Of what thou call'st thy slaves and train :
Few follow Wisdom or her rules ;
Fools in derision follow fools.'

THE JUGGLERS.

A JUGGLER long through all the Town
Had rais'd his fortune and renown ;
You'd think (so far his art transcends)
The devil at his fingers' ends.

Vice heard his fame, she read his bill ;
Convinc'd of his inferior skill,
She sought his booth, and from the crowd
Defied the man of art aloud.

‘ Is this then he so fam'd for sleight ?
Can this slow bungler cheat your sight ?
Dares he with me dispute the prize ?
I leave it to impartial eyes.’

Provok'd, the Juggler cried, ‘ ’Tis done ;
In science I submit to none.’

Thus said, the cups and balls he play'd ;
By turns this here, that there, convey'd.
The cards, obedient to his words,
Are by a fillip turn'd to birds.
His little boxes change the grain :
Trick after trick deludes the train.
He shakes his bag, he shows all fair :
His fingers spread, and nothing there ;
Then bids it rain with showers of gold ;
And now his ivory eggs are told ;
But when from thence the hen he draws,
Amaz'd spectators hum applause.

Vice now stept forth, and took the place,
With all the forms of his grimace.

‘ This magic looking-glass, (she cries)
(There, hand it round) will charm your eyes.
Each eager eye the sight desir'd,
And every man himself admir'd.

Next, to a senator addressing,
‘ See this bank-note ; observe the blessing.

Breathe on the bill. Heigh, pass! 'Tis gone.'
Upon his lips a padlock shown.
A second puff the magic broke;
The padlock vanish'd, and he spoke.

Twelve bottles rang'd upon the board
All full, with heady liquor stor'd,
By clean conveyance disappear,
And now two bloody swords are there.

A purse she to a thief expos'd;
At once his ready fingers clos'd.
He opes his fist, the treasure's fled;
He sees a halter in its stead.

She bids Ambition hold a wand;
He grasps a hatchet in his hand.

A box of charity she shows.
Blow here; and a church-warden blows.
'Tis vanish'd with conveyance neat,
And on the table smokes a treat.

She shakes the dice, the board she knocks,
And from all pockets fills her box.

She next a meagre rake address:
'This picture see; her shape, her breast!
What youth, and what inviting eyes!
Hold her, and have her.' With surprise,
His hand expos'd a box of pills,
And a loud laugh proclaim'd his ills.
A counter, in a miser's hand,
Grew twenty guineas at command:
She bids his heir the sum retain,
And 'tis a counter now again.

A guinea with her touch you see
Take every shape but Charity ;
And not one thing you saw, or drew,
But chang'd from what was first in view.

The Juggler now, in grief of heart,
With this submission own'd her art :
'Can I such matchless sleight withstand !
How practice hath improv'd your hand !
But now and then I cheat the throng ;
You every day, and all day long.'

THE COUNCIL OF HORSES

UPON a time a neighing steed,
Who graz'd among a numerous breed,
With mutiny had fir'd the train,
And spread dissension through the plain.
On matters that concern'd the state
The Council met in grand debate.
A Colt, whose eyeballs flam'd with ire,
Elate with strength and youthful fire,
In haste stept forth before the rest,
And thus the listening throng addrest :

'Good gods ! how abject is our race,
Condemn'd to slavery and disgrace !
Shall we our servitude retain,
Because our sires have borne the chain ?

Consider, friends ! your strength and might,
'Tis conquest to assert your right.
How cumbrous is the gilded coach !
The pride of man is our reproach.
Were we design'd for daily toil,
To drag the ploughshare through the soil,
To sweat in harness through the road,
To groan beneath the carrier's load ?
How feeble are the two-legg'd kind !
What force is in our nerves combin'd !
Shall then our nobler jaws submit
To foam and champ the galling bit ?
Shall haughty man my back bestride ?
Shall the sharp spur provoke my side ?
Forbid it Heavens ! Reject the rein ;
Your shame, your infamy, disdain.
Let him the lion first control,
And still the tiger's famish'd growl.
Let us, like them, our freedom claim,
And make him tremble at our name.'

A general nod approv'd the cause,
And all the circle neigh'd applause.

When, lo ! with grave and solemn pace,
A steed advanc'd before the race,
With age and long experience wise ;
Around he cast his thoughtful eyes,
And, to the murmurs of the train,
Thus spoke the Nestor of the plain :

' When I had health and strength, like you,
The toils of servitude I knew ;

Now grateful man rewards my pains,
And gives me all these wide domains.
At will I crop the year's increase ;
My latter life is rest and peace.
I grant to man we lend our pains,
And aid him to correct the plains ;
But doth not he divide the care,
Through all the labours of the year ?
How many thousand structures rise,
To fence us from inclement skies !
For us he bears the sultry day,
And stores up all our winter's hay,
He sows, he reaps the harvest's gain ;
We share the toil and share the grain.
Since every creature was decreed
To aid each other's mutual need,
Appease your discontented mind,
And act the part by Heav'n assign'd.'

The tumult ceas'd. The Colt submitted ;
And, like his ancestors, was bitted.

THE HOUND AND THE HUNTSMAN.

IMPERTINENCE at first is borne
With heedless slight or smiles of scorn :
Teas'd into wrath, what patience bears
The noisy fool who perseveres ?

The morning wakes, the Huntsman sounds,
At once rush forth the joyful Hounds ;
They seek the wood with eager pace,
Through bush, through brier, explore the chase:
Now scatter'd wide they try the plain,
And snuff the dewy turf in vain.
What care, what industry, what pains !
What universal silence reigns !

Ringwood, a dog of little fame,
Young, pert, and ignorant of game,
At once displays his babbling throat ;
The pack, regardless of the note,
Pursue the scent ; with louder strain
He still persists to vex the train.

The Huntsman to the clamour flies,
The smacking lash he smartly plies.
His ribs all welk'd, with howling tone
The puppy thus express'd his moan.

'I know the music of my tongue
Long since the pack with envy stung.

What will not spite? these bitter smarts
I owe to my superior parts.'

'When Puppies prate, (the Huntsman cried)
They show both ignorance and pride:
Fools may our scorn, not envy, raise,
For envy is a kind of praise.
Had not thy forward noisy tongue
Proclaim'd thee always in the wrong,
Thou might'st have mingled with the rest,
And ne'er thy foolish nose confest:
But fools, to talking ever prone,
Are sure to make their follies known.'

THE POET AND THE ROSE.

I HATE the man who builds his name
On ruins of another's fame:
Thus prudes, by characters o'erthrown,
Imagine that they raise their own;
Thus scribblers covetous of praise,
Think slander can transplant the bays.
Beauties and bards have equal pride,
With both all rivals are decried,
Who praises Lesbia's eyes and feature,
Must call her sister awkward creature;
For the kind flattery's sure to charm,
When we some other nymph disarm.

As in the cool of early day
A Poet sought the sweets of May,
The garden's fragrant breath ascends,
And every stalk with odour bends:
A Rose he pluck'd, he gaz'd, admir'd,
Thus singing, as the Muse inspir'd:—
'Go, Rose, my Chloe's bosom grace;
How happy should I prove,
Might I supply that envied place
With never-fading love!
There, Phoenix-like, beneath her eye,
Involv'd in fragrance, burn and die.

'Know, hapless flower! that thou shalt find
More fragrant Roses there;
I see thy withering head reclin'd
With envy and despair!
One common fate we both must prove;
You die with envy, I with love.'

'Spare your comparisons, (replied
An angry Rose, who grew beside)
Of all mankind you should not flout us;
What can a Poet do without us!
In every love-song Roses bloom;
We lend you colour and perfume:
Does it to Chloe's charms conduce,
To found her praise on our abuse?
Must we, to flatter her, be made,
To wither, envy, pine, and fade?

THE CUR, HORSE, AND SHEPHERD'S DOG.

THE lad of all-sufficient merit,
With modesty ne'er damps his spirit;
Presuming on his own deserts,
On all alike his tongue exerts :
His noisy jokes at random throws,
And pertly spatters friends and foes.
In wit and war the bully race
Contribute to their own disgrace :
Too late the forward youth shall find
That jokes are sometimes paid in kind ;
Or if they canker in the breast,
He makes a foe who makes a jest.

• A village Cur, of snappish race,
The pertest puppy of the place,
Imagin'd that his treble throat
Was blest with Music's sweetest note ;
In the mid road he basking lay,
The yelping nuisance of the way ;
For not a creature pass'd along
But had a sample of his song.
Soon as the trotting Steed he hears,
He starts, he cocks his dapper ears ;
Away he scours, assaults his hoof ;
Now near him snarls, now barks aloof ;

With shrill impertinence attends,
Nor leaves him till the village ends.
It chanc'd, upon his evil day,
A Pad came pacing down the way ;
The Cur, with never-ceasing tongue,
Upon the passing traveller sprung.
The Horse, from scorn provok'd to ire,
Flung backward ; rolling in the mire,
The Puppy howl'd, and bleeding lay ;
The Pad in peace pursued his way.

A Shepherd's Dog, who saw the deed,
Detesting the vexatious breed,
Bespoke him thus : ' When coxcombs prate,
They kindle wrath, contempt, or hate ;
Thy teasing tongue had judgment tied,
Thou hadst not like a puppy died.'

THE COURT OF DEATH.

DEATH, on a solemn night of state,
In all his pomp of terror sate :
The attendants of his gloomy reign,
Diseases dire, a ghastly train !
Crowd the vast court. With hollow tone
A voice thus thunder'd from the throne :
' This night our minister we name,
Let every servant speak his claim ;

Merit shall bear this ebon wand.'
All, at the word, stretch'd forth their hand.

Fever, with burning heat possest,
Advanc'd, and for the wand addrest :
'I to the weekly bills appeal,
Let those express my fervent zeal;
On every slight occasion near,
With violence I persevere.'

Next Gout appears with limping pace,
Pleads how he shifts from place to place ;
From head to foot how swift he flies,
And every joint and sinew plies ;
Still working when he seems supprest,
A most tenacious stubborn guest.

A haggard Spectre from the crew
Crawls forth, and thus asserts his due :
' 'Tis I who taint the sweetest joy,
And in the shape of Love destroy :
My shanks, sunk eyes, and noseless face,
Prove my pretension to the place.'

Stone urg'd his ever-growing force ;
And, next, Consumption's meagre corse,
With feeble voice, that scarce was heard.
Broke with short coughs, his suit preferr'd :
'Let none object my lingering way,
I gain, like Fabius, by delay ;
Fatigue and weaken every foe
By long attack, secure, though slow.'

Plague represents his rapid power,
Who thinn'd a nation in an hour.

All spoke their claim, and hop'd the wand.
Now expectation hush'd the band,
When thus the Monarch from the throne :
 ' Merit was ever modest known
What, no Physician speak his right !
None here ! but fees their toils requite.
Let then Intemperance take the wand,
Who fills with gold their zealous hand.
You, Fever, Gout, and all the rest,
(Whom wary men, as foes, detest)
Forego your claim ; no more pretend ;
Intemperance is esteem'd a friend ;
He shares their mirth, their social joys,
And as a courted guest destroys :
The charge on him must justly fall,
Who finds employment for you all.'

THE GARDENER AND THE HOG.

A GARD'NER of peculiar taste,
On a young Hog his favour plac'd,
Who fed not with the common herd ;
His tray was to the hall preferr'd :
He wallow'd underneath the board,
Or in his master's chamber snor'd,
Who fondly strok'd him every day,
And taught him all the puppy's play.

Where'er he went, the grunting friend
Ne'er fail'd his pleasure to attend.

As on a time the loving pair
Walk'd forth to tend the garden's care,
The Master thus address'd the Swine :

‘ My house, my garden, all is thine.
On turnips feast whene'er you please,
And riot in my beans and peas,
If the potato's taste delights,
Or the red carrot's sweet invites,
Indulge thy morn and evening hours,
But let due care regard my flow'rs :
My tulips are my garden's pride :
What vast expense those beds supplied !’

The Hog by chance one morning roam'd,
Where with new ale the vessels foam'd ;
He munches now the steaming grains,
Now with full swill the liquor drains.
Intoxicating fumes arise ;
He reels, he rolls his winking eyes ;
Then staggering through the garden scours,
And treads down painted ranks of flowers :
With delving snout he turns the soil,
And cools his palate with the spoil.

The Master came, the ruin spied ;
‘ Villain ! suspend thy rage, (he cried)
Hast thou, thou most ungrateful sot,
My charge, my only charge, forgot ?
What, all my flowers !’ no more he said,
But gaz'd, and sigh'd, and hung his head.

The Hog with fluttering speech returns ;
' Explain, Sir, why your anger burns.
See there, untouch'd, your tulips strown ;
For I devour'd the roots alone.'

At this the Gard'ner's passion grows ;
From oaths and threats he fell to blows :
The stubborn brute the blows sustains,
Assaults his leg, and tears the veins.

Ah ! foolish Swain ! too late you find
That sties were for such friends design'd !

Homeward he limps with painful pace,
Reflecting thus on past disgrace ;
' Who cherishes a brutal mate,
Shall mourn the folly soon or late.'

THE MAN AND THE FLEA.

WHETHER on earth, in air, or main,
Sure every thing alive is vain !

Does not the hawk all fowls survey,
As destin'd only for his prey ?
And do not tyrants, prouder things,
Think men were born for slaves to kings ?

When the crab views the pearly strands,
Or Tagus, bright with golden sands ;

Or crawls beside the coral grove,
And hears the ocean roll above ;
'Nature is too profuse, (says he)
Who gave all these to pleasure me !'

When bordering pinks and roses bloom,
And every garden breathes perfume ;
When peaches glow with sunny dyes,
Like Laura's cheek when blushes rise ;
When the huge figs the branches bend,
When clusters from the vine depend,
The snail looks round on flower and tree,
And cries, 'All these were made for me !'

'What dignity's in human nature ?'
Says Man, the most conceited creature,
As from a cliff he cast his eye,
And view'd the sea and arched sky.
The sun was sunk beneath the main ;
The moon and all the starry train
Hung the vast vault of heav'n : the Man
His contemplation thus began :

'When I behold this glorious show,
And the wide watery world below,
The scaly people of the main,
The beasts that range the wood or plain,
The wing'd inhabitants of air,
The day, the night, the various year.
And know all these by Heav'n design'd
As gifts to pleasure human-kind,
I cannot raise my worth too high ;
Of what vast consequence am I !'

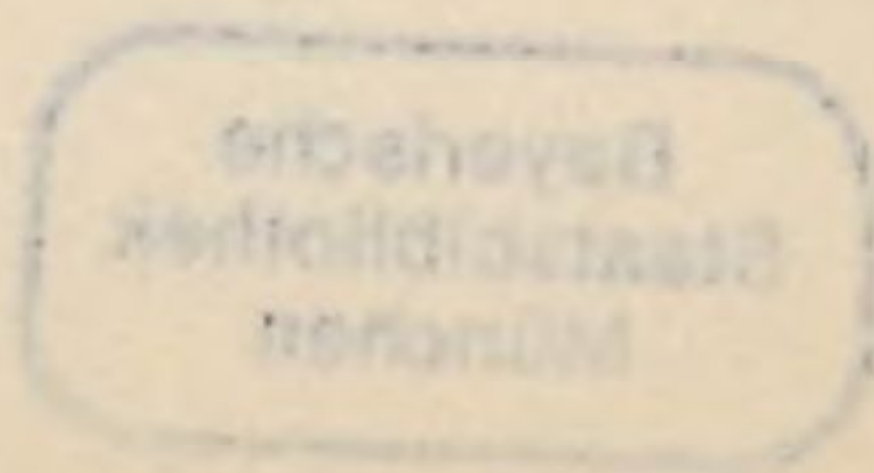
‘Not of the importance you suppose,
(Replies a Flea upon his nose :)
Be humble, learn thyself to scan ;
Know, pride was never made for man.
’Tis vanity that swells thy mind.
What, Heav’n and earth for thee design’d !
For thee, made only for our need,
That more important Fleas might feed.’

THE HARE AND MANY FRIENDS.

FRIENDSHIP, like love, is but a name,
Unless to one you stint the flame.
The child, whom many fathers share,
Hath seldom known a father’s care.
’Tis thus in friendships ; who depend
On many, rarely find a friend.

A Hare who, in a civil way,
Complied with every thing, like GAY,
Was known by all the bestial train
Who haunt the wood or graze the plain ;
Her care was never to offend,
And every creature was her friend.

As forth she went at early dawn,
To taste the dew-besprinkled lawn,
Behind she hears the hunter’s cries,
And from the deep-mouth’d thunder flies :



She starts, she stops, she pants for breath
She hears the near advance of death;
She doubles to mislead the hound,
And measures back her mazy round,
Till, fainting in the public way,
Half-dead with fear she gasping lay.

What transport in her bosom grew,
When first the Horse appear'd in view!

'Let me, (says she) your back ascend,
And owe my safety to a friend.
You know my feet betray my flight:
To friendship every burden's light.'

The Horse replied, 'Poor honest puss,
It grieves my heart to see thee thus:
Be comforted, relief is near,
For all your friends are in the rear.'

She next the stately Bull implor'd;
And thus replied the mighty lord:
'Since every beast alive can tell
That I sincerely wish you well,
I may, without offence, pretend
To take the freedom of a friend.
Love calls me hence; a favourite cow
Expects me near yon barley-mow;
And when a lady's in the case,
You know all other things give place.
To leave you thus might seem unkind,
But see, the Goat is just behind.'

The Goat remark'd her pulse was high,
Her languid head, her heavy eye:

‘My back, (says he) may do you harm;
The Sheep’s at hand, and wool is warm.’

The Sheep was feeble, and complain’d
His sides a load of wool sustain’d;
Said he was slow; confess’d his fears;
For hounds eat sheep as well as Hares.

She now the trotting Calf address’d,
To save from death a friend distress’d:
‘Shall I, (says he) of tender age,
In this important care engage?
Older and abler pass’d you by;
How strong are those! how weak am I!
Should I presume to bear you hence,
Those friends of mine may take offence.
Excuse me, then! you know my heart;
But dearest friends, alas! must part.
How shall we all lament! Adieu;
For see the hounds are just in view.’

FABLES.

PART II.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THESE Fables were finished by Mr. GAY, and intended for the press a short time before his death ; when they were left, with his other papers, to the care of his noble friend and patron the Duke of Queensberry ; who permitted them to be printed from the originals in the Author's own handwriting.

FABLES.

PART II.

THE DOG AND THE FOX.

TO A LAWYER.

I KNOW you Lawyers can, with ease,
Twist words and meanings as you please ;
That language, by your skill made pliant,
Will bend to favor every client ;
That 'tis the fee directs the sense,
To make out either side's pretence.
When you peruse the clearest case,
You see it with a double face :
For scepticism is your profession ;
You hold there's doubt in all expression.

Hence is the bar with fees supplied,
Hence eloquence takes either side.
Your hand would have but paltry gleanings,
Could every man express his meaning.
Who dares presume to pen a deed,
Unless you previously are fee'd ?
'Tis drawn ; and, to augment the cost,
In dull prolixity engrost.

And now we're well secur'd by law,
Till the next brother find a flaw.

Read o'er a will. Was't ever known
But you could make the will your own?
For when you read, 'tis with intent
To find out meanings never meant.
Since things are thus, *se defendendo*,
I bar fallacious *innuendo*.

Sagacious Porta's skill could trace
Some beast or bird in every face.
The head, the eye, the nose's shape,
Prov'd this an owl, and that an ape;
When, in the sketches thus design'd,
Resemblance brings some friend to mind,
You show the piece, and give the hint,
And find each feature in the print;
So monstrous-like the portrait's found,
All know it, and the laugh goes round.
Like him I draw from general nature;
Is't I or you, then, fix the satire?—

So, Sir, I beg you spare your pains
In making comments on my strains.
All private slander I detest,
I judge not of my neighbour's breast:
Party and prejudice I hate,
And write no libels on the state.

Shall not my Fable censure vice,
Because a knave is over nice?
And, lest the guilty hear and dread,
Shall not the decalogue be read?

If I lash vice in general fiction,
Is 't I apply, or self-conviction?
Brutes are my theme: am I to blame,
If men in morals are the same?
I no man call or ape or ass;
'Tis his own conscience holds the glass.

Thus void of all offence I write:
Who claims the fable knows his right.

A shepherd's Dog, unskill'd in sports,
Pick'd up acquaintance of all sorts;
Among the rest a Fox he knew;
By frequent chat their friendship grew.

Says Reynard, 'Tis a cruel case,
That man should stigmatize our race.
No doubt, among us rogues you find,
As among dogs and human kind;
And yet (unknown to me and you)
There may be honest men and true.
Thus slander tries whate'er it can
To put us on the foot with man.
Let my own actions recommend;
No prejudice can blind a friend;
You know me free from all disguise;
My honour as my life I prize.'

By talk like this, from all mistrust
The Dog was cur'd, and thought him just.

As on a time the Fox held forth
On conscience, honesty, and worth,
Sudden he stopp'd; he cock'd his ear;
Low dropt his brushy tail with fear.

‘ Bless us ! the hunters are abroad :
What’s all that clatter on the road ?

‘ Hold, (says the Dog) we’re safe from harm,
Twas nothing but a false alarm :
At yonder town ’tis market-day ;
Some farmer’s wife is on the way ;
’Tis so, (I know her piebald mare)
Dame Dobbins with her poultry-ware.’

Reynard grew huff. Says he, ‘ This sneer
From you I little thought to hear ;
Your meaning in your looks I see :
Pray what’s Dame Dobbins, friend, to me ?
Did I e’er make her poultry thinner ?
Prove that I owe the dame a dinner.’

‘ Friend, (quoth the Cur) I meant no harm ;
Then why so captious ? why so warm ?
My words, in common acceptation,
Could never give this provocation.
No lamb (for aught I ever knew)
May be more innocent than you.’
At this, gall’d Reynard winc’d, and swore
Such language ne’er was given before.

‘ What’s lamb to me ? this saucy hint
Shows me, base Knave, which way you squint.
If th’ other night your master lost
Three lambs, am I to pay the cost ?
Your vile reflections would imply
That I’m the thief. You Dog, you lie.’

‘ Thou knave, thou fool, (the Dog replied)
The name is just, take either side ;

Thy guilt these applications speak
Sirrah, 'tis conscience makes you squeak.'

So saying, on the Fox he flies :
The self-convicted felon dies.

THE VULTURE, THE SPARROW, AND
OTHER BIRDS.

TO A FRIEND IN THE COUNTRY.

ERE I begin, I must premise
Our ministers are good and wise ;
So, though malicious tongues apply,
Pray what care they, or what care I ?
If I am free with courts, be 't known,
I ne'er presume to mean our own.
If general morals seem to joke
On ministers, and such-like folk,
A captious fool may take offence ;
What then? He knows his own pretence.
I meddle with no state affairs ;
But spare my jest to save my ears.
Our present schemes are too profound,
For Machiavel himself to sound :
To censure 'em I 've no pretension ;
I own they're past my comprehension.

You say, your brother wants a place,
('Tis many a younger brother's case)

And that he very soon intends
To ply the court, and tease his friends.
If there his merits chance to find
A patriot of an open mind,
Whose constant actions prove him just
To both a king's and people's trust,
May he, with gratitude, attend,
And owe his rise to such a friend.

You praise his parts, for business fit,
His learning, probity, and wit ;
But those alone will never do,
Unless his patron have 'em too.

I've heard of times (pray God defend us !
We're not so good but he can mend us)
When wicked ministers have trod
On kings and people, law and God ;
With arrogance they girt the throne,
And knew no interest but their own.
Then virtue, from preferment barr'd,
Gets nothing but its own reward.
A gang of petty knaves attend 'em,
With proper parts to recommend 'em.
Then if his patron burn with lust,
The first in favour's pimp the first.
His doors are never clos'd to spies,
Who cheer his heart with double lies ;
They flatter him, his foes defame,
So lull the pangs of guilt and shame.
If schemes of lucre haunt his brain,
Projectors swell his greedy train :

Vile brokers ply his private ear
With jobs of plunder for the year ;
All consciences must bend and ply ;
You must vote on and not know why :
Through thick and thin you must go on ;
One scruple, and your place is gone.

Since plagues like these have curs'd a land.
And favourites cannot always stand,
Good courtiers should for change be ready,
And not have principles too steady ;
For should a knave engross the pow'r,
(God shield the realm from that sad hour)
He must have rogues or slavish fools ;
For what's a knave without his tools ?

Wherever those a people drain,
And strut with infamy and gain,
I envy not their guilt and state,
And scorn to share the public hate.
Let their own servile creatures rise,
By screening fraud and venting lies :
Give me, kind Heav'n, a private station,¹
A mind serene for contemplation :
Title and profit I resign ;
The post of honour shall be mine.
My Fable read, their merits view,
Then herd who will with such a crew.

In days of yore (my cautious rhymes
Always except the present times)

¹ ——— When impious men bear sway,
The post of honour is a private station. ADDISON.

A greedy Vulture, skill'd in game,
Inur'd to guilt, unaw'd by shame,
Approach'd the throne in evil hour,
And step by step intrudes to pow'r:
When at the royal Eagle's ear,
He longs to ease the monarch's care.
The monarch grants. With pride elate,
Behold him minister of state!
Around him throng the feather'd rout;
Friends must be serv'd, and some must out;
Each thinks his own the best pretension;
This asks a place, and that a pension.

The Nightingale was set aside:
A forward Daw his room supplied.
'This bird (says he) for business fit,
Hath both sagacity and wit:
With all his turns, and shifts, and tricks,
He's docile, and at nothing sticks:
Then with his neighbours one so free
At all times will connive at me.'

The Hawk had due distinction shown,
For parts and talents like his own.

Thousands of hireling Cocks attend him,
As blustering bullies to defend him.

At once the Ravens were discarded,
And Magpies with their posts rewarded,

Those fowls of omen I detest,
That pry into another's nest.
State lies must lose all good intent,
For they foresee and croak th' event.

My friends ne'er think, but talk by rote,
Speak what they're taught, and so to vote.

‘ When rogues like these (a Sparrow cries)
To honours and employments rise,
I court no favour, ask no place,
From such preferment is disgrace.
Within my thatch'd retreat I find
(What these ne'er feel) true peace of mind.’

THE BABOON AND THE POULTRY.

TO A LEVEE HUNTER.

We frequently misplace esteem,
By judging men by what they seem.
To birth, wealth, pow'r, we should allow
Precedence, and our lowest bow :
In that is due distinction shown ;
Esteem is Virtue's right alone.

With partial eye we're apt to see
The man of noble pedigree :
We're prepossess'd my Lord inherits,
In some degree, his grandsire's merits ;
For those we find upon record,
But find him nothing but my Lord.

When we, with superficial view,
Gaze on the rich, we're dazzled too.
We know that wealth, well understood,
Hath frequent pow'r of doing good,

Then fancy that the thing is done,
As if the pow'r and will were one.
Thus oft the cheated crowd adore
The thriving knaves that keep 'em poor.

The cringing train of pow'r survey;
What creatures are so low as they!
With what obsequiousness they bend!
To what vile actions condescend!
Their rise is on their meanrness built,
And flattery is their smallest guilt.
What homage, reverence, adoration,
In every age, in every nation,
Have sycophants to power address'd!
No matter, who the power possess'd.
Let ministers be what they will,
You find their levees always fill:
Ev'n those who have perplex'd a state,
Whose actions claim contempt and hate,
Had wretches to applaud their schemes,
Though more absurd than madmen's dreams.
When barbarous Moloch was invok'd,
The blood of infants only smok'd!
But here (unless all History lies)
Whole realms have been a sacrifice.
Look through all courts: 'tis power we find
The general idol of mankind;
There worshipp'd under every shape:
Alike the lion, fox, and ape,
Are follow'd by time-serving slaves,
Rich prostitutes and needy knaves.

Who then shall glory in his post?
How frail his pride, how vain his boast!
The followers of his prosperous hour
Are as unstable as his power.
Power, by the breath of Flattery nurst,
The more it swells is nearer burst.
The bubble breaks, the gewgaw ends,
And in a dirty tear descends.

Once on a time an ancient maid,
By wishes and by time decay'd,
To cure the pangs of restless thought,
In birds and beasts amusement sought:
Dogs, parrots, apes, her hours employ'd,
With these alone she talk'd and toy'd.

A huge Baboon her fancy took,
(Almost a man in size and look)
He finger'd every thing he found,
And mimic'd all the servants round;
Then, too, his parts and ready wit
Show'd him for every business fit.
With all these talents 'twas but just
That Pug should hold a place of trust;
So to her favourite was assign'd
The charge of all her feather'd kind.
'Twas his to tend 'em eve and morn,
And portion out their daily corn.

Behold him now, with haughty stride,
Assume a ministerial pride.
The morning rose. In hope of picking,
Swans, turkeys, peacocks, ducks, and chicken,

Fowls of all ranks surround his hut,
To worship his important strut.
The minister appears. The crowd,
Now here, now there, obsequious bow'd.
This prais'd his parts, and that his face,
T' other his dignity in place.
From bill to bill the flattery ran :
He hears and bears it like a man :
For when we flatter Self-conceit,
We but his sentiments repeat.

If we're too scrupulously just,
What profit's in a place of trust ?
The common practice of the great
Is to secure a snug retreat :
So Pug began to turn his brain
(Like other folks in place) on gain.

An apple-woman's stall was near,
Well stock'd with fruits through all the year ;
Here every day he cramm'd his guts,
Hence were his hoards of pears and nuts ;
For 'twas agreed (in way of trade)
His payments should in corn be made.

The stock of grain was quickly spent,
And no account which way it went :
Then, too, the Poultry's starv'd condition
Caus'd speculations of suspicion.
The facts were prov'd beyond dispute ;
Pug must refund his hoards of fruit ;
And, though then minister in chief
Was branded as a public thief.

Disgrac'd, despis'd, confin'd to chains,
He nothing but his pride retains.

A Goose pass'd by ; he knew the face,
Seen every levee while in place.

'What, no respect ! no reverence shown !
How saucy are these creatures grown !
Not two days since (says he) you bow'd
The lowest of my fawning crowd.'

'Proud fool ! (replies the Goose) 'tis true
Thy corn a fluttering levee drew ;
For that I join'd the hungry train,
And sold thee flattery for thy grain :
But then, as now, conceited Ape,
We saw thee in thy proper shape.'

THE ANT IN OFFICE.

TO A FRIEND.

You tell me that you apprehend
My verse may touchy folks offend.
In prudence, too, you think my rhymes
Should never squint at courtiers' crimes ;
For though nor this nor that is meant,
Can we another's thoughts prevent ?

You ask me, if I ever knew
Court-chaplains thus the lawn pursue ?

I meddle not with gown or lawn ;
Poets, I grant, to rise must fawn :
They know great ears are over nice,
And never shock their patron's vice.
But I this hackney path despise ;
'Tis my ambition not to rise :
If I must prostitute the Muse,
The base conditions I refuse.

I neither flatter nor defame,
Yet own I would bring guilt to shame.
If I Corruption's hand expose,
I make corrupted men my foes ;
What then ? I hate the paltry tribe :
Be virtue mine ; be theirs the bribe.
I no man's property invade ;
Corruption's yet no lawful trade.
Nor would it mighty ills produce,
Could I shame bribery out of use.
I know 't would cramp most politicians,
Were they tied down to these conditions :
'T would stint their power, their riches bound,
And make their parts seem less profound.
Were they denied their proper tools,
How could they lead their knaves and fools ?
Were this the case, let's take a view
What dreadful mischiefs would ensue.
Though it might aggrandize the state ;
Could private luxury dine on plate ?
Kings might indeed their friends reward ;
But ministers find less regard.

Informers, sycophants, and spies,
Would not augment the year's supplies.
Perhaps, too, take away this prop,
An annual job or two might drop.
Besides, if pensions were denied,
Could Avarice support its pride?
It might even ministers confound,
And yet the state be safe and sound.

I care not though 'tis understood;
I only mean my country's good:
And (let who will my freedom blame)
I wish all courtiers did the same.
Nay, though some folks the less might get,
I wish the nation out of debt.
I put no private man's ambition
With public good in competition:
Rather than have our laws defac'd,
I'd vote a minister disgrac'd.

I strike at vice, be't where it will;
And what if great folks take it ill?
I hope corruption, bribery, pension,
One may with detestation mention;
Think you the law (let who will take it)
Can *scandalum magnatum* make it;
I vent no slander, owe no grudge,
Nor of another's conscience judge:
At him or him I take no aim,
Yet dare against all vice declaim.
Shall I not censure breach of trust,
Because knaves know themselves unjust?

That steward whose account is clear,
Demands his honour may appear :
His actions never shun the light ;
He is, and would be prov'd upright.

But then you think my Fable bears
Allusion too, to state-affairs.

I grant it does : and who's so great,
That has the privilege to cheat ?
If then in any future reign
(For ministers may thirst for gain)
Corrupted hands defraud the nation,
I bar no reader's application.

An Ant there was whose forward prate
Controll'd all matters in debate ;
Whether he knew the thing or no,
His tongue eternally would go ;
For he had impudence at will,
And boasted universal skill,
Ambition was his point in view :
Thus by degrees to power he grew.
Behold him now his drift attain :
He's made chief treasurer of the grain.

But as their ancient laws are just,
And punish breach of public trust,
Tis order'd (lest wrong application
Should starve that wise industrious nation)
That all accounts be stated clear,
Their stock, and what defray'd the year :
That auditors shall these inspect,
And public rapine thus be check'd.

For this the solemn day was set ;
The auditors in council met.
The granary-keeper must explain,
And balance his account of grain.
He brought (since he could not refuse 'em)
Some scraps of paper to amuse 'em.

An honest Pismire, warm with zeal,
In justice to the public weal,
Thus spoke :—‘The nation’s hoard is low ;
From whence does this profusion flow ?
I know our annual funds’ amount ;
Why such expense ? and where’s th’ account ?’

With wonted arrogance and pride,
The Ant in office thus replied :
‘Consider, Sirs, were secrets told,
How could the best-schem’d projects hold ?
Should we state-mysteries disclose,
’Twould lay us open to our foes.
My duty and my well-known zeal
Bid me our present schemes conceal :
But, on my honour, all th’ expense
(Though vast) was for the swarm’s defence.

They pass’d th’ account as fair and just ;
And voted him implicit trust.

Next year again the granary drain’d,
He thus his innocence maintain’d :

‘Think how our present matters stand,
What dangers threat from every hand ;
What hosts of turkeys stroll for food,
No farmer’s wife but hath her brood.

Consider when invasion's near,
Intelligence must cost us dear;
And, in this ticklish situation,
A secret told betrays the nation:
But on my honour, all th' expense
(Though vast) was for the swarm's defence.'

Again, without examination,
They thank'd his sage administration.

The year revolves. Their treasure spent,
Again in secret service went:
His honour, too, again was pledg'd,
To satisfy the charge alleg'd.

When thus, with panic shame possess'd,
An auditor his friends address'd:

'What are we? ministerial tools?
We little knaves are greater fools.
At last this secret is explor'd,
'Tis our corruption thins the hoard.
For every grain we touch'd, at least,
A thousand his own heaps increas'd.
Then for his kin and favourite spies,
A hundred hardly could suffice.
Thus for a paltry sneaking bribe,
We cheat ourselves and all the tribe;
For all the magazine contains
Grows from our annual toil and pains.'

They vote, th' account shall be inspected;
The cunning plunderer is detected;
The fraud is sentenc'd; and his hoard,
As due, to public use restor'd.

THE BEAR IN A BOAT.

TO A COXCOMB.

THAT man must daily wiser grow,
Whose search is bent himself to know ;
Impartially he weighs his scope,
And on firm reason founds his hope ;
He tries his strength before the race,
And never seeks his own disgrace ;
He knows the compass, sail, and oar,
Or never launches from the shore ;
Before he builds, computes the cost,
And in no proud pursuit is lost ;
He learns the bounds of human sense,
And safely walks within the fence.
Thus, conscious of his own defect,
Are pride and self-importance check'd.

If then, self-knowledge to pursue,
Direct our life in every view,
Of all the fools that pride can boast,
A Coxcomb claims distinction most.

Coxcombs are of all ranks and kind ;
They're not to sex or age confin'd,
Or rich, or poor, or great, or small,
And vanity besots 'em all.

By ignorance is pride increas'd :
Those most assume who know the least :
Their own false balance gives 'em weight,
But every other finds 'em light.

Not that all Coxcombs' follies strike,
And draw our ridicule alike ;
'To different merits each pretends ;
'This in love-vanity transcends ;
That, smitten with his face and shape,
By dress distinguishes the ape ;
'T' other with learning crams his shelf,
Knows books, and all things but himself.

All these are fools of low condition,
Compar'd with Coxcombs of ambition :
For those, puff'd up with flattery, dare
Assume a nation's various care.
They ne'er the grossest praise mistrust,
Their sycophants seem hardly just ;
For these, in part alone, attest
The flattery their own thoughts suggest.
In this wide sphere a Coxcomb's shown
In other realms besides his own :
The self-deem'd Machiavel at large
By turns controls in every charge.
Does Commerce suffer in her rights ?
'Tis he directs the naval flights.
What sailor dares dispute his skill ?
He'll be an admiral when he will.

Now, meddling in the soldiers' trade,
Troops must be hir'd, and levies made :

He gives ambassadors their cue,
His cobbled treaties to renew ;
And annual taxes must suffice
The current blunders to disguise.
When his crude schemes in air are lost,
And millions scarce defray the cost,
His arrogance (nought undismay'd)
Trusting in self-sufficient aid,
On other rocks misguides the realm,
And thinks a pilot at the helm.
He ne'er suspects his want of skill,
But blunders on from ill to ill ;
And when he fails of all intent,
Blames only unforeseen event.
Lest you mistake the application,
The Fable calls me to relation.

A Bear of shag and manners rough,
At climbing trees expert enough ;
For dextrously, and safe from harm,
Year after year he robb'd the swarm :
Thus thriving on industrious toil,
He gloried in his pilfer'd spoil.

This trick so swell'd him with conceit,
He thought no enterprise too great.
Alike in sciences and arts
He boasted universal parts ;
Pragmatic, busy, bustling, bold,
His arrogance was uncontroll'd :
And thus he made his party good,
And grew dictator of the wood.

The beasts, with admiration, stare,
And think him a prodigious Bear.
Were any common booty got,
'Twas his each portion to allot;
For why? he found there might be picking,
Ev'n in the carving of a chicken.
Intruding thus, he by degrees
Claim'd, too, the butcher's larger fees.
And now his overweening pride
In every province will preside.
No task too difficult was found:
His blundering nose misleads the hound,
In stratagem and subtle arts
He overrules the fox's parts.

It chanc'd as, on a certain day,
Along the bank he took his way,
A Boat, with rudder, sail, and oar,
At anchor floated near the shore.
He stopt, and turning to his train,
Thus pertly vents his vaunting strain:

‘What blundering puppies are mankind,
In every science always blind!
I mock the pedantry of schools:
What are their compasses and rules?
From me that helm shall conduct learn,
And man his ignorance discern.’

So saying, with audacious pride
He gains the Boat, and climbs the side,
The beasts, astonish'd, line the strand:
The anchor's weigh'd; he drives from land:

The slack sail shifts from side to side ;
The Boat untrimm'd admits the tide.
Borne down, adrift, at random tost,
His oar breaks short, the rudder's lost.
The Bear, presuming in his skill,
Is here and there officious still ;
Till, striking on the dangerous sands,
Aground the shatter'd vessel stands.

To see the bungler thus distress,
The very fishes sneer and jest :
Ev'n gudgeons join in ridicule,
To mortify the meddling fool.
The clamorous watermen appear,
Threats, curses, oaths, insult his ear :
Seiz'd, thrash'd, and chain'd, he's dragg'd to
land ;
Derision shouts along the strand.

THE SQUIRE AND HIS CUR.

TO A COUNTRY GENTLEMAN.

THE man of pure and simple heart
Through life disdains a double part ;
He never needs the screen of lies,
His inward bosom to disguise :
In vain malicious tongues assail ;
Let Envy snarl, let Slander rail,

From Virtue's shield (secure from wound)
Their blunted venom'd shafts rebound.
So shines his light before mankind,
His actions prove his honest mind.
If in his country's cause he rise,
Debating senates to advise,
Unbrib'd, unaw'd, he dares impart
The honest dictates of his heart:
No ministerial frown he fears,
But in his virtue perseveres.

But would you play the politician,
Whose heart's averse to intuition,
Your lips at all times, nay, your reason,
Must be controll'd by place and season.
What statesman could his pow'r support,
Were lying tongues forbid the court?
Did princely ears to truth attend,
What minister could gain his end?
How could he raise his tools to place,
And how his honest foes disgrace?

That politician tops his part,
Who readily can lie with art:
The man's proficient in his trade;
His power is strong, his fortune's made:
By that the interest of the throne
Is made subservient to his own:
By that have kings of old, deluded,
All their own friends for his excluded:
By that, his selfish schemes pursuing,
He thrives upon the public ruin.

Antiochus,¹ with hardy pace,
Provok'd the dangers of the chase ;
And, lost from all his menial train,
Travers'd the wood and pathless plain.
A cottage lodg'd the royal guest ;
The Parthian clown brought forth his best.
The King unknown his feast enjoy'd,
And various chat the hours employ'd.
From wine what sudden friendship springs !
Frankly they talk'd of courts and kings.

‘ We country-folks (the Clown replies)
Could ope our gracious monarch's eyes.
The King, (as all our neighbours say)
Might he (God bless him !) have his way,
Is sound at heart, and means our good,
And he would do it if he could.
If truth in courts were not forbid,
Nor kings nor subjects would be rid.
Were he in pow'r we need not doubt him ;
But that transferr'd to those about him,
On them he throws the regal cares ;
And what mind they ? Their own affairs.
If such rapacious hands he trust,
The best of men may seem unjust.
From kings to cobblers 'tis the same ;
Bad servants wound their master's fame.
In this our neighbours all agree :
Would the King knew as much as we !’—

¹ Plutarch.

Here he stopt short. Repose they sought ;
The Peasant slept, the Monarch thought.

The courtiers learn'd, at early dawn,
Where their lost sovereign was withdrawn.
The guards' approach our host alarms ;
With gaudy coats the cottage swarms.
The crown and purple robes they bring,
And prostrate fall before the King.
The Clown was call'd ; the royal guest
By due reward his thanks exprest.
The King then, turning to the crowd,
Who fawningly before him bow'd,
Thus spoke : ' Since, bent on private gain,
Your counsels first misled my reign,
Taught and inform'd by you alone,
No truth my royal ear hath known,
Till here conversing : hence, ye Crew,
For now I know myself and you.'

Whene'er the royal ear's engrost,
State lies but little genius cost :
The favourite then securely robs,
And gleans a nation by his jobs.
Franker and bolder grown in ill,
He daily poisons dares instil ;
And, as his present views suggest,
Inflames or soothes the royal breast :
Thus wicked ministers oppress,
When oft the monarch means redress.

Would kings their private subjects hear,
A minister must talk with fear ;

If honesty oppos'd his views,
He dar'd not innocence accuse ;
'Twould keep him in such narrow bound,
He could not right and wrong confound.
Happy were kings, could they disclose
Their real friends and real foes !
Were both themselves and subjects known,
A monarch's will might be his own.
Had he the use of ears and eyes,
Knaves would no more be counted wise.
But then a minister might lose
(Hard case !) his own ambitious views.
When such as these have vex'd a state,
Pursued by universal hate,
Their false support at once hath fail'd,
And persevering truth prevail'd :
Expos'd, their train of fraud is seen ;
Truth will at last remove the screen'

A Country 'Squire, by whim directed,
The true stanch dogs of chase neglected :
Beneath his board no hound was fed ;
His hand ne'er strok'd the spaniel's head.
A snappish Cur, alone carest,
By lies had banished all the rest.
Yap had his ear ; and defamation
Gave him full scope of conversation.
His sycophants must be preferr'd ;
Room must be made for all his herd :
Wherefore, to bring his schemes about,
Old faithful servants all must out.

The Cur on every creature flew,
(As other great men's puppies do)
Unless due court to him were shown,
And both their face and business known:
No honest tongue an audience found;
He worried all the tenants round;
For why? he liv'd in constant fear,
Lest truth by chance should interfere.
If any stranger dar'd intrude,
The noisy Cur his heels pursued.
Now fierce with rage, now struck with dread,
At once he snarled, bit, and fled.
Aloof he bays, with bristling hair,
And thus in secret growls his fear:
'Who knows but Truth, in this disguise,
May frustrate my best-guarded lies?
Should she (thus mask'd) admittance find,
That very hour my ruin's sign'd.'

Now in his howl's continued sound,
Their words were lost, the voice was drown'd.
Ever in awe of honest tongues,
Thus every day he strain'd his lungs.

It happen'd, in ill-omen'd hour,
That Yap, unmindful of his pow'r,
Forsook his post, to love inclin'd;
A favourite bitch was in the wind.
By her seduc'd, in amorous play,
They frisk'd the joyous hours away:
Thus by untimely love pursuing,
Like Antony he sought his ruin.

For now the 'Squire, unvex'd with noise,
An honest neighbour's chat enjoys :
'Be free, (says he) your mind impart ;
I love a friendly open heart.
Methinks my tenants shun my gate ;
Why such a stranger grown of late ?
Pray tell me what offence they find :
'Tis plain they 're not so well inclin'd.'

'Turn off your Cur, (the Farmer cries)
Who feeds your ear with daily lies.
His snarling insolence offends :
'Tis he that keeps you from your friends.
Were but that saucy puppy checkt,
You'd find again the same respect.
Hear only him, he'll swear it too,
That all our hatred is to you :
But learn from us your true estate ;
'Tis that curst Cur alone we hate.'

The 'Squire heard Truth. Now Yap rush'd in :
The wide hall echoes with his din :
Yet Truth prevail'd ; and, with disgrace,
The dog was cudgell'd out of place.

THE COUNTRYMAN AND JUPITER.

TO MYSELF.

HAVE you a friend (look round and spy)
So fond, so prepossess'd as I?
Your faults, so obvious to mankind,
My partial eyes could never find.
When, by the breath of Fortune blown,
Your airy castles were o'erthrown,
Have I been ever prone to blame,
Or mortified your hours with shame?
Was I e'er known to damp your spirit,
Or twit you with the want of merit?
'Tis not so strange that Fortune's frown
Still perseveres to keep you down.
Look round, and see what others do.
Would you be rich and honest too?
Have you (like those she rais'd to place)
Been opportunely mean and base?
Have you (as times requir'd) resign'd
Truth, honour, virtue, peace of mind?
If these are scruples, give her o'er;
Write, practise morals, and be poor.
The gifts of Fortune truly rate;
Then, tell me what would mend your state.

If happiness on wealth were built,
Rich rogues might comfort find in guilt.
As grows the miser's hoarded store,
His fears, his wants, increase the more.

Think, GAY, (what ne'er may be the case)
Should Fortune take you into grace,
Would that your happiness augment?
What can she give beyond content?

Suppose yourself a wealthy heir,
With a vast annual income clear!
In all the affluence you possess,
You might not feel one care the less.
Might you not then (like others) find
With change of fortune change of mind?
Perhaps, profuse beyond all rule,
You might start out a glaring fool;
Your luxury might break all bounds:
Plate, table, horses, stewards, hounds,
Might swell your debts: then, lust of play
No regal income can defray.
Sunk is all credit, writs assail,
And doom your future life to jail.

Or were you dignified with pow'r,
Would that avert one pensive hour?
You might give avarice its swing,
Defraud a nation, blind a king:
Then from the hirelings in your cause,
Though daily fed with false applause,
Could it a real joy impart?—
Great guilt knew never joy at heart.

Is happiness your point in view?
(I mean th' intrinsic and the true)
She nor in camps or courts resides,
Nor in the humble cottage hides ;
Yet found alike in every sphere :
Who finds content will find her there.

O'erspent with toil, beneath the shade,
A Peasant rested on his spade :

' Good gods ! (he cries) 'tis hard to bear
This load of life from year to year !
Soon as the morning streaks the skies
Industrious labour bids me rise ;
With sweat I earn my homely fare.
And every day renews my care.'

Jove heard the discontented strain,
And thus rebuk'd the murmuring swain :

' Speak out your wants, then, honest Friend :
Unjust complaints the gods offend.
If you repine at partial Fate,
Instruct me what could mend your state.
Mankind in every station see.
What wish you ? tell me what you'd be.'

So said, upborne upon a cloud,
The Clown survey'd the anxious crowd.

' Yon face of Care, (says Jove) behold,
His bulky bags are fill'd with gold :
See with what joy he counts it o'er !
That sum to-day hath swell'd his store.'
' Were I that man, (the Peasant cried)
What blessing could I ask beside ?'

‘ Hold, (says the God) first learn to know
True happiness from outward show.
This optic glass of intuition——
Here, take it, view his true condition.’

He look’d, and saw the miser’s breast
A troubled ocean, ne’er at rest ;
Want ever stares him in the face,
And fear anticipates disgrace:
With conscious guilt he saw him start ;
Extortion gnaws his throbbing heart ;
And never, or in thought or dream,
His breast admits one happy gleam.

‘ May Jove, (he cries) reject my pray’r,
And guard my life from guilt and care.
My soul abhors that wretch’s fate :
O keep me in my humble state !
But see, amidst a gaudy crowd,
Yon minister so gay and proud ;
On him what happiness attends,
Who thus rewards his grateful friends !’
‘ First take the glass, (the God replies)
Man views the world with partial eyes.’

‘ Good gods ! (exclaims the startled wight)
Defend me from this hideous sight !
Corruption with corrosive smart
Lies cankering on his guilty heart :
I see him with polluted hand
Spread the contagion o’er the land.
Now Avarice with insatiate jaws,
Now Rapine with her harpy claws,

His bosom tears : his conscious breast
Groans with a load of crimes opprest.
See him, mad and drunk with power,
Stand tottering on Ambition's tower.
Sometimes, in speeches vain and proud,
His boasts insult the nether crowd ;
Now, seiz'd with giddiness and fear,
He trembles lest his fall is near.

‘ Was ever wretch like this ! (he cries)
Such misery in such disguise !
The change, O Jove ! I disavow ;
Still be my lot the spade and plough.’

He next, confirm'd by speculation,
Rejects the lawyer's occupation ;
For he the statesman seem'd in part,
And bore similitude of heart.
Nor did the soldier's trade inflame
His hopes with thirst of spoil and fame :
The miseries of war he mourn'd ;
Whole nations into deserts turn'd.

By these have laws and rights been brav'd ;
By these was free-born man enslav'd :
When battles and invasion cease,
Why swarm they in the lands of peace ?
‘ Such change (says he) may I decline ;
The scythe and civil arms be mine !’

Thus, weighing life in each condition,
The Clown withdrew his rash petition.

When thus the God : ‘ How mortals err !
If you true happiness prefer,

Tis to no rank of life confin'd,
But dwells in every honest mind.
Be justice then your sole pursuit:
Plant virtue, and content's the fruit.'

So Jove, to gratify the Clown,
Where first he found him set him down.

THE
MAN, THE CAT, THE DOG, AND THE FLY.

TO MY NATIVE COUNTRY.

HAIL, happy land! whose fertile grounds
The liquid fence of Neptune bounds;
By bounteous Nature set apart,
The seat of Industry and Art!
O Britain! chosen port of trade,
May luxury ne'er thy sons invade;
May never minister (intent
His private treasures to augment)
Corrupt thy state. If jealous foes
Thy rights of commerce dare oppose,
Shall not thy fleets their rapine awe?
Who is't prescribes the ocean law?

Whenever neighbouring states contend,
'Tis thine to be the general friend.

What is 't who rules in other lands?
On trade alone thy glory stands:
That benefit is unconfin'd,
Diffusing good among mankind:
That first gave lustre to thy reigns,
And scatter'd plenty o'er thy plains:
'Tis that alone thy wealth supplies,
And draws all Europe's envious eyes.
Be commerce, then, thy sole design;
Keep that, and all the world is thine.

When naval traffic ploughs the main,
Who shares not in the merchant's gain?
'Tis that supports the regal state,
And makes the farmer's heart elate:
The numerous flocks that clothe the land
Can scarce supply the loom's demand;
Prolific culture glads the fields,
And the bare heath a harvest yields.

Nature expects mankind should share
The duties of the public care.
Who's born for sloth?¹ To some we find
The ploughshare's annual toil assign'd:
Some at the sounding anvil glow;
Some the swift-sliding shuttle throw;
Some, studious of the wind and tide,
From pole to pole our commerce guide:
Some (taught by industry) impart
With hands and feet the works of art;

¹ Barrow.

While some, of genius more refin'd,
With head and tongue assist mankind;
Each aiming at one common end,
Proves to the whole a needful friend.
Thus, born each other's useful aid,
By turns are obligations paid.

The monarch, when his table's spread,
Is to the clown oblig'd for bread;
And when in all his glory drest,
Owes to the loom his royal vest.
Do not the mason's toil and care
Protect him from th' inclement air?
Does not the cutler's art supply
The ornament that guards his thigh?
All these, in duty to the throne,
Their common obligations own.
'Tis he (his own and people's cause)
Protects their properties and laws:
Thus they their honest toil employ,
And with content the fruits enjoy.
In every rank, or great or small,
'Tis industry supports us all.

The animals, by want oppress'd,
To man their services address'd:
While each pursued their selfish good,
They hunger'd for precarious food:
Their hours with anxious cares were vex'd;
One day they fed, and starv'd the next:
They saw that plenty, sure and rife,
Was found alone in social life;

That mutual industry profess'd,
The various wants of man redress'd.

The Cat, half famish'd, lean and weak,
Demands the privilege to speak.

‘Well, Puss, (says Man) and what can you
To benefit the public do?’

The Cat replies: ‘These teeth, these claws,
With vigilance shall serve the cause
The mouse, destroy'd by my pursuit,
No longer shall your feasts pollute;
Nor rats, from nightly ambuscade,
With wasteful teeth your stores invade.’

‘I grant (says Man) to general use
Your parts and talents may conduce;
For rats and mice purloin our grain,
And threshers whirl the flail in vain:
Thus shall the Cat, a foe to spoil,
Protect the farmer's honest toil.’

Then turning to the Dog, he cried,
Well, Sir, be next your merits tried.’

‘Sir, (says the Dog) by self-applause
We seem to own a friendless cause.
Ask those who know me, if distrust
E'er found me treacherous or unjust?
Did I e'er faith or friendship break?
Ask all those creatures; let them speak.
My vigilance and trusty zeal
Perhaps might serve the public weal.
Might not your flocks in safety feed,
Were I to guard the fleecy breed?’

Did I the nightly watches keep,
Could thieves invade you while you sleep?’

The Man replies: ‘’Tis just and right;
Rewards such service should requite.
So rare, in property, we find
Trust uncorrupt among mankind,
That taken in a public view,
The first distinction is your due.
Such merits all reward transcend:
Be then my comrade and my friend.’

Addressing now the Fly: ‘From you
What public service can accrue?’
‘From me! (the fluttering insect said)
I thought you knew me better bred.
Sir, I’m a gentleman: Is’t fit
That I to industry submit?
Let mean mechanics, to be fed
By business earn ignoble bread:
Lost in excess of daily joys,
No thought, no care, my life annoys.
At noon (the lady’s matin hour)
I sip the tea’s delicious flower;
On cates luxuriously I dine,
And drink the fragrance of the vine:
Studios of elegance and ease,
Myself alone I seek to please.’

The Man his pert conceit derides,
And thus the useless coxcomb chides:

‘Hence, from that peach, that downy seat;
No idle fool deserves to eat.

Could you have sapp'd the blushing rind,
And on that pulp ambrosial din'd,
Had not some hand, with skill and toil,
To raise the tree prepar'd the soil?
Consider, sot, what would ensue,
Were all such worthless things as you.
You'd soon be forc'd (by hunger stung)
To make your dirty meals on dung,
On which such despicable need,
Unpitied, is reduc'd to feed.
Besides, vain selfish Insect, learn,
(If you can right and wrong discern)
That he who, with industrious zeal,
Contributes to the public weal,
By adding to the common good,
His own hath rightly understood.'

So saying, with a sudden blow,
He laid the noxious vagrant low.
Crush'd in his luxury and pride,
The spunger on the public, died.

THE
JACKAL, LEOPARD, AND OTHER BEASTS

TO A MODERN POLITICIAN.

I GRANT corruption sways mankind ;
That interest, too, perverts the mind ;
That bribes have blinded common sense,
Foil'd reason, truth, and eloquence :
I grant you, too, our present crimes
Can equal those of former times.
Against plain facts shall I engage,
To vindicate our righteous age ?
I know that in a modern fist
Bribes in full energy subsist.
Since then these arguments prevail,
And itching palms are still so frail,
Hence Politicians, you suggest,
Should drive the nail that goes the best ;
That it shows parts and penetration,
To ply men with the right temptation.

To this I humbly must dissent,
Premising, no reflection's meant.

Does justice or the client's sense
Teach lawyers either side's defence ?
The fee gives eloquence its spirit ;
That only is the client's merit.

Does art, wit, wisdom, or address,
Obtain the prostitute's caress?
The guinea (as in other trades)
From every hand alike persuades.
Man, Scripture says, is prone to evil,
But does that vindicate the devil?
Besides, the more mankind are prone,
The less the devil's parts are shown.
Corruption's not of modern date;
It hath been tried in every state.
Great knaves of old their pow'r have fenc'd,
By places, pensions, bribes, dispens'd;
By these they gloried in success,
And impudently dar'd oppress;
By these despotically they sway'd,
And slaves extoll'd the hand that pay'd;
Nor parts nor genius were employ'd,
By these alone were realms destroy'd.

Now see these wretches in disgrace,
Stript of their treasures, power, and place;
View 'em abandon'd and forlorn,
Expos'd to just reproach and scorn.
What now is all your pride, your boast?
Where are your slaves, your flattering host?
What tongues now feed you with applause?
Where are the champions of your cause?
Now ev'n that very fawning train,
Which shar'd the gleanings of your gain,
Press foremost who shall first accuse
Your selfish jobs, your paltry views,

Your narrow schemes, your breach of trust,
And want of talents to be just.

What fools were these amidst their pow'r!
How thoughtless of their adverse hour!
What friends were made? A hireling herd,
For temporary votes preferr'd.
Was it these sycophants to get,
Your bounty swell'd a nation's debt?
You're bit: for these, like Swiss, attend;
No longer pay no longer friend.

The lion is (beyond dispute)
Allow'd the most majestic brute;
His valour and his generous mind
Prove him superior of his kind:
Yet to jackals (as 'tis averr'd)
Some lions have their power transferr'd;
As if the parts of pimps and spies
To govern forests could suffice.

Once studious of his private good,
A proud Jackal oppress'd the wood;
To cram his own insatiate jaws,
Invaded property and laws.
The forest groans with discontent,
Fresh wrongs the general hate foment.
The spreading murmurs reach'd his ear;
His secret hours were vex'd with fear.
Night after night he weighs the case;
And feels the terrors of disgrace.

'By friends (says he) I'll guard my seat,
By those malicious tongues defeat;

I'll strengthen power by new allies,
And all my clamorous foes despise.'

To make the generous beasts his friends,
He cringes, fawns, and condescends;
But those repuls'd his abject court,
And scorn'd oppression to support.
Friends must be had. He can't subsist.
Bribes shall new proselytes enlist;
But these nought weigh'd in honest paws;
For bribes confess a wicked cause:
Yet think not every paw withstands
What hath prevail'd in human hands.

A tempting turnip's silver skin
Drew a base Hog through thick and thin:
Bought with a Stag's delicious haunch,
The mercenary Wolf was stanch:
The convert Fox grew warm and hearty,
A pullet gain'd him to the party:
The golden pippin in his fist,
A chattering Monkey join'd the list.

But soon, expos'd to public hate,
The favourite's fall redress'd the state.
The Leopard, vindicating right,
Had brought his secret frauds to light.
As rats, before the mansion falls,
Desert late hospitable walls,
In shoals the servile creatures run,
To bow before the rising sun.

The Hog with warmth express'd his zeal,
And was for hanging those that steal;

But hop'd, though low, the public hoard
Might half a turnip still afford.
Since saving measures were profest,
A lamb's head was the Wolf's request.
The Fox submitted, if to touch
A gosling would be deem'd too much.
The Monkey thought his grin and chatter
Might ask a nut, or some such matter.

‘Ye Hirelings! hence, (the Leopard cries)
Your venal conscience I despise:
He who the public good intends,
By bribes needs never purchase friends.
Who acts this just, this open part,
Is propt by every honest heart.
Corruption now too late has show'd,
That bribes are always ill-bestow'd:
By you your bubbled master's taught,
Time-serving tools, not friends, are bought.’

THE DEGENERATE BEES.

TO THE REV. DR. SWIFT, DEAN OF ST. PATRICK'S.

THOUGH courts the practice disallow,
A friend at all times I'll avow.
In politics I know 'tis wrong;
A friendship may be kept too long:

And what they call the prudent part,
Is to wear interest next the heart.
As the times take a different face,
Old friendships should to new give place.

I know, too, you have many foes,
That owning you is sharing those ;
That every knave in every station,
Of high and low denomination,
For what you speak, and what you write,
Dread you at once, and bear you spite.
Such freedoms in your works are shown,
They can't enjoy what's not their own.
All dunces, too, in church and state,
In frothy nonsense show their hate ;
With all the petty scribbling crew,
(And those pert sots are not a few)
'Gainst you and Pope their envy spurt :
The booksellers alone are hurt.

Good gods ! by what a powerful race
(For blockheads may have pow'r and place)
Are scandals rais'd, and libels writ,
To prove your honesty and wit !
Think with yourself : those worthy men,
You know, have suffer'd by your pen.
From them you've nothing but your due.
From hence, 'tis plain, your friends are few.
Except myself, I know of none,
Besides the wise and good alone.
To set the case in fairer light,
My fable shall the rest recite ;

Which (though unlike our present state)
I for the moral's sake relate.

A Bee of cunning, not of parts,
Luxurious, negligent of arts,
Rapacious, arrogant, and vain,
Greedy of power, but more of gain,
Corruption sow'd throughout the hive:
By petty rogues the great ones thrive.

As power and wealth his views supplied ;
'Twas seen in overbearing pride.
With him loud impudence had merit ;
The Bee of conscience wanted spirit ;
And those who follow'd honour's rules
Were laugh'd to scorn for squeamish fools.
Wealth claim'd distinction, favour, grace,
And poverty alone was base.
He treated industry with slight,
Unless he found his profit by 't.
Rights, laws, and liberties, give way.
To bring his selfish schemes in play.
The swarm forgot the common toil,
To share the gleanings of his spoil.

' While vulgar souls, of narrow parts,
Waste life in low mechanic arts ;
Let us (says he) to genius born,
The drudgery of our fathers scorn.
The Wasp and Drone, you must agree,
Live with more elegance than we.
Like gentlemen they sport and play ;
No business interrupts the day :

Their hours to luxury they give,
And nobly on their neighbours live.'
A stubborn Bee, among the swarm,
With honest indignation warm,
Thus from his cell with zeal replied :

 'I slight thy frowns, and hate thy pride.
The laws our native rights protect ;
Offending thee, I those respect.
Shall luxury corrupt the hive,
And none against the torrent strive ?
Exert the honour of your race ;
He builds his rise on your disgrace.
'Tis industry our state maintains,
'Twas honest toil and honest gains
That rais'd our sires to power and fame.
Be virtuous ; save yourselves from shame.
Know that in selfish ends pursuing,
You scramble for the public ruin.'

 He spoke ; and, from his cell dismiss'd,
Was insolently scoff'd and hiss'd :
With him a friend or two resign'd,
Disdaining the degenerate kind.

 'These Drones, (says he) these insects vile,
(I treat 'em in their proper style)
May for a time oppress the state :
They own our virtue by their hate ;
By that our merits they reveal,
And recommend our public zeal ;
Disgrac'd by this corrupted crew,
We're honour'd by the virtuous few.'

THE PACK-HORSE AND THE CARRIER.

TO A YOUNG NOBLEMAN.

BEGIN, my Lord, in early youth,
To suffer, nay, encourage truth ;
And blame me not for disrespect,
If I the flatterer's style reject ;
With that, by menial tongues supplied,
You're daily cocker'd up in pride.

The tree's distinguish'd by the fruit :
Be virtue then your first pursuit ;
Set your great ancestors in view,
Like them deserve the title too ;
Like them ignoble actions scorn ;
Let virtue prove you greatly born.

Though with less plate their side-board shone,
Their conscience always was their own ;
They ne'er at levees meanly fawn'd,
Nor was their honour yearly pawn'd ;
Their hands, by no corruption stain'd,
The ministerial bribe disdain'd ;
They serv'd the crown with loyal zeal,
Yet, jealous of the public weal,
They stood the bulwark of our laws,
And wore at heart their country's cause ;

By neither place or pension bought,
They spoke and voted as they thought :
Thus did your sires adorn their seat ;
And such alone are truly great.

If you the paths of learning slight,
You're but a dunce in stronger light.
In foremost rank the coward plac'd,
Is more conspicuously disgrac'd.
If you, to serve a paltry end,
To knavish jobs can condescend,
We pay you the contempt that's due ;
In that you have precedence too.

Whence had you this illustrious name ?
From virtue and unblemish'd fame.
By birth the name alone descends ;
Your honour on yourself depends :
Think not your coronet can hide
Assuming ignorance and pride.
Learning by study must be won ;
'Twas ne'er entail'd from son to son.
Superior worth your rank requires ;
For that mankind reveres your sires :
If you degenerate from your race,
Their merits heighten your disgrace.

A Carrier, every night and morn,
Would see his horses eat their corn :
This sunk the hostler's vails, 'tis true,
But then his horses had their due.
Were we so cautious in all cases,
Small gain would rise from greater places.

The manger now had all its measure ;
He heard the grinding teeth with pleasure :
When all at once confusion rung ;
They snorted, jostled, bit, and flung.
A Pack-horse turn'd his head aside,
Foaming, his eye-balls swell'd with pride.

‘ Good gods ! (says he) how hard ’s my lot !
Is then my high descent forgot ?
Reduc'd to drudgery and disgrace,
(A life unworthy of my race)
Must I, too, bear the vile attacks
Of ragged scrubs and vulgar hacks ?
See scurvy Roan, that brute ill-bred,
Dares from the manger thrust my head !
Shall I, who boast a noble line,
On offals of these creatures dine ?
Kick'd by old Ball ! so mean a foe !
My honour suffers by the blow.
Newmarket speaks my grandsire's fame,
All jockeys still revere his name :
There, yearly, are his triumphs told,
There all his massy plates enroll'd.
Whene'er led forth upon the plain,
You saw him with a livery train ;
Returning, too, with laurels crown'd,
You heard the drums and trumpets sound.
Let it then, Sir, be understood,
Respect's my due for I have blood.’

‘ Vainglorious fool ! (the Carrier cried)
Respect was never paid to pride.

Know 'twas thy giddy, wilful heart
Reduc'd thee to this slavish part.
Did not thy headstrong youth disdain
To learn the conduct of the rein?
Thus coxcombs, blind to real merit,
In vicious frolics fancy spirit.
What is 't to me by whom begot?
Thou restive, pert, conceited sot.
Your sires I rev'rence; 'tis their due:
But worthless fool, what's that to you?
Ask all the Carriers on the road,
They'll say thy keeping's ill bestow'd:
Then vaunt no more thy noble race,
That neither mends thy strength or pace.
What profits me thy boast of blood?
An ass hath more intrinsic good.
By outward show let's not be cheated;
An ass should like an ass be treated.'

PAN AND FORTUNE.

TO A YOUNG HEIR.

*
SOON as your father's death was known,
(As if the estate had been their own)
The gamesters outwardly exprest
The decent joy within your breast :
So lavish in your praise they grew,
As spoke their certain hopes in you.

One counts your income of the year,
How much in ready money clear.

'No house (says he) is more complete ;
The garden's elegant and great.
How fine the park around it lies !
The timber's of a noble size !
Then, count his jewels and his plate !
Besides, 'tis no entail'd estate.
If cash run low, his lands in fee
Are, or for sale, or mortgage, free.'

Thus they, before you threw the main,
Seem to anticipate their gain.

Would you, when thieves are known abroad,
Bring forth your treasures in the road ?
Would not the fool abet the stealth,
Who rashly thus expos'd his wealth ?

Yet this you do, whene'er you play
Among the gentlemen of prey.

Could fools to keep their own contrive,
On what, on whom, could gamesters thrive?
Is it in charity you game,
To save your worthy gang from shame?
Unless you furnish'd daily bread,
Which way could idleness be fed?
Could these professors of deceit
Within the law no longer cheat;
They must run bolder risks for prey,
And strip the traveller on the way.
Thus in your annual rents they share,
And 'scape the noose from year to year.

Consider, ere you make the bet,
That sum might cross your tailor's debt.
When you the pilfering rattle shake,
Is not your honour, too, at stake?
Must you not by mean lies evade
To-morrow's duns from every trade?
By promises so often paid,
Is yet your tailor's bill defray'd?
Must you not pitifully fawn
To have your butcher's writ withdrawn?
This must be done. In debts of play
Your honour suffers no delay:
And not this year's and next year's rent
The sons of Rapine can content.

Look round, the wrecks of play behold;
Estates dismember'd, mortgag'd, sold!

Their owners now to jails confin'd,
Show equal poverty of mind.
Some, who the spoil of knaves were made,
Too late attempt to learn their trade.
Some, for the folly of one hour,
Become the dirty tools of pow'r,
And, with the mercenary list,
Upon court-charity subsist.

You'll find at last this maxim true,—
Fools are the game which knaves pursue.

The forest (a whole century's shade)
Must be one wasteful ruin made :
No mercy's shown to age or kind ;
The general massacre is sign'd.
The park, too, shares the dreadful fate,
For duns grow louder at the gate.
Stern clowns, obedient to the 'squire,
(What will not barbarous hands for hire?)
With brawny arms repeat the stroke ;
Fall'n are the elm and reverend oak.
Through the long wood loud axes sound,
And Echo groans with every wound.

To see the desolation spread,
Pan drops a tear, and hangs his head :
His bosom now with fury burns ;
Beneath his hoof the dice he spurns.
Cards, too, in peevish passion torn,
The sport of whirling winds are borne.

'To snails inveterate hate I bear,
Who spoil the verdure of the year ;

The caterpillar I detest,
The blooming Spring's voracious pest;
The locust, too, whose ravenous band
Spreads sudden famine o'er the land.
But what are these? The dice's throw
At once hath laid a forest low.
The cards are dealt, the bet is made,
And the wide park hath lost its shade.
Thus is my kingdom's pride defac'd,
And all its ancient glories waste.
All this (he cries) is Fortune's doing:
'Tis thus she meditates my ruin.
By Fortune, that false, fickle jade,
More havoc in one hour is made,
Than all the hungry insect race,
Combin'd, can in an age deface.'

Fortune, by chance, who near him past,
O'erheard the vile aspersion cast:

'Why, Pan, (says she) what's all this rant?
'Tis every country-bubble's cant.
Am I the patroness of vice?
Is't I who cog or palm the dice?
Did I the shuffling art reveal,
To mark the cards, or range the deal?
In all the employments men pursue,
I mind the least what gamesters do.
There may (if computation's just)
One now and then my conduct trust.
I blame the fool, for what can I,
When ninety-nine my power defy?

These trust alone their fingers' ends,
And not one stake on me depends.
Whene'er the gaming-board is set,
Two classes of mankind are met ;
But if we count the greedy race,
The knaves fill up the greater space.
'Tis a gross error held in schools,
That Fortune always favours fools.
In play it never bears dispute ;
That doctrine these fell'd oaks confute.
Then why to me such rancour show ?
'Tis Folly, Pan, that is thy foe.
By me his late estate he won,
But he by Folly was undone.'

PLUTUS, CUPID, AND TIME.

OF all the burdens man must bear,
Time seems most galling and severe :
Beneath this grievous load oppress'd,
We daily meet some friend distress'd.

'What can one do? I rose at nine ;
'Tis full six hours before we dine :
Six hours ! no earthly thing to do !
Would I had doz'd in bed till two.'

A pamphlet is before him spread,
And almost half a page is read ;

Tir'd with the study of the day,
The fluttering sheets are toss'd away :
He opes his snuff-box, hums an air,
Then yawns, and stretches in his chair.

‘Not twenty, by the minute hand !
Good gods ! (says he) my watch must stand ?
How muddling 'tis on books to pore !
I thought I'd read an hour or more.
The morning, of all hours, I hate :
One can't contrive to rise too late.’

To make the minutes faster run,
Then, too, his tiresome self to shun,
To the next coffee-house he speeds,
Takes up the news, some scraps he reads.
Sauntering, from chair to chair he trails ;
Now drinks his tea, now bites his nails.
He spies a partner of his woe ;
By chat afflictions lighter grow ;
Each other's grievances they share.
And thus their dreadful hours compare.

Says Tom, ‘Since all men must confess,
That time lies heavy, more or less,
Why should it be so hard to get,
Till two, a party at piquet ?
Play might relieve the lagging morn :
By cards long wintry nights are borne.
Does not Quadrille amuse the fair,
Night after night, throughout the year ?
Vapours and spleen forgot, at play
They cheat uncounted hours away.’

‘My case, (says Will) then must be hard,
By want of skill from play debarr’d.
Courtiers kill Time by various ways;
Dependence wears out half their days.
How happy these, whose Time ne’er stands!
Attendance takes it off their hands.
Were it not for this cursed show’r,
The Park had whil’d away an hour.
At court, without or place or view,
I daily lose an hour or two.
It fully answers my design,
When I have pick’d up friends to dine;
The tavern makes our burden light;
Wine puts our time and care to flight.
At six (hard case!) they call to pay.
Where can one go? I hate the play.
From six till ten! unless in sleep,
One cannot spend the hours so cheap.
The comedy’s no sooner done,
But some assembly is begun;
Loitering from room to room I stray,
Converse, but nothing hear or say:
Quite tir’d, from fair to fair I roam.
So soon! I dread the thoughts of home.
From thence, to quicken slow-pac’d Night,
Again my tavern friends invite:
Here, too, our early mornings pass,
Till drowsy sleep retard the glass.’

Thus they their wretched life bemoan,
And make each other’s case their own.

Consider, friends, no hour rolls on
But something of your grief is gone.
Were you to schemes of business bred,
Did you the paths of learning tread,
Your hours, your days, would fly too fast;
You'd then regret the minute past.
Time's fugitive and light as wind;
'Tis indolence that clogs your mind:
That load from off your spirits shake,
You'll own, and grieve for your mistake.
A while your thoughtless spleen suspend,
Then read, and (if you can) attend.

As Plutus, to divert his care,
Walk'd forth one morn to take the air,
Cupid o'ertook his strutting pace.
Each star'd upon the stranger's face,
Till recollection set 'em right,
For each knew t' other but by sight.
After some complimentary talk,
Time met 'em, bow'd, and join'd their walk:
Their chat on various subjects ran,
But most, what each had done for man.
Plutus assumes a haughty air,
Just like our purse-proud fellows here:

'Let kings, (says he) let cobblers tell,
Whose gifts among mankind excel.
Consider courts; what draws their train?
'Think you 'tis loyalty or gain?
That statesman hath the strongest hold,
Whose tool of politics is gold;

By that, in former reigns, 'tis said,
The knave in power hath senates led :
By that alone he sway'd debates,
Enrich'd himself, and beggar'd states.
Forego your boast. You must conclude
That's most esteem'd that's most pursued.
Think, too, in what a woful plight
That wretch must live whose pocket's light.
Are not his hours by want deprest?
Penurious care corrodes his breast :
Without respect, or love, or friends,
His solitary day descends.

‘ You might, (says Cupid) doubt my parts,
My knowledge, too, in human hearts,
Should I the power of gold dispute,
Which great examples might confute.
I know when nothing else prevails,
Persuasive money seldom fails ;
That beauty, too, (like other wares)
Its price, as well as conscience, bears.
Then marriage (as of late profest)
Is but a money-job at best.
Consent, compliance may be sold ;
But love's beyond the price of gold.
Smugglers there are who, by retail,
Expose what they call Love to sale ;
Such bargains are an arrant cheat :
You purchase flattery and deceit.
Those who true love have ever tried,
(The common cares of life supplied)

No wants endure, no wishes make,
But every real joy partake.
All comfort on themselves depends;
They want nor power, nor wealth, nor friends.
Love, then, hath every bliss in store;
'Tis friendship, and 'tis something more.
Each other every wish they give:
Not to know love is not to live.'

'Or love, or money, (Time replied)
Were men the question to decide,
Would bear the prize: on both intent,
My boon's neglected or misspent.
'Tis I who measure vital space,
And deal out years to human race.
Though little priz'd, and seldom sought,
Without me love and gold are nought.
How does the miser time employ?
Did I e'er see him life enjoy?
By me forsook, the hoards he won
Are scatter'd by his lavish son.
By me all useful arts are gain'd;
Wealth, learning, wisdom, is attain'd.
Who then would think (since such my pow'r)
That e'er I knew an idle hour?
So subtle and so swift I fly,
Love's not more fugitive than I.
Who hath not heard coquettes complain
Of days, months, years, misspent in vain?
For time misus'd they pine and waste,
And love's sweet pleasures never taste.

Those who direct their time aright,
If love or wealth their hopes excite,
In each pursuit fit hours employ'd,
And both by time have been enjoy'd.
How heedless then are mortals grown!
How little is their interest known;
In every view they ought to mind me,
For when once lost they never find me.
He spoke. The gods no more contest,
And his superior gift confest,
That time (when truly understood)
Is the most precious earthly good.

THE OWL, SWAN, COCK, SPIDER, ASS,
AND FARMER.

TO A MOTHER.

CONVERSING with your sprightly boys,
Your eyes have spoke the Mother's joys.
With what delight I've heard you quote
Their sayings in imperfect note!

I grant, in body and in mind
Nature appears profusely kind.
Trust not to that. Act you your part;
Imprint just morals on their heart;

Impartially their talents scan :
Just education forms the man.

Perhaps (their genius yet unknown)
Each lot of life's already thrown ;
That this shall plead, the next shall fight,
The last assert the church's right.
I censure not the fond intent ;
But how precarious is th' event !
By talents misapplied and crost,
Consider, all your sons are lost.

One day (the tale's by Martial penn'd)
A father thus address'd his friend :
'To train my boy, and call forth sense,
You know I've stuck at no expense ;
I've tried him in the several arts ;
(The lad, no doubt, hath latent parts)
Yet trying all, he nothing knows,
But, crab-like, rather backward goes.
Teach me what yet remains undone ;
'Tis your advice shall fix my son.'

'Sir, (says the friend) I've weigh'd the matter ;
Excuse me, for I scorn to flatter :
Make him (nor think his genius checkt)
A herald or an architect.'

Perhaps (as commonly 'tis known)
He heard th' advice, and took his own.

The boy wants wit ; he's sent to school,
Where learning but improves the fool :
The college next must give him parts,
And cram him with the liberal arts.

Whether he blunders at the bar,
Or owes his infamy to war ;
Or if by license or degree
The sexton share the doctor's fee ;
Or from the pulpit by the hour
He weekly floods of nonsense pour,
We find (th' intent of Nature foil'd)
A tailor or a butcher spoil'd.

Thus ministers have royal boons
Conferr'd on blockheads and buffoons :
In spite of nature, merit, wit,
Their friends for every post were fit.

But now let every Muse confess
That merit finds its due success.
The examples of our days regard ;
Where's virtue seen without reward ?
Distinguish'd and in place you find
Desert and worth of every kind.
Survey the reverend bench, and see
Religion, learning, piety :
The patron, ere he recommends,
Sees his own image in his friend's.
Is honesty disgrac'd and poor ?
What is 't to us what was before ?

We all of times corrupt have heard,
When paltry minions were preferr'd ;
When all great offices, by dozens,
Were fill'd by brothers, sons, and cousins.
What matter ignorance and pride ?
The man was happily allied.

Provided that his clerk was good,
What though he nothing understood?
In church and state the sorry race
Grew more conspicuous fools in place.
Such heads, as then a treaty made,
Had bungled in the cobbler's trade.

Consider, patrons, that such elves
Expose your folly with themselves.
'Tis yours, as 'tis the parent's care,
To fix each genius in its sphere.
Your partial hand can wealth dispense,
But never give a blockhead sense.

An Owl of magisterial air,
Of solemn voice, of brow austere,
Assum'd the pride of human race,
And bore his wisdom in his face ;
Not to depreciate learned eyes,
I 've seen a pedant look as wise.

Within a barn, from noise retir'd,
He scorn'd the world, himself admir'd ;
And, like an ancient sage, conceal'd
The follies public life reveal'd.

Philosophers of old, he read,
Their country's youth to science bred,
Their manners form'd for every station,
And destin'd each his occupation.
When Xenophon, by numbers brav'd,
Retreated, and a people sav'd,
That laurel was not all his own ;
The plant by Socrates was sown.

To Aristotle's greater name
The Macedonian ow'd his fame.

The Athenian bird, with pride replete,
Their talents equall'd in conceit;
And, copying the Socratic rule,
Set up for master of a school.

Dogmatic jargon learnt by heart,
Trite sentences, hard terms of art,
To vulgar ears seem'd so profound,
They fancied learning in the sound.

The school had fame ; the crowded place
With pupils swarm'd of every race.
With these the Swan's maternal care
Had sent her scarce-fledg'd cygnet heir :
The Hen (though fond and loth to part)
Here lodg'd the darling of her heart :
The Spider, of mechanic kind,
Aspir'd to science more refin'd ;
The Ass learnt metaphors and tropes,
But most on music fix'd his hopes.

The pupils now, advanc'd in age,
Were call'd to tread life's busy stage ;
And to the master 'twas submitted,
That each might to his part be fitted :—

‘ The Swan (says he) in arms shall shine ;
The soldier's glorious toil be thine.’

‘ The Cock shall mighty wealth attain :—
Go, seek it on the stormy main.’

‘ The court shall be the spider's sphere :
Power, fortune, shall reward him there.’

‘ In music’s art the Ass’s fame
Shall emulate Corelli’s name.’

Each took the part that he advis’d,
And all were equally despis’d.

A Farmer, at his folly mov’d,
The dull preceptor thus reprov’d :

‘ Blockhead, (says he) by what you’ve done,
One would have thought ’em each your son ;
For parents, to their offspring blind,
Consult nor parts nor turn of mind,
But ev’n in infancy decree
What this, what t’ other son shall be.
Had you with judgment weigh’d the case,
Their genius thus had fix’d their place ;
The Swan had learnt the sailor’s art ;
The Cock had play’d the soldier’s part ;
The Spider in the weaver’s trade
With credit had a fortune made ;
But for the fool, in every class
The blockhead had appear’d an Ass.

THE COOKMAID, TURNSPIT, AND OX.

TO A POOR MAN.

CONSIDER man in every sphere,
Then tell me, is your lot severe?
'Tis murmur, discontent, distrust,
That makes you wretched. God is just.

I grant that hunger must be fed,
That toil, too, earns thy daily bread.
What then? Thy wants are seen and known,
But every mortal feels his own.
We're born a restless needy crew:
Show me the happier man than you.

Adam, though blest above his kind,
For want of social woman pin'd.
Eve's wants the subtle serpent saw,
Her fickle taste transgress'd the law:
Thus fell our sire, and their disgrace
The curse entail'd on human race.

When Philip's son, by glory led,
Had o'er the globe his empire spread;
When altars to his name were dress'd,
That he was man his tears confess'd.

The hopes of avarice are check'd:
The proud man always wants respect.

What various wants on power attend ?
Ambition never gains its end.
Who hath not heard the rich complain
Of surfeits and corporeal pain ?
He, barr'd from every use of wealth,
Envies the ploughman's strength and health.
Another, in a beauteous wife
Finds all the miseries of life :
Domestic jars and jealous fear
Imbitter all his days with care.
This wants an heir ; the line is lost :
Why was that vain entail engrost ?
Canst thou discern another's mind ?
What is 't you envy ? Envy's blind.
Tell Envy, when she would annoy,
That thousands want what you enjoy.

‘ The dinner must be dish'd at one.
Where's this vexatious Turnspit gone ?
Unless the skulking Cur is caught,
The sirloin's spoil'd, and I'm in fault.'
Thus said, (for sure you'll think it fit
That I the Cookmaid's oaths omit)
With all the fury of a cook,
Her cooler kitchen Nan forsook :
The broomstick o'er her head she waves :
She sweats, she stamps, she puffs, she raves :
The sneaking Cur before her flies ;
She whistles, calls ; fair speech she tries.
These nought avail. Her choler burns ;
The fist and cudgel threat by turns :

With hasty stride she presses near ;
He slinks aloof, and howls with fear.

‘ Was ever Cur so curs’d ! (he cried)
What star did at my birth preside !
Am I for life by compact bound
To tread the wheel’s eternal round ?
Inglorious task ! of all our race
No slave is half so mean and base.
Had fate a kinder lot assign’d,
And form’d me of the lap-dog kind,
I then, in higher life employ’d,
Had indolence and ease enjoy’d ;
And, like a gentleman, carest,
Had been the lady’s favourite guest :
Or were I sprung from spaniel line,
Was his sagacious nostril mine,
By me, their never-erring guide,
From wood and plain their feasts supplied,
Knights, squires, attendant on my pace,
Had shar’d the pleasures of the chase.
Endued with native strength and fire,
Why call’d I not the lion sire ?
A lion ! such mean views I scorn :
Why was I not of woman born ?
Who dares with reason’s power contend ?
On man we brutal slaves depend :
To him all creatures tribute pay,
And luxury employs his day.’

An Ox by chance o’erheard his moan,
And thus rebuk’d the lazy drone :

‘ Dare you at partial Fate repine?
How kind’s your lot compar’d with mine!
Decreed to toil, the barbarous knife
Hath sever’d me from social life;
Urg’d by the stimulating goad,
I drag the cumbrous wagon’s load:
’Tis mine to tame the stubborn plain,
Break the stiff soil, and house the grain;
Yet I without a murmur bear
The various labours of the year.
But then, consider, that one day
(Perhaps the hour’s not far away)
You, by the duties of your post,
Shall turn the spit when I’m the roast;
And for reward shall share the feast,
I mean, shall pick my bones at least.’

‘ Till now (the astonish’d Cur replies)
I look’d on all with envious eyes.
How false we judge by what appears!
All creatures feel their several cares.
If thus yon mighty beast complains,
Perhaps man knows superior pains.
Let envy then no more torment:
Think on the Ox, and learn content.’

Thus said, close following at her heel,
With cheerful heart he mounts the wheel.

THE
RAVENS, SEXTON, AND EARTH-WORM.

TO LAURA.

LAURA, methinks you're over nice.
True ; flattery is a shocking vice ;
Yet sure, whene'er the praise is just,
One may commend without disgust.
Am I a privilege denied,
Indulg'd by every tongue beside ?
How singular are all your ways !
A woman, and averse to praise !
If 'tis offence such truths to tell,
Why do your merits thus excel ?

Since then I dare not speak my mind,
A truth conspicuous to mankind ;
Though in full lustre every grace
Distinguish your celestial face ;
Though beauties of inferior ray
(Like stars before the orb of day)
Turn pale and fade ; I check my lays,
Admiring what I dare not praise.

If you the tribute due disdain,
The Muse's mortifying strain

Shall, like a woman in mere spite,
Set beauty in a moral light.

Though such revenge might shock the ear
Of many a celebrated fair,
I mean that superficial race
Whose thoughts ne'er reach beyond their face,
What's that to you? I but displease
Such ever-girlish ears as these.
Virtue can brook the thoughts of age,
That lasts the same through every stage.
Though you by time must suffer more
Than ever woman lost before,
To age is such indifference shown,
As if your face were not your own.
Were you by Antoninus taught?
Or is it native strength of thought
That thus, without concern or fright,
You view yourself by Reason's light?

Those eyes, of so divine a ray,
What are they? mouldering, mortal clay.
Those features, cast in heavenly mould,
Shall, like my coarser earth, grow old;
Like common grass the fairest flower
Must feel the hoary season's power.

How weak, how vain is human pride!
Dares man upon himself confide?
The wretch who glories in his gain,
Amasses heaps on heaps in vain.
Why lose we life in anxious cares,
To lay in hoards for future years?

Can those (when tortur'd by disease)
Cheer our sick heart, or purchase ease?
Can those prolong one gasp of breath,
Or calm the troubled hour of death?

What's beauty? Call ye that your own?—
A flower that fades as soon as blown.
What's man in all his boast of sway?—
Perhaps the tyrant of a day.

Alike the laws of life take place
Through every branch of human race:
The monarch of long regal line
Was rais'd from dust as frail as mine.
Can he pour health into his veins?
Or cool the fever's restless pains?
Can he (worn down in Nature's course)
New-brace his feeble nerves with force?
Can he (how vain is mortal power!)
Stretch life beyond the destin'd hour?

Consider, man; weigh well thy frame;
The king, the beggar is the same.
Dust form'd us all. Each breathes his day,
Then sinks into his native clay.

Beneath a venerable yew,
That in the lonely churchyard grew,
Two Ravens sate. In solemn croak
Thus one his hungry friend bespoke.

'Methinks I scent some rich repast;
The savour strengthens with the blast;
Snuff then, the promis'd feast inhale;
I taste the carcass in the gale.

Near yonder trees, the farmer's steed,
From toil and every drudgery freed,
Hath groan'd his last: a dainty treat!
To birds of taste delicious meat.'

A Sexton, busy at his trade,
To hear their chat suspends his spade.
Death struck him with no farther thought,
Than merely as the fees he brought.
'Was ever two such blundering fowls,
In brains and manners less than owls!
Blockheads, (says he) learn more respect:
Know ye on whom ye thus reflect?
In this same grave (who does me right,
Must own the work is strong and tight)
The 'Squire that yon fair hall possest,
To-night shall lay his bones at rest.
Whence could the gross mistake proceed?
The 'Squire was somewhat fat indeed.
What then? the meanest bird of prey
Such want of sense could ne'er betray;
For sure some difference must be found
(Suppose the smelling organ sound)
In carcasses, (say what we can)
Or where's the dignity of man?'

With due respect to human race,
The Ravens undertook the case.
In such similitude of scent,
Man ne'er could think reflections meant.
As epicures extol a treat,
And seem their savoury words to eat,

They prais'd dead horse, luxurious food,
The venison of the prescient brood.

The Sexton's indignation mov'd,
The mean comparison reprov'd;
Their undiscerning palate blam'd,
Which two-legg'd carrion thus defam'd.

Reproachful speech from either side
The want of argument supplied:
They rail, revile; as often ends
The contest of disputing friends.

'Hold, (says the fowl) since human pride
With confutation ne'er complied,
Let's state the case, and then refer
The knotty point, for taste may err.'

As thus he spoke, from out the mould
An Earth-worm, huge of size, unroll'd
His monstrous length: they straight agree
To choose him as their referee:
So to th' experience of his jaws
Each states the merits of the cause.

He paus'd, and with a solemn tone,
Thus made his sage opinion known:

'On carcasses of every kind
This maw hath elegantly din'd;
Provoked by luxury or need,
On beast, or fowl, or man, I feed:
Such small distinction's in the savour,
By turns I choose the fancied flavour;
Yet I must own (that human beast)
A glutton is the rankest feast.

Man, cease this boast; for human pride
 Hath various tracts to range beside.
 The prince who kept the world in awe,
 The judge whose dictate fix'd the law;
 The rich, the poor, the great, the small,
 Are levell'd; death confounds 'em all.
 Then think not that we reptiles share
 Such cates, such elegance of fare;
 The only true and real good
 Of man was never vermin's food:
 'Tis seated in th' immortal mind;
 Virtue distinguishes mankind,
 And that (as yet ne'er harbour'd here)
 Mounts with the soul we know not where.
 So Good-man Sexton, since the case
 Appears with such a dubious face,
 To neither I the cause determine,
 For different tastes please different vermin.'

AY AND NO.

A FABLE.¹

IN Fable all things hold discourse;
 Then Words, no doubt, must talk of course.
 Once on a time, near Cannon-row,
 Two hostile adverbs, Ay and No,

¹ Taken from the Miscellanies, published by Swift and Pope.

Were hastening to the field of fight,
And front to front stood opposite ;
Before each general join'd the van,
Ay, the more courteous knight, began :
 ‘ Stop, peevish Particle ! beware !
I ’m told you are not such a bear,
But sometimes yield when offer’d fair.
Suffer yon folks a while to tattle ;
’Tis we who must decide the battle.
Whene’er we war on yonder stage,
With various fate and equal rage,
The nation trembles at each blow
That No gives Ay, and Ay gives No ;
Yet in expensive long contention,
We gain nor office, grant, or pension.
Why then should kinsfolk quarrel thus ?
(For two of you make one of us.)
To some wise statesman let us go,
Where each his proper use may know :
He may admit two such commanders,
And make those wait who serv’d in Flanders.
Let’s quarter on a great man’s tongue,
A treasury lord, not Maister Y——g.
Obsequious at his high command,
Ay shall march forth to tax the land ;
Impeachments No can best resist,
And Ay support the Civil list :
Ay, quick as Cæsar, wins the day,
And No, like Fabius, by delay.
Sometimes in mutual sly disguise,

Let Ay's seem No's, and No's seem Ay's;
Ay's be in courts denials meant,
And No's in bishops' give consent.'

Thus Ay propos'd—and, for reply,
No, for the first time, answer'd 'Ay!'
They parted with a thousand kisses,
And fight e'er since for pay, like Swisses.

RURAL SPORTS.

A GEORGIC.

IN TWO CANTOS.

RURAL SPORTS.

INSCRIBED TO MR. POPE.

—Securi prælia ruris
Pandimus.

NEMESIAN.

CANTO I.

YOU, who the sweets of rural life have known,
Despise th' ungrateful hurry of the Town ;
In Windsor groves your easy hours employ,
And undisturb'd, yourself and Muse enjoy :
Thames listens to thy strains, and silent flows,
And no rude wind through rustling osiers blows,
While all his wondering nymphs around thee
throng,

To hear the Sirens warble in thy song.

But I, who ne'er was bless'd by Fortune's hand,
Nor brighten'd ploughshares in paternal land ;
Long in the noisy Town have been immur'd,
Respir'd its smoke, and all its cares endur'd ;
Where news and politics divide mankind,
And schemes of state involve th' uneasy mind ;
Faction embroils the world, and every tongue
Is mov'd by flattery, or with scandal hung :

Friendship, for sylvan shades, the palace flies,
Where all must yield to interest's dearer ties ;
Each rival Machiavel with envy burns,
And honesty forsakes them all by turns ;
While calumny upon each party's thrown,
Which both promote, and both alike disown.
Fatigu'd at last, a calm retreat I chose,
And sooth'd my harass'd mind with sweet repose,
Where fields, and shades, and the refreshing clime,
Inspire the sylvan song, and prompt my rhyme.
My Muse shall rove through flowery meads and
 plains,

And deck with Rural Sports her native strains,
And the same road ambitiously pursue,
Frequented by the Mantuan swain and you.

'Tis not that Rural Sports alone invite,
But all the grateful country breathes delight ;
Here blooming Health exerts her gentle reign,
And strings the sinews of th' industrious swain.
Soon as the morning lark salutes the day,
Through dewy fields I take my frequent way,
Where I behold the farmer's early care,
In the revolving labours of the year.

When the fresh Spring in all her state is
 crown'd,
And high luxuriant grass o'erspreads the ground,
The labourer with the bending scythe is seen,
Shaving the surface of the waving green ;
Of all her native pride disrobes the land,
And meads lays waste before his sweeping hand ;

While with the mounting sun the meadow glows,
The fading herbage round he loosely throws ;
But if some sign portend a lasting shower,
The experienc'd swain foresees the coming hour,
His sun-burnt hands the scattering fork forsake,
And ruddy damsels ply the saving rake ;
In rising hills the fragrant harvest grows,
And spreads along the field in equal rows.

Now when the height of heaven bright Phœbus
gains,

And level rays cleave wide the thirsty plains,
When heifers seek the shade and cooling lake,
And in the middle pathway basks the snake,
O lead me, guard me from the sultry hours !
Hide me, ye Forests ! in your closest bowers :
Where the tall oak his spreading arms entwines,
And with the beech a mutual shade combines ;
Where flows the murmuring brook, inviting
dreams,

Where bordering hazel overhangs the streams,
Whose rolling current winding round and round,
With frequent falls makes all the wood resound,
Upon the mossy couch my limbs I cast,
And ev'n at noon the sweets of evening taste.

Here I peruse the Mantuan's Georgic strains,
And learn the labours of Italian swains ;
In every page I see new landscapes rise,
And all Hesperia opens to my eyes :
I wander o'er the various rural toil,
And know the nature of each different soil.

This waving field is gilded o'er with corn,
That, spreading trees with blushing fruit adorn ;
Here I survey the purple vintage grow,
Climb round the poles, and rise in graceful row :
Now I behold the steed curvet and bound,
And paw with restless hoof the smoking ground :
The dewlap'd bull now chafes along the plain,
While burning love ferments in every vein ;
His well-arm'd front against his rival aims,
And by the dint of war his mistress claims :
The careful insect midst his works I view,
Now from the flowers exhaust the fragrant dew :
With golden treasures load his little thighs,
And steer his distant journey through the skies ;
Some against hostile drones the hive defend,
Others with sweets the waxen cells distend ;
Each in the toil his destin'd office bears,
And in the little bulk a mighty soul appears.

Or when the ploughman leaves the task of day,
And trudging homeward whistles on the way ;
When the big-udder'd cows with patience stand,
Waiting the strokings of the damsel's hand ;
No warbling cheers the woods ; the feather'd choir
To court kind slumbers to their sprays retire ;
When no rude gale disturbs the sleeping trees,
Nor aspen leaves confess the gentlest breeze ;
Engag'd in thought, to Neptune's bounds I stray,
To take my farewell of the parting day ;
Far in the deep the sun his glory hides,
A streak of gold the sea and sky divides ;

The purple clouds their amber linings show,
And edg'd with flame rolls every wave below ;
Here pensive I behold the fading light,
And o'er the distant billow lose my sight.

Now Night in silent state begins to rise,
And twinkling orbs bestow the uncloudy skies :
Her borrow'd lustre growing Cynthia lends,
And on the main a glittering path extends ;
Millions of worlds hang in the spacious air,
Which round their suns their annual circle
steer ;

Sweet contemplation elevates my sense,
While I survey the works of Providence.
O could the Muse in loftier strains rehearse,
The glorious Author of the universe,
Who reins the winds, gives the vast ocean bounds,
And circumscribes the floating worlds their rounds,
My soul should overflow in songs of praise,
And my Creator's name inspire my lays !

As in successive course the seasons roll,
So circling pleasures recreate the soul.
When genial Spring a living warmth bestows,
And o'er the year her verdant mantle throws,
No swelling inundation hides the grounds,
But crystal currents glide within their bounds ;
The finny brood their wonted haunts forsake,
Float in the sun, and skim along the lake ;
With frequent leap they range the shallow
streams,

Their silver coats reflect the dazzling beams :

Now let the fisherman his toils prepare,
And arm himself with every watery snare ;
His hooks, his lines, peruse with careful eye,
Increase his tackle, and his rod re-tie.

When floating clouds their spongy fleeces drain,
Troubling the streams with swift-descending rain,
And waters tumbling down the mountain's side,
Bear the loose soil into the swelling tide,
Then, soon as vernal gales begin to rise,
And drive the liquid burden through the skies,
The fisher to the neighbouring current speeds ;
Whose rapid surface purls, unknown to weeds ;
Upon a rising border of the brook
He sits him down, and ties the treacherous hook ;
Now expectation cheers his eager thought,
His bosom glows with treasures yet uncaught ;
Before his eyes a banquet seems to stand,
Where every guest applauds his skilful hand.

Far up the stream the twisted hair he throws,
Which down the murmuring current gently flows
When if or chance or hunger's powerful sway
Directs the roving trout this fatal way,
He greedily sucks in the twining bait,
And tugs and nibbles the fallacious meat :
Now, happy fisherman ; now twitch the line !
How thy rod bends ! behold, the prize is thine !
Cast on the bank, he dies, with gasping pains,
And trickling blood his silver mail distains.

You must not every worm promiscuous use :
Judgment will tell thee proper bait to choose :

The worm that draws a long immoderate size
The trout abhors, and the rank morsel flies ;
And if too small, the naked fraud's in sight,
And fear forbids, while hunger does invite.
Those baits will best reward the fisher's pains,
Whose polish'd tails a shining yellow stains ;
Cleanse them from filth, to give a tempting
gloss,

Cherish the sullied reptile race with moss ;
Amid the verdant bed they twine, they toil,
And from their bodies wipe their native soil.

But when the sun displays his glorious beams,
And shallow rivers flow with silver streams,
Then the deceit the scaly breed survey,
Bask in the sun, and look into the day :
You now a more delusive art must try,
And tempt their hunger with the curious fly.

To frame the little animal, provide
All the gay hues that wait on female pride :
Let Nature guide thee ; sometimes golden
wire

The shining bellies of the fly require ;
The peacock's plumes thy tackle must not fail,
Nor the dear purchase of the sable's tail.
Each gaudy bird some slender tribute brings,
And lends the growing insect proper wings :
Silks of all colours must their aid impart,
And every fur promote the fisher's art.
So the gay lady, with expensive care,
Borrows the pride of land, of sea, and air ;

Furs, pearls, and plumes, the glittering thing
displays,

Dazzles our eyes, and easy hearts betrays.

Mark well the various seasons of the year,
How the succeeding insect-race appear ;
In this revolving moon one colour reigns,
Which in the next the fickle trout disdains.

Oft have I seen a skilful angler try
The various colours of the treacherous fly ;
When he with fruitless pain hath skimm'd the
brook,

And the coy fish rejects the skipping hook,
He shakes the boughs that on the margin grow,
Which o'er the stream a waving forest throw,
When if an insect fall, (his certain guide)
He gently takes him from the whirling tide,
Examines well his form with curious eyes,
His gaudy vest, his wings, his horns, and size ;
Then round his hook the chosen fur he winds,
And on the back a speckled feather binds ;
So just the colours shine through every part,
That Nature seems to live again in Art.

Let not thy wary step advance too near,
While all thy hope hangs on a single hair ;
The new-form'd insect on the water moves,
The speckled trout the curious snare approves ;
Upon the curling surface let it glide,
With natural motion from thy hand supplied,
Against the stream now let it gently play,
Now in the rapid eddy roll away :

The scaly shoals float by, and, seiz'd with fear,
Behold their fellows tost in thinner air ;
But soon they leap, and catch the swimming bait,
Plunge on the hook, and share an equal fate.

When a brisk gale against the current blows,
And all the watery plain in wrinkles flows,
Then let the fisherman his art repeat,
Where bubbling eddies favour the deceit.
If an enormous salmon chance to spy,
The wanton errors of the floating fly,
He lifts his silver gills above the flood,
And greedily sucks in the unfaithful food,
Then downward plunges with the fraudulent prey,
And bears with joy the little spoil away :
Soon in smart pain he feels the dire mistake,
Lashes the wave, and beats the foamy lake ;
With sudden rage he now aloft appears,
And in his eye convulsive anguish bears ;
And now again, impatient of the wound,
He rolls and wreathes his shining body round ;
Then headlong shoots beneath the dashing tide,
The trembling fins the boiling wave divide :
Now hope exalts the fisher's beating heart,
Now he turns pale, and fears his dubious art ;
He views the tumbling fish with longing eyes,
While the line stretches with the unwieldy prize ;
Each motion humours with his steady hands,
And one slight hair the mighty bulk commands ;
Till tir'd at last, despoil'd of all his strength,
The game athwart the stream unfolds his length.

He now, with pleasure, views the gasping prize
Gnash his sharp teeth, and roll his blood-shot eyes ;
Then draws him to the shore, with artful care,
And lifts his nostrils in the sickening air :
Upon the burden'd stream he floating lies,
Stretches his quivering fins, and gasping dies.

Would you preserve a numerous finny race ?
Let your fierce dogs the ravenous otter chase :
The amphibious monster ranges all the shores,
Darts through the waves, and every haunt explores :

Or let the gin his roving steps betray,
And save from hostile jaws the scaly prey.

I never wander where the bordering reeds
O'erlook the muddy stream, whose tangling weeds
Perplex the fisher ; I nor choose to bear
The thievish nightly net nor barbed spear ;
Nor drain I ponds, the golden carp to take,
Nor trowl for pikes, dispeoplers of the lake.
Around the steel no tortur'd worm shall twine,
No blood of living insect stain my line :
Let me, less cruel, cast the feather'd hook
With pliant rod athwart the pebbled brook,
Silent along the mazy margin stray,
And with the fur-wrought fly delude the prey.

CANTO II.

Now, sporting Muse! draw in the flowing reins,
Leave the clear streams awhile for sunny plains.
Should you the various arms and toils rehearse,
And all the fisherman adorn thy verse!
Should you the wide-encircling net display,
And in its spacious arch enclose the sea,
Then haul the plunging load upon the land,
And with the sole and turbot hide the sand;
It would extend the growing theme too long,
And tire the reader with the watery song.

Let the keen hunter from the chase refrain,
Nor render all the ploughman's labour vain,
When Ceres pours out plenty from her horn,
And clothes the fields with golden ears of corn.
Now, now, ye Reapers! to your task repair;
Haste, save the product of the bounteous year:
To the wide-gathering hook long furrows yield,
And rising sheaves extend through all the field.

Yet if for slyvan sports thy bosom glow,
Let thy fleet greyhound urge his flying foe.
With what delight the rapid course I view!
How does my eye the circling race pursue!
He snaps deceitful air with empty jaws,
The subtle hare darts swift beneath his paws:
She flies, he stretches: now with nimble bound
Eager he presses on, but overshoots his ground:

She turns, he winds, and soon regains the way,
Then tears with gory mouth the screaming prey.
What various sport does rural life afford !
What unbought dainties heap the wholesome
board !

Nor less the spaniel, skilful to betray,
Rewards the fowler with the feather'd prey.
Soon as the labouring horse, with swelling veins,
Hath safely hous'd the farmer's doubtful gains,
To sweet repast the unwary partridge flies,
With joy amid the scatter'd harvest lies ;
Wandering in plenty, danger he forgets,
Nor dreads the slavery of entangling nets,
The subtle dog scours with sagacious nose
Along the field, and snuffs each breeze that
blows ;

Against the wind he takes his prudent way,
While the strong gale directs him to the prey :
Now the warm scent assures the covey near,
He treads with caution, and he points with fear ;
Then (lest some sentry fowl the fraud descry,
And bids his fellows from the danger fly)
Close to the ground in expectation lies,
Till in the snare the fluttering covey rise.
Soon as the blushing light begins to spread,
And glancing Phœbus gilds the mountain's head,
His early flight the ill-fated partridge takes,
And quits the friendly shelter of the brakes :
Or when the sun casts a declining ray,
And drives his chariot down the western way,

Let your obsequious ranger search around,
Where yellow stubble withers on the ground ;
Nor will the roving spy direct in vain,
But numerous coveys gratify thy pain.
When the meridian sun contracts the shade,
And frisking heifers seek the cooling glade ;
Or when the country floats with sudden rains,
Or driving mists deface the moisten'd plains,
In vain his toils the unskilful fowler tries,
While in thick woods the feeding partridge lies.

Nor must the sporting verse the gun forbear,
But what's the fowler's be the Muse's care.
See how the well-taught pointer leads the way :
The scent grows warm ; he stops ; he springs the
prey :

The fluttering coveys from the stubble rise,
And on swift wing divide the sounding skies ;
The scattering lead pursues the certain sight,
And death in thunder overtakes their flight.
Cool breathes the morning air, and Winter's hand
Spreads wide her hoary mantle o'er the land ;
Now to the copse thy lesser spaniel take,
Teach him to range the ditch and force the
brake ;

Not closest coverts can protect the game :
Hark ! the dog opens ; take thy certain aim :
The woodcock flutters ; how he wavering flies !
The wood resounds : he wheels, he drops, he dies.

The towering hawk let future poets sing,
Who terror bears upon his soaring wing ;

Let them on high the frightened hern survey,
And lofty numbers paint their airy fray.
Nor shall the mounting lark the Muse detain,
That greets the morning with his early strain;
When, midst his song, the twinkling glass betrays;
While from each angle flash the glancing rays,
And in the sun the transient colours blaze,
Pride lures the little warbler from the skies:
The light-enamour'd bird deluded dies.

But still the chase, a pleasing task, remains;
The hound must open in these rural strains.
Soon as Aurora drives away the night,
And edges eastern clouds with rosy light,
The healthy huntsman, with the cheerful horn,
Summons the dogs, and greets the dappled

Morn:

The jocund thunder wakes the enliven'd hounds,
They rouse from sleep, and answer sounds for
sounds:

Wide through the furzy field their route they take,
Their bleeding bosoms force the thorny brake:
The flying game their smoking nostrils trace,
No bounding hedge obstructs their eager pace;
The distant mountains echo from afar,
And hanging woods resound the flying war:
The tuneful noise the sprightly courser hears,
Paws the green turf, and pricks his trembling
ears:

The slacken'd rein now gives him all his speed,
Back flies the rapid ground beneath the steed;

Hills, dales, and forests, far behind remain,
While the warm scent draws on the deep-mouth'd
train.

Where shall the trembling hare a shelter find?
Hark! death advances in each gust of wind!
New stratagems and doubling wiles she tries,
Now circling turns, and now at large she flies;
Till, spent at last, she pants, and heaves for
breath,

Then lays her down, and waits devouring death.

But stay, adventurous Muse! hast thou the
force

To wind the twisted horn, to guide the horse?
To keep thy seat unmov'd hast thou the skill,
O'er the high gate and down the headlong hill?
Canst thou the stag's laborious chase direct,
Or the strong fox through all his arts detect?
The theme demands a more experienc'd lay;
Ye mighty Hunters! spare this weak essay.

O happy plains! remote from war's alarms,
And all the ravages of hostile arms!
And happy shepherds! who, secure from fear,
On open downs preserve your fleecy care!
Whose spacious barns groan with increasing
store,

And whirling flails disjoint the cracking floor:
No barbarous soldier, bent on cruel spoil,
Spreads desolation o'er your fertile soil;
No trampling steed lays waste the ripen'd grain,
Nor crackling fires devour the promis'd gain;

No flaming beacons cast their blaze afar,
The dreadful signal of invasive war;
No trumpet's clangor wounds the mother's ear,
And calls the lover from his swooning fair.

What happiness the rural maid attends,
In cheerful labour while each day she spends!
She gratefully receives what Heav'n has sent,
And, rich in poverty, enjoys content:
(Such happiness, and such unblemish'd fame,
Ne'er glad the bosom of the courtly dame)
She never feels the spleen's imagin'd pains,
Nor melancholy stagnates in her veins;
She never loses life in thoughtless ease,
Nor on the velvet couch invites disease;
Her home-spun dress in simple neatness lies,
And for no glaring equipage she sighs:
Her reputation, which is all her boast,
In a malicious visit ne'er was lost:
No midnight masquerade her beauty wears,
And health, not paint, the fading bloom repairs.
If love's soft passion in her bosom reign,
An equal passion warms her happy swain.
No homebred jars her quiet state control,
Not watchful jealousy torments her soul:
With secret joy she sees her little race
Hang on her breast, and her small cottage grace;
The fleecy ball their little fingers cull,
Or from the spindle draw the lengthening wool.
Thus flow her hours with constant peace of mind,
Till age the latest thread of life unwind.

Ye happy Fields ! unknown to noise and strife
The kind rewarders of industrious life ;
Ye shady Woods ! where once I us'd to rove,
Alike indulgent to the Muse and love ;
Ye murmuring Streams ! that in meanders roll,
The sweet composers of the pensive soul,
Farewell.—The City calls me from your bow'rs :
Farewell, amusing thoughts and peaceful hours !

TRIVIA:
OR, THE ART OF
WALKING THE STREETS OF LONDON.
IN THREE BOOKS.

Quo te, Mœri, pedes? An, quo via ducit, in urbem?
VIRG.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE world, I believe, will take so little notice of me, that I need not take much of it. The critics may see, by this Poem, that I walk on foot, which probably may save me from their envy. I should be sorry to raise that passion in men whom I am so much obliged to, since they allow me an honour hitherto only shown to better writers,—that of denying me to be the author of my own works.

Gentlemen, if there be any thing in this Poem good enough to displease you, and if it be any advantage to you to ascribe it to some person of greater merit; I shall acquaint you, for your comfort, that, among many other obligations, I owe several hints of it to Dr. Swift; and if you will so far continue your favour as to write against it, I beg you to oblige me in accepting the following motto:

— Non tu, in Triviis, indocte, solebas
Stridenti miserum stipula disperdere carmen?

TRIVIA.

BOOK I.

OF THE IMPLEMENTS FOR WALKING THE STREETS,
AND SIGNS OF THE WEATHER.

THROUGH winter streets to steer your course
aright,
How to walk clean by day, and safe by night,
How jostling crowds, with prudence to decline,
When to assert the wall, and when resign,
I sing: thou, Trivia! goddess, aid my song, 5
Through spacious streets conduct thy bard along;
By thee transported, I securely stray
Where winding alleys lead the doubtful way,
The silent court and opening square explore,
And long perplexing lanes untrod before. 10
To pave thy realm, and smooth the broken ways,
Earth from her womb a flinty tribute pays;
For thee the sturdy paver thumps the ground,
Whilst every stroke his labouring lungs resound;
For thee the scavenger bids kennels glide 15
Within their bounds, and heaps of dirt subside.
My youthful bosom burns with thirst of fame,
From the great theme to build a glorious name,

To tread in paths to ancient bards unknown,
And bind my temples with a civic crown ; 20
But more, my country's love demands the lays ;
My country's be the profit ; mine the praise.

When the black youth at chosen stands re-
 joice,
And 'Clean your shoes,' resounds from every
 voice ;

When late their miry sides stage-coaches show, 25
And their stiff horses through the Town move
 slow ;

When all the Mall in leafy ruin lies,
And damsels first renew their oyster cries,
Then let the prudent walker shoes provide,
Not of the Spanish or Morocco hide ; 30
The wooden heel may raise the dancer's bound,
And with the scallop'd top his step be crown'd :
Let firm, well-hammer'd soles protect thy feet
Through freezing snows, and rains, and soaking
 sleet.

Should the big last extend the shoe too wide, 35
Each stone will wrench the unwary step aside ;
The sudden turn may stretch the swelling vein,
Thy cracking joint unhinge, or ankle sprain ;
And when too short the modish shoes are worn,
You'll judge the seasons by your shooting corn.

Nor should it prove thy less important care
To choose a proper coat for winter's wear.
Now in thy trunk thy D'Oily habit fold,
The silken drugget ill can fence the cold ;

The freeze's spongy nap is scak'd with rain, 45
And showers soon drench the camlet's cockled
grain ;

'True Whitney ¹ broad-cloth, with its shag unshorn,
Unpierc'd is in the lasting tempest worn :

Be this the horseman's fence ; for who would wear
Amid the Town the spoils of Russia's bear ? 50

Within the roquelaure's clasp thy hands are pent,
Hands that stretch'd forth invading harms prevent.

Let the loop'd Bavaroy the fop embrace,

Or his deep cloak bespatter'd o'er with lace :

That garment best the winter's rage defends, 55

Whose shapeless form in ample plaits depends ;

By various names ² in various counties known,

Yet held in all the true Surtout alone ;

Be thine of kersey firm, though small the cost,

Then brave unwet the rain, unchill'd the frost. 60

If the strong cane support thy walking hand,
Chairmen no longer shall the wall command :

Ev'n sturdy carmen shall thy nod obey,

And rattling coaches stop to make thee way :

This shall direct thy cautious tread aright, 65

Though not one glaring lamp enliven night.

Let beaux their canes, with amber tipt pro-
duce ;

Be theirs for empty show, but thine for use.

In gilded chariots while they loll at ease,

And lazily insure a life's disease ; 70

¹ A town in Oxfordshire. ² A Joseph, a Wraprascal &c.

While softer chairs the tawdry load convey
 To court, to White's,³ assemblies, or the play ;
 Rosy-complexion'd Health thy steps attends,
 And exercise thy lasting youth defends. 74

Imprudent men Heaven's choicest gifts profane.
 Thus some beneath their arm support the cane ;
 The dirty point oft checks the careless pace,
 And miry spots thy clean cravat disgrace ;
 O ! may I never such misfortune meet,
 May no such vicious walkers crowd the street ;
 May Providence o'ershade me with her wings, 81
 While the bold Muse experienc'd dangers sings.

Not that I wander from my native home,
 And (tempting perils) foreign cities roam.
 Let Paris be the theme of Gallia's Muse, 85
 Where slavery treads the street in wooden shoes :
 Nor do I rove in Belgia's frozen clime,
 And teach the clumsy boor to skate in rhyme,
 Where, if the warmer clouds in rain descend,
 No miry ways industrious steps offend, 90
 The rushing flood from sloping pavements pours,
 And blackens the canals with dirty showers.
 Let others Naples' smoother streets rehearse,
 And with proud Roman structures grace their
 verse,

Where frequent murders wake the night with
 groans,
 And blood in purple torrents dyes the stones : 96

³ White's chocolate house, in St. James's Street.

Nor shall the Muse through narrow Venice stray,
 Where gondolas their painted oars display.
 O happy streets ! to rumbling wheels unknown,
 No carts, no coaches, shake the floating town !
 Thus was of old Britannia's city bless'd, 101
 Ere pride and luxury her sons possess'd ;
 Coaches and chariots yet unfashion'd lay,
 Nor late invented chairs perplex'd the way :
 Then the proud lady tripp'd along the Town, 105
 And tuck'd-up petticoats secur'd her gown,
 Her rosy cheek with distant visits glow'd,
 And exercise unartful charms bestow'd ;
 But since in braided gold her foot is bound,
 And a long trailing mantua sweeps the ground,
 Her shoe disdains the street : the lazy fair 111
 With narrow step affects a limping air.
 Now gaudy pride corrupts the lavish age,
 And the streets flame with glaring equipage :
 The tricking gamester insolently rides, 115
 With Loves and Graces on his chariot sides :
 In saucy state the griping broker sits,
 And laughs at honesty and trudging wits.
 For you, O honest men ! these useful lays
 The Muse prepares ; I seek no other praise. 120

When sleep is first disturb'd by morning cries,
 From sure prognostics learn to know the skies,
 Lest you of rheums and coughs at night complain,
 Surpris'd in dreary fogs or driving rain.
 When suffocating mists obscure the morn, 125
 Let thy worst wig, long us'd to storms, be worn ;

This knows the powder'd footman, and with care,
Beneath his flapping hat secures his hair.

Be thou, for every season, justly drest,
Nor brave the piercing frost with open breast;
And when the bursting clouds a deluge pour, 131
Let thy surtout defend the drenching shower.

The changing weather certain signs reveal.
Ere winter sheds her snow, or frosts congeal,
You 'll see the coals in brighter flames aspire, 135
And sulphur tinge with blue the rising fire;
Your tender shins the scorching heat decline,
And at the dearth of coals the poor repine;
Before her kitchen hearth the nodding dame,
In flannel mantle wrapt, enjoys the flame; 140
Hovering upon her feeble knees she bends,
And all around the grateful warmth ascends.

Nor do less certain signs the Town advise
Of milder weather and serener skies.
The ladies, gaily dress'd, the Mall adorn 145
With various dyes, and paint the sunny morn;
The wanton fawns with frisking pleasure range,
And chirping sparrows greet the welcome change:
Not that their minds with greater skill are fraught,⁴
Endued by instinct, or by reason taught; 150
The seasons operate on every breast:
'Tis hence that fawns are brisk, and ladies drest,

⁴ Haud equidem credo, quia sit divinitus illis
Ingenium, aut rerum fato prudentia major.

Virg. Georg. 1. 415.

When on his box the nodding coachman snores,
And dreams of fancied fares; when tavern-doors
The chairmen idly crowd, then ne'er refuse 155
To trust thy busy steps in thinner shoes.

But when the swinging signs your ears offend
With creaking noise, then rainy floods impend;
Soon shall the kennels swell with rapid streams,
And rush in muddy torrents to the Thames. 160

The bookseller, whose shop's an open square,
Foresees the tempest, and with early care
Of learning strips the rails: the rowing crew,
To tempt a fare, clothe all their tilts in blue.

On hosiers' poles depending stockings tied, 165
Flag with the slacken'd gale from side to side.

Church-monuments foretell the changing air;
Then Niobe dissolves into a tear, [sounds
And sweats with secret grief. You'll hear the
Of whistling winds ere kennels break their bounds;
Ungrateful odours common-sewers diffuse, 171
And dropping vaults distil unwholesome dews,
Ere the tiles rattle with the smoking shower,
And spouts on heedless men their torrents pour.

All superstition from thy breast repel: 175
Let credulous boys, and prattling nurses tell
How, if the festival of Paul be clear,
Plenty from liberal horn shall strow the year;
When the dark skies dissolve in snow or rain,
The labouring hind shall yoke the steer in vain;
But if the threatening winds in tempests roar, 181
Then War shall bathe her wasteful sword in gore:

How, if on Swithin's feast the welkin lowers,
 And every penthouse streams with hasty showers,
 Twice twenty days shall clouds their fleeces drain,
 And wash the pavements with incessant rain. 186
 Let not such vulgar tales debase thy mind;
 Nor Paul nor Swithin rule the clouds and wind.

If you the precepts of the Muse despise,
 And slight the faithful warning of the skies, 190
 Others you'll see, when all the Town's afloat,
 Wrapt in the embraces of a kersey coat,
 Or double-button'd freeze; their guarded feet
 Defy the muddy dangers of the street,
 While you, with hat unloop'd, the fury dread 195
 Of spouts high streaming, and with cautious tread
 Shun every dashing pool; or idly stop,
 To seek the kind protection of a shop.
 But business summons; now with hasty scud
 You jostle for the wall; the spatter'd mud 200
 Hides all thy hose behind; in vain you scour;
 Thy wig, alas! uncurl'd, admits the shower:
 So fierce Alecto's snaky tresses fell, [hell;
 When Orpheus charm'd the rigorous powers of
 Or thus hung Glaucus' beard, with briny dew 205
 Clotted and strait, when first his amorous view
 Surpris'd the bathing fair; the frightened maid
 Now stands a rock, transform'd by Circe's aid.

Good housewives all the winter's rage despise,
 Defended by the riding-hood's disguise; 210
 Or, underneath the umbrella's oily shade,
 Safe through the wet on clinking pattens tread.

Let Persian dames the umbrella's ribs display,
To guard their beauties from the sunny ray ;
Or sweating slaves support the shady load, 215
When eastern monarchs show their state abroad ;
Britain in winter only knows its aid,
To guard from chilly showers the walking maid.
But, O ! forget not, Muse ! the patten's praise,
That female implement shall grace thy lays ; 220
Say from what art divine the invention came,
And from its origin deduce the name.

Where Lincoln wide extends her fenny soil,
A goodly yeoman liv'd grown white with toil ;
One only daughter blest his nuptial bed, 225
Who from her infant hand the poultry fed :
Martha (her careful mother's name) she bore,
But now her careful mother was no more.
Whilst on her father's knee the damsel play'd,
Patty he fondly call'd the smiling maid ; 230
As years increas'd, her ruddy beauty grew,
And Patty's fame o'er all the village flew.

Soon as the gray-ey'd Morning streaks the skies,
And in the doubtful day the woodcock flies,
Her cleanly pail the pretty housewife bears, 235
And singing to the distant field repairs ;
And when the plains with evening dews are spread,
The milky burden smokes upon her head :
Deep through a miry lane she pick'd her way,
Above her ankle rose the chalky clay. 240

Vulcan by chance the gloomy maiden spies,
With innocence and beauty in her eyes :

He saw, he lov'd; for yet he ne'er had known
Sweet innocence and beauty meet in one.

Ah! Mulciber! recall thy nuptial vows, 245
Think on the graces of thy Paphian spouse;
Think how her eyes dart inexhausted charms,
And canst thou leave her bed for Patty's arms?

The Lemnian Power forsakes the realms above,
His bosom glowing with terrestrial love. 250

Far in the lane a lonely hut he found,
No tenant ventur'd on the unwholesome ground.
Here smokes his forge, he bares his sinewy arm,
And early strokes the sounding anvil warm:
Around his shop the steely sparkles flew, 255
As for the steed he shap'd the bending shoe.

When blue-ey'd Patty near his window came,
His anvil rests, his forge forgets to flame:
To hear his soothing tales she feigns delays;
What woman can resist the force of praise? 260

At first she coyly every kiss withstood,
And all her cheek was flush'd with modest blood;
With headless nails he now surrounds her shoes,
To save her steps from rains and piercing dews.
She lik'd his soothing tales, his presents wore, 265
And granted kisses, but would grant no more.
Yet winter chill'd her feet, with cold she pines,
And on her cheek the fading rose declines;
No more her humid eyes their lustre boast, 269
And in hoarse sounds her melting voice is lost.

This Vulcan saw, and in his heavenly thought
A new machine mechanic fancy wrought,

Above the mire her shelter'd steps to raise,
And bear her safely through the wintry ways.
Straight the new engine on his anvil glows, 275
And the pale virgin on the patten rose.
No more her lungs are shook with dropping rheums,
And on her cheek reviving beauty blooms.
The god obtain'd his suit : though flattery fail,
Presents with female virtue must prevail. 280
The patten now supports each frugal dame,
Which from the blue-ey'd Patty takes the name.

BOOK II.

ON WALKING THE STREETS BY DAY.

THUS far the Muse has trac'd, in useful lays,
The proper implements for wintry ways ;
Has taught the walker with judicious eyes
To read the various warnings of the skies :
Now venture, Muse ! from home to range the
Town,

And for the public safety risk thy own. 6

For ease and for despatch the morning's best ;
No tides of passengers the street molest :
You'll see a draggled damsel here and there,
From Billingsgate her fishy traffic bear : 10
On doors the sallow milkmaid chalks her gains ;
Ah ! how unlike the milkmaid of the plains !
Before proud gates attending asses bray,
Or arrogate with solemn pace the way ;
These grave physicians, with their milky cheer, 15
The love-sick maid and dwindling beau repair.
Here rows of drummers stand in martial file,
And with their vellum thunder shake the pile,
To greet the new-made bride : are sounds like
these

The proper prelude to a state of peace ? 20

Now Industry awakes her busy sons ;
Full charg'd with news the breathless hawker runs :
Shops open, coaches roll, carts shake the ground,
And all the streets with passing cries resound.

If cloth'd in black you tread the busy Town, ²⁵
Or if distinguish'd by the reverend gown,
Three trades avoid. Oft in the mingling press
The barber's apron soils the sable dress :
Shun the perfumer's touch with cautious eye ;
Nor let the baker's step advance too nigh. ³⁰
Ye walkers, too, that youthful colours wear,
Three sullyng trades avoid with equal care.
The little chimney-sweeper skulks along,
And marks with sooty stains the heedless throng :
When small-coal murmurs in the hoarser throat, ³⁵
From smutty dangers guard thy threaten'd coat ;
The dust-man's cart offends thy clothes and eyes,
When through the street a cloud of ashes flies :
But whether black or lighter dyes are worn,
The chandler's basket, on his shoulder borne, ⁴⁰
With tallow spots thy coat : resign the way,
To shun the surly butcher's greasy tray ; [stain,
Butchers ! whose hands are dy'd with blood's foul
And always foremost in the hangman's train.

Let due civilities be strictly paid ; ⁴⁵
The wall surrender to the hooded maid ;
Nor let thy sturdy elbow's hasty rage
Jostle the feeble steps of trembling age :
And when the porter bends beneath his load,
And pants for breath, clear thou the crowded road :

But, above all, the groping blind direct, 51
And from the pressing throng the lame protect.

You'll sometimes meet a fop, of nicest tread,
Whose mantling peruke veils his empty head:
At every step he dreads the wall to lose, 55
And risks, to save a coach, his red-heel'd shoes;
Him, like the miller, pass with caution by,
Lest from his shoulder clouds of powder fly:
But when the bully, with assuming pace, [lace,
Cocks his broad hat, edg'd round with tarnish'd
Yield not the way; defy his strutting pride, 61
And thrust him to the muddy kennel's side:
He never turns again, nor dares oppose,
But mutters coward curses as he goes.

If drawn by business to a street unknown, 65
Let the sworn porter point thee through the Town.
Be sure observe the signs, for signs remain
Like faithful landmarks to the walking train.
Seek not from 'prentices to learn the way;
Those fabling boys will turn thy steps astray: 70
Ask the grave tradesman to direct thee right;
He ne'er deceives but when he profits by't.

Where fam'd St. Giles's ancient limits spread,
An inrail'd column rears its lofty head;
Here to sev'n streets sev'n dials count the day, 75
And from each other catch the circling ray:
Here oft the peasant, with inquiring face,
Bewilder'd, trudges on from place to place;
He dwells on every sign with stupid gaze,
Enters the narrow alley's doubtful maze; 80

Tries every winding court and street in vain,
 And doubles o'er his weary steps again.
 Thus hardy Theseus, with intrepid feet,
 Travers'd the dangerous labyrinth of Crete;
 But still the wandering passes forc'd his stay, 85
 Till Ariadne's clue unwinds the way:
 But do not thou, like that bold chief, confide
 Thy venturous footsteps to a female guide;
 She'll lead thee with delusive smiles along,
 Dive in thy fob, and drop thee in the throng. 90

When waggish boys the stunted besom ply,
 To rid the slabby pavement, pass not by
 Ere thou hast held their hands; some heedless flirt
 Will overspread thy calves with spattering dirt.
 Where porters hogsheads roll from carts aslope,
 Or brewers down steep cellars stretch the rope, 95
 Where counted billets are by carmen tost,
 Stay thy rash step, and walk without the post.

What though the gathering mire thy feet be-
 smear?

The voice of industry is always near. 100
 Hark! the boy calls thee to his destin'd stand,
 And the shoe shines beneath his oily hand.
 Here let the Muse, fatigu'd amid the throng,
 Adorn her precepts with digressive song;
 Of shirtless youths the secret rise to trace, 105
 And show the parent of the sable race.

Like mortal man, great Jove (grown fond of
 [change])
 Of old was wont this nether world to range

To seek amours ; the vice the monarch lov'd 109
 Soon through the wide ethereal court improv'd,
 And ev'n the proudest goddess, now and then,
 Would lodge a night among the sons of men ;
 To vulgar deities descends the fashion,
 Each, like her betters, had her earthly passion.
 Then Cloacina¹ (goddess of the tide 115
 Whose sable streams beneath the city glide)
 Indulg'd the modish flame ; the Town she rov'd ;
 A mortal scavenger she saw ; she lov'd ;
 The muddy spots that dried upon his face,
 Like female patches, heighten'd every grace : 120
 She gaz'd ; she sigh'd : for Love can beauties spy
 In what seems faults to every common eye.

Now had the watchman walk'd his second round,
 When Cloacina hears the rumbling sound
 Of her brown lover's cart, for well she knows 125
 That pleasing thunder : swift the goddess rose,
 And through the streets pursued the distant noise,
 Her bosom panting with expected joys,
 With the night-wandering harlot's airs she past,
 Brush'd near his side, and wanton glances cast :
 In the black form of cinder-wench she came, 131
 When love, the hour, the place, had banish'd
 shame ;

¹ Cloacina was a goddess whose image Tatius (a king of the Sabines) found in the common sewer, and not knowing what goddess it was, he called it Cloacina, from the place in which it was found, and paid to it divine honours. *Lactant*, 1, 20. *Minuc. Fel. Oct.* p. 232.

To the dark alley arm in arm they move ;
O may no link-boy interrupt their love ! [space,
When the pale moon had nine 'times fill'd her
The pregnant goddess (cautious of disgrace) 136
Descends to earth, but sought no midwife's aid,
Nor midst her anguish to Lucina pray'd ;
No cheerful gossip wish'd the mother joy ;
Alone, beneath a bulk, she dropt the boy. 140

The child through various risks in years improv-
At first a beggar's brat, compassion mov'd ; [ed ;
His infant tongue soon learnt the canting art,
Knew all the prayers and whines to touch the
heart.

O happy unown'd youths ! your limbs can bear
The scorching dog-star and the winter's air, 146
While the rich infant, nurs'd with care and pain,
Thirsts with each heat and coughs with every rain !

The goddess long had mark'd the child's dis-
tress,

And long had sought his sufferings to redress ; 150
She prays the gods to take the fondling's part,
To teach his hands some beneficial art
Practis'd in streets : the gods her suit allow'd,
And made him useful to the walking crowd,
To cleanse the miry feet, and o'er the shoe 155
With nimble skill the glossy black renew.
Each power contributes to relieve the poor :
With the strong bristles of the mighty boar
Diana forms his brush ; the god of day
A tripod gives, amid the crowded way 160

To raise the dirty foot, and ease his toil ;
Kind Neptune fills his vase with fetid oil
Prest from the enormous whale : the god of fire,
From whose dominions smoky clouds aspire,
Among these generous presents joins his part, 165
And aids with soot the new japanning art.
Pleas'd she receives the gifts ; she downward glides,
Lights in Fleet-ditch, and shoots beneath the tides.

Now dawns the morn, the sturdy lad awakes,
Leaps from his stall, his tangled hair he shakes,
Then leaning o'er the rails, he musing stood, 171
And view'd below the black canal of mud,
Where common sewers a lulling murmur keep,
Whose torrents rush from Holborn's fatal steep ;
Pensive through idleness, tears flow'd apace, 175
Which eas'd his loaded heart, and wash'd his face ;
At length he sighing cried, ' That boy is blest,
Whose infant lips have drain'd a mother's breast ;
But happier far are those, (if such be known)
Whom both a father and a mother own ;
But I, alas ! hard Fortune's utmost scorn,
Who ne'er knew parent, was an orphan born !
Some boys are rich by birth beyond all wants,
Belov'd by uncles, and kind good old aunts ; [bear,
When time comes round, a Christmas-box they
And one day makes them rich for all the year. 185
Had I the precepts of a father learn'd,
Perhaps I then the coachman's fare had earn'd ;
For lesser boys can drive : I thirsty stand,
And see the double flagon charge their hand ; 190

See them puff off the froth, and gulp a main,
While with dry tongue I lick my lips in vain.'

While thus he fervent prays, the heaving tide
In widen'd circles beats on either side ;
The goddess rose amid the inmost round, 195
With wither'd turnip-tops her temples crown'd ;
Low reach'd her dripping tresses, lank, and black
As the smooth jet, or glossy ravens' back ;
Around her waist a circling eel was twin'd,
Which bound her robe, that hung in rags behind :
Now beckoning to the boy, she thus begun ; 201
'Thy prayers are granted ; weep no more, my son ;
Go thrive. At some frequented corner stand ;
This brush I give thee, grasp it in thy hand ;
Temper the soot within this vase of oil, 205
And let the little tripod aid thy toil ;
On this methinks I see the walking crew,
At thy request, support the miry shoe ;
The foot grows black that was with dirt imbrown'd,
And in thy pocket jingling halfpence sound.' 210
The goddess plunges swift beneath the flood,
And dashes all around her showers of mud :
The youth straight chose his post ; the labour
plied, [divide ;
Where branching streets from Charing-cross
His treble voice resounds along the Mews, 215
And Whitehall echoes — 'Clean your honour's
shoes.'

Like the sweet ballad, this amusing lay
Too long detains the walker on his way ;

While he attends, new dangers round him throng ;
The busy City asks instructive song. 220

Where elevated o'er the gaping crowd,
Clasp'd in the board the perjur'd head is bow'd,
Betimes retreat ; here, thick as hailstones pour,
'Turnips and half-hatch'd eggs (a mingled shower)
Among the rabble rain ; some random throw 225
May with the trickling yolk thy cheek o'erflow.

Though expedition bids, yet never stray
Where no rang'd posts defend the rugged way :
Here laden carts with thundering wagons meet,
Wheels clash with wheels, and bar the narrow
street ;

The lashing whip resounds, the horses strain, 231
And blood in anguish bursts the swelling vein.
O barbarous Men ! your cruel breasts assuage ;
Why vent ye on the generous steed your rage ?
Does not his service earn your daily bread ? 235
Your wives, your children, by his labours fed !
If, as the Samian taught, the soul revives,
And, shifting seats, in other bodies lives,
Severe shall be the brutal coachman's change,
Doom'd in a hackney horse the Town to range ; 240
Carmen, transform'd, the groaning load shall draw,
Whom other tyrants with the lash shall awe.

Who would of Watling-street the dangers share,
When the broad pavement of Cheapside is near ?
Or who that rugged street would traverse o'er, 245
That stretches, O Fleet-ditch ! from thy black
shore

To the Tower's moated walls?² here steams ascend

That, in mix'd fumes, the wrinkled nose offend.
 Where chandlers' caldrons boil; where fishy prey
 Hide the wet stall, long absent from the sea; ²⁵⁰
 And where the cleaver chops the heifer's spoil;
 And where huge hogsheads sweat with trainy oil,
 Thy breathing nostril hold: but how shall I
 Pass where, in piles, Cornavion³ cheeses lie?
 Cheese, that the table's closing rites denies, ²⁵⁵
 And bids me with the unwilling chaplain rise.

O bear me to the paths of fair Pall Mall:
 Safe are thy pavements, grateful is thy smell!
 At distance rolls along the gilded coach,
 Nor sturdy carmen on thy walks encroach; ²⁶⁰
 No lets would bar thy ways, were chairs denied,
 The soft supports of laziness and pride; [glow,
 Shops breathe perfumes, through sashes ribbons
 The mutual arms of ladies and the beau:
 Yet still ev'n here, when rains the passage hide, ²⁶⁵
 Oft the loose stone spirts up a muddy tide
 Beneath thy careless foot; and from on high,
 Where masons mount the ladder, fragments fly;
 Mortar and crumbled lime in showers descend,
 And o'er thy head destructive tiles impend. ²⁷⁰

But sometimes let me leave the noisy roads,
 And silent wander in the close abodes, [sive stray,
 Where wheels ne'er shake the ground; there pen-
 In studious thought, the long uncrowded way.

² Thames Street.

³ Cheshire, anciently so called.

Here I remark each walker's different face, 275
 And in their look their various business trace.
 The broker here his spacious beaver wears,
 Upon his brow sit jealousies and cares ;
 Bent on some mortgage (to avoid reproach)
 He seeks by-streets, and saves the expensive
 coach.

Soft, at low doors, old lechers tap their cane, 281
 For fair recluse, who travels Drury-lane ;
 Here roams uncomb'd the lavish rake, to shun
 His Fleet-street draper's everlasting dun.

Careful observers, studious of the Town, 285
 Shun the misfortunes that disgrace the clown ;
 Untempted, they condemn the juggler's feats,
 Pass'd by the Muse, nor try the thimble's cheats.⁴
 When drays bound high, they never cross behind,
 Where bubbling yest is blown by gusts of wind : 290
 And when up Ludgate-hill huge carts move slow,
 Far from the straining steeds securely go,
 Whose dashing hoofs behind them fling the mire,
 And mark with muddy blots the gazing 'squire.
 The Parthian thus his javelin backward throws, 295
 And as he flies infests pursuing foes.

The thoughtless wits shall frequent forfeits
 pay,
 Who 'gainst the sentry's box discharge their tea :
 Do thou some court or secret corner seek,
 Nor flush with shame the passing virgin's cheek. 300

⁴ A cheat commonly practised with three thimbles and a little ball.

Yet let me not descend to trivial song,
 Nor vulgar circumstance my verse prolong.
 Why should I teach the maid, when torrents
 pour,

Her head to shelter from the sudden shower?
 Nature will best her ready hand inform, 305

With her spread petticoat to fence the storm.
 Does not each walker know the warning sign,
 When wisps of straw depend upon the twine
 Cross the close street, that then the paver's art
 Renews the ways, denied to coach and cart? 310

Who knows not that the coachman lashing by,
 Oft with his flourish cuts the heedless eye?

And when he takes his stand, to wait a fare,
 His horses' foreheads shun the winter's air?

Nor will I roam when summer's sultry rays 315
 Parch the dry ground, and spread with dust the
 ways;

With whirling gusts the rapid atoms rise,
 Smoke o'er the pavement, and involve the skies.

Winter my theme confines, whose nitry wind
 Shall crust the slabby mire, and kennels bind; 320
 She bids the snow descend in flaky sheets,
 And in her hoary mantle clothe the streets.

Let not the virgin tread these slippery roads,
 The gathering fleece the hollow patten loads;
 But if thy footsteps slide with clotted frost, 325
 Strike off the breaking balls against the post.

On silent wheel the passing coaches roll,
 Oft look behind and ward the threatening pole.

In harden'd orbs the schoolboy moulds the snow,
To mark the coachman with a dexterous throw. 330
Why do ye, boys! the kennel's surface spread,
To tempt with faithless pass the matron's tread?
How can ye laugh to see the damsel spurn,
Sink in your frauds, and her green stocking mourn?
At White's the harness'd chairman idly stands, 335
And swings around his waist his tingling hands:
The sempstress speeds to Change with red-tipt
nose,
The Belgian stove beneath her footstool glows:
In half-whipt muslin needles useless lie,
And shuttle-cocks across the counter fly. 340
These sports warm harmless; why then will ye
prove,
Deluded maids! the dangerous flame of love?
Where Covent-Garden's famous temple stands,
That boasts the work of Jones' immortal hands,
Columns with plain magnificence appear, 345
And graceful porches lead along the square;
Here oft my course I bend, when, lo! from far
I spy the furies of the foot-ball war:
The 'prentice quits his shop to join the crew,
Increasing crowds the flying game pursue. 350
Thus, as you roll the ball o'er snowy ground,
The gathering globe augments with every round.
But whither shall I run? the throng draws nigh;
The ball now skims the street, now soars on high;
The dextrous glazier strong returns the bound, 355
And jingling sashes on the penthouse sound.

O roving Muse ! recall that wondrous year
When winter reign'd in bleak Britannia's air ;
When hoary Thames, with frosted osiers crown'd,
Was three long moons in icy fetters bound. 360

The waterman, forlorn along the shore,
Pensive reclines upon his useless oar,
Sees harness'd steeds desert the stony Town,
And wander roads unstable, not their own ; 364

Wheels o'er the harden'd waters smoothly glide,
And rase with whiten'd tracks the slippery tide.
Here the fat cook piles high the blazing fire,
And scarce the spit can turn the steer entire.
Booths sudden hide the Thames, long streets ap-
pear,

And numerous games proclaim the crowded fair. 370
So when a general bids the martial train
Spread their encampment o'er the spacious plain,
Thick rising tents a canvas city build,
And the loud dice resound through all the field.

'Twas here the matron found a doleful fate ; 375
Let elegiac lay the woe relate,
Soft as the breath of distant flutes at hours
When silent evening closes up the flowers,
Lulling as falling water's hollow noise,
Indulging grief, like Philomela's voice. 380

Doll every day had walk'd these treacherous
roads,
Her neck grew warpt beneath autumnal loads
Of various fruit ; she now a basket bore :
That head, alas ! shall basket bear no more.

Each booth she frequent past in quest of gain, 385
And boys with pleasure heard her shrilling strain.
Ah! Doll! all mortals must resign their breath,
And industry itself submit to death.

The cracking crystal yields; she sinks, she dies;
Her head, chopt off, from her lost shoulders flies: 390
Pippins she cry'd, but death her voice confounds,
And pip,-pip,-pip, along the ice resounds.

So when the Thracian furies Orpheus tore,
And left his bleeding trunk deform'd with gore,
His sever'd head floats down the silver tide, 395
His yet warm tongue for his lost consort cried;
Eurydice with quivering voice he mourn'd,
And Heber's banks Eurydice return'd.

But now the western gale the flood unbinds,
And blackening clouds move on with warmer
winds,
The wooden town its frail foundation leaves, 401
And 'Thames' full urn rolls down his plenteous
waves;

From every penthouse streams the fleeting snow,
And with dissolving frost the pavements flow.

Experienc'd men, inur'd to city ways, 405
Need not the calendar to count their days.
When through the Town, with slow and solemn air,
Led by the nostril, walks the muzzled bear,
Behind him moves majestically dull,
The pride of Hockley-hole, the surly bull; 411
Learn hence the periods of the week to name:
Mondays and Thursdays are the days of game.

When fishy stalls with double store are laid,
 The golden-bellied carp, the broad-finn'd maid,
 Red-speckled trouts, the salmon's silver jowl, 415
 The jointed lobster, and unscaly sole,
 And luscious 'scallops to allure the tastes
 Of rigid zealots to delicious fasts; [hence,
 Wednesdays and Fridays, you'll observe from
 Days when our sires were doom'd to abstinence. 420

When dirty waters from balconies drop,
 And dextrous damsels twirl the sprinkling mop,
 And cleanse the spatter'd sash, and scrub the stairs,
 Know Saturday's conclusive morn appears.

Successive cries the seasons' change declare, 425
 And mark the monthly progress of the year.
 Hark! how the streets with treble voices ring,
 To sell the bounteous product of the spring:
 Sweet-smelling flowers, and elder's early bud, 429
 With nettle's tender shoots, to cleanse the blood:
 And when June's thunder cools the sultry skies,
 Ev'n Sundays are profan'd by mackrel cries.

Walnuts the fruiterer's hand, in autumn, stain,
 Blue plums and juicy pears augment his gain;
 Next oranges the longing boys entice 435
 To trust their copper fortunes to the dice.

When rosemary, and bays, the poet's crown,
 Are bawl'd in frequent cries through all the Town,
 Then judge the festival of Christmas near,
 Christmas! the joyous period of the year. 440
 Now with bright holly all your temples strow,
 With laurel green, and sacred misletoe:

Now, heav'n-born Charity ! thy blessings shed,
 Bid meagre Want uprear her sickly head :
 Bid shivering limbs be warm ; let Plenty's bowl ⁴⁴⁵
 In humble roofs make glad the needy soul.
 See, see ! the heav'n-born maid her blessings shed ;
 Lo ! meagre Want uprears her sickly head ;
 Cloth'd are the naked, and the needy glad,
 While selfish Avarice alone is sad. ⁴⁵⁰

Proud coaches pass, regardless of the moan
 Of infant orphan's and the widow's groan,
 While charity still moves the walker's mind,
 His liberal purse relieves the lame and blind.
 Judiciously thy halfpence are bestow'd, ⁴⁵⁵
 Where the laborious beggar sweeps the road.
 Whate'er you give, give ever at demand,
 Nor let old age long stretch his palsied hand.
 Those who give late are importun'd each day,
 And still are teas'd because they still delay. ⁴⁶⁰
 If e'er the miser durst his farthings spare,
 He thinly spreads them through the public square,
 Where, all beside the rail, rang'd beggars lie,
 And from each other catch the doleful cry ; [score,
 With Heav'n, for two-pence, cheaply wipes his
 Lifts up his eyes, and hastes to beggar more. ⁴⁶⁵

Where the brass knocker, wrapt in flannel band,
 Forbids the thunder of the footman's hand,
 The upholder, rueful harbinger of death,
 Waits with impatience for the dying breath ; ⁴⁷⁰
 As vultures o'er a camp, with hovering flight,
 Snuff up the future carnage of the fight.

Here canst thou pass unmindful of a prayer,
That Heav'n in mercy may thy brother spare?

Come, F * * * ! sincere, experienc'd friend, 475
Thy briefs, thy deeds, and ev'n thy fees, suspend ;
Come, let us leave the Temple's silent walls,
Me business to my distant lodging calls :
Through the long Strand together let us stray ;
With thee conversing I forget the way. 480

Behold that narrow street which steep descends,
Whose building to the slimy shore extends ;
Here Arundel's fam'd structure rear'd its frame,
The street alone retains an empty name. 484

Where Titian's glowing paint the canvas warm'd,
And Raphael's fair design with judgment charm'd,
Now hangs the bellman's song, and pasted here
The colour'd prints of Overton appear.

Where statues breath'd the works of Phidias'
hands,

A wooden pump or lonely watch-house stands. 490

There Essex' stately pile adorn'd the shore,
There Cecils', Bedfords' Villiers', now no more.

Yet Burlington's fair palace still remains ;
Beauty within, without proportion reigns.

Beneath his eye declining Art revives, 495

The wall with animated picture lives.

There Handel strikes the strings, the melting
strain

Transports the soul, and thrills through every vein.

There oft I enter (but with cleaner shoes)

For Burlington's belov'd by every Muse. 500

O ye associate walkers ! O my friends !
 Upon your state what happiness attends !
 What though no coach to frequent visit rolls,
 Nor, for your shilling, chairmen sling their poles ?
 Yet still your nerves rheumatic pains defy, 505
 Nor lazy jaundice dulls your saffron eye ;
 No wasting cough discharges sounds of death,
 Nor wheezing asthma heaves in vain for breath ;
 Nor from your restless couch is heard the groan
 Of burning gout or sedentary stone. 510
 Let others in the jolting coach confide,
 Or in the leaky boat the Thames divide ;
 Or, box'd within the chair, condemn the street,
 And trust their safety to another's feet :
 Still let me walk ; for oft the sudden gale 515
 Ruffles the tide, and shifts the dangerous sail :
 Then shall the passenger too late deplore
 The whelming billow and the faithless oar ;
 The drunken chairman in the kennel spurns,
 The glasses shatters, and his charge o'erturns. 520
 Who can recount the coach's various harms,
 The legs disjointed, and the broken arms ?

I've seen a beau, in some ill-fated hour,
 When o'er the stones chok'd kennels swell the
 shower,
 In gilded chariot loll ; he with disdain 525
 Views spatter'd passengers all drench'd in rain.
 With mud fill'd high, the rumbling cart draws
 near ;
 Now rule thy prancing steeds, lac'd charioteer ;

The dustman lashes on with spiteful rage, 529
His pondrous spokes thy painted wheel engage;
Crush'd is thy pride, down falls the shrieking
beau,

The slabby pavement crystal fragments strow;
Black floods of mire the embroider'd coat disgrace,
And mud enwraps the honours of his face : — 534

So when dread Jove the son of Phœbus hurl'd,
Scar'd with dark thunder, to the nether world,
The headstrong coursers tore the silver reins,
And the sun's beamy ruin gilds the plains.

If the pale walker pant with weakening ills,
His sickly hand is stor'd with friendly bills : 540
From hence he learns the seventh-born doctor's
fame ;

From hence he learns the cheapest tailor's name.

Shall the large mutton smoke upon your boards?
Such Newgate's copious market best affords. 544
Wouldst thou with mighty beef augment thy
meal?

Seek Leaden-hall : St James's sends thee veal ;
Thames-street gives cheeses ; Covent-garden,
fruits ;

Moor-fields, old books ; and Monmouth-street, old
suits.

Hence may'st thou well supply the wants of life,
Support thy family, and clothe thy wife. 550

Volumes on shelter'd stalls expanded lie,
And various science lures the learned eye ;

The bending shelves with pondrous scholiasts
groan,

And deep divines, to modern shops unknown :

Here, like the bee, that on industrious wing 555

Collects the various odours of the spring,

Walkers, at leisure, Learning's flowers may spoil,

Nor watch the wasting of the midnight oil ;

May morals snatch from Plutarch's tatter'd page,

A mildew'd Bacon, or Stagira's sage : 560

Here sauntering 'prentices o'er Otway weep,

O'er Congreve smile, or over Durfy sleep :

Pleas'd sempstresses the Lock's fam'd Rape un-
fold,

And Squirts⁵ read Garth, 'till apozems grow cold.

O Lintot ! let my labours obvious lie, 565

Rang'd on thy stall, for every curious eye ;

So shall the poor these precepts gratis know,

And to my verse their future safeties owe.

What walker shall his mean ambition fix

On the false lustre of a coach and six ? 570

Let the vain virgin, lur'd by glaring show,

Sigh for the liveries of the embroider'd beau.

See yon bright chariot on its harness swing,

With Flanders mares, and on an arched spring :

That wretch, to gain an equipage and place, 575

Betray'd his sister to a lewd embrace.

⁵ The name of an apothecary's boy, in the Poem of 'The Dispensary.'

This coach that with the blazon'd 'scutcheon
glows,
Vain of his unknown race, the coxcomb shows.
Here the brib'd lawyer, sunk in velvet, sleeps ;
The starving orphan, as he passes, weeps : 580
There flames a fool, begirt with tinsell'd slaves,
Who wastes the wealth of a whole race of knaves.
That other, with a clustering train behind,
Owes his new honours to a sordid mind.
This next in court-fidelity excels, 585
The public rifles, and his country sells.
May the proud chariot never be my fate,
If purchas'd at so mean, so dear a rate :
Or rather give me sweet content on foot,
Wrapt in my virtue and a good surtout ! 590

BOOK III.

OF WALKING THE STREETS BY NIGHT.

O TRIVIA ! goddess, leave these low abodes,
And traverse o'er the wide ethereal roads ;
Celestial queen ! put on thy robes of light,
Now Cynthia nam'd, fair regent of the night.
At sight of thee the villain sheathes his sword, 5
Nor scales the wall, to steal the wealthy hoard.
O may thy silver lamp from Heaven's high bower
Direct my footsteps in the midnight hour !

When night first bids the twinkling stars appear,
Or with her cloudy vest inwraps the air, 10
Then swarms the busy street : with caution tread
Where the shop-windows falling threat thy head :
Now labourers home return, and join their strength
To bear the tottering plank or ladder's length ;
Still fix thy eyes intent upon the throng, 15
And as the passes open, wind along.

Where the fair columns of Saint Clement stand,
Whose straiten'd bounds encroach upon the
Strand ;

Where the low penthouse bows the walker's head,
And the rough pavement wounds the yielding
tread ;

Where not a post protects the narrow space, ²¹
And, strung in twines, combs dangle in thy face ;
Summon at once thy courage, rouse thy care,
Stand firm, look back, be resolute, beware :
Forth issuing from steep lanes, the collier's steeds
Drag the black load ; another cart succeeds ; ²⁶
Team follows team, crowds heap'd on crowds
 appear,
And wait impatient till the road grow clear.
Now all the pavement sounds with trampling feet,
And the mixt hurry barricades the street. ³⁰
Entangled here, the wagon's lengthen'd team
Cracks the tough harness ; here a pondrous beam
Lies overturn'd athwart ; for slaughter fed,
Here lowing bullocks raise their horned head.
Now oaths grow loud, with coaches coaches jar,
And the smart blow provokes the sturdy war : ³⁶
From the high box they whirl the thong around,
And with the twining lash their shins resound :
Their rage ferments, more dangerous wounds they
 try,
And the blood gushes down their painful eye. ⁴⁰
And now on foot the frowning warriors light,
And with their pondrous fists renew the fight ;
Blow answers blow, their cheeks are smear'd with
 blood,
Till down they fall, and grappling roll in mud.
So when two boars, in wild Ytene ¹ bred, ⁴⁵
Or on Westphalia's fattening chestnuts fed,

¹ New Forest in Hampshire, anciently so called.

Gnash their sharp tusks, and, rous'd with equal
fire,

Dispute the reign of some luxurious mire ;
In the black flood they wallow o'er and o'er,
Till their arm'd jaws distil with foam and gore. 50

Where the mob gathers, swiftly shoot along,
Nor idly mingle in the noisy throng.
Lur'd by the silver hilt, amid the swarm
The subtle artist will thy side disarm :
Nor is thy flaxen wig with safety worn ; 55
High on the shoulder in a basket borne
Lurks the sly boy, whose hand, to rapine bred,
Plucks off the curling honours of thy head.
Here dives the skulking thief, with practis'd sleight
And unfelt fingers makes thy pocket light. 60

Where's now thy watch? with all its trinkets,
flown ;

And thy late snuff-box is no more thy own.
But, lo ! his bolder thefts some tradesman spies,
Swift from his prey the scudding lurcher flies : 64
Dextrous he 'scapes the coach with nimble bounds,
Whilst every honest tongue 'Stop thief' resounds.
So speeds the wily fox, alarm'd by fear,
Who lately filch'd the turkey's callow care ;
Hounds following hounds, grow louder as he flies,
And injur'd tenants join the hunter's cries : 70
Breathless he stumbling falls. Ill-fated boy !
Why did not honest work thy youth employ ?
Seiz'd by rough hands, he's dragg'd amid the rout,
And stretch'd beneath the pump's incessant spout ;

Or plung'd in miry pounds he gasping lies, 75
Mud choaks his mouth, and plasters o'er his eyes.

Let not the ballad-singer's shrilling strain
Amid the swarm thy listening ear detain;
Guard well thy pocket; for these sirens stand
To aid the labours of the diving hand: 80
Confederate in the cheat, they draw the throng,
And cambric handkerchiefs reward the song.
But soon as coach or cart drives rattling on,
The rabble part, in shoals they backward run:
So Jove's loud bolts the mingled war divide, 85
And Greece and Troy retreat on either side.

If the rude throng pour on with furious pace,
And hap to break thee from a friend's embrace,
Stop short; nor struggle through the crowd in
vain,

But watch with careful eye the passing train. 90
Yet I (perhaps too fond) if chance the tide,
Tumultuous, bear my partner from my side,
Impatient venture back; despising harm,
I force my passage where the thickest swarm.
Thus his lost bride the Trojan sought in vain 95
Through night, and arms, and flames, and hills of
slain:

Thus Nisus wander'd o'er the pathless grove,
To find the brave companion of his love:
The pathless grove in vain he wanders o'er:
Euryalus, alas! is now no more. 100

That walker who, regardless of his pace,
Turns oft to pore upon the damsel's face,

From side to side by thrusting elbows tost,
Shall strike his aching breast against a post ;
Or water, dash'd from fishy stalls, shall stain 105
His hapless coat with spirits of scaly rain.

But if unwarily he chance to stray,
Where twirling turnstiles intercept the way ;
The thwarting passenger shall force them round,
And beat the wretch half breathless to the ground.

Let constant vigilance thy footsteps guide, 111
And wary circumspection guard thy side ;
Then shalt thou walk unharm'd the dangerous
night,

Nor need the officious linkboy's smoky light.
Thou never wilt attempt to cross the road 115
Where alehouse benches rest the porter's load,
Grievous to heedless shins ; no barrow's wheel,
That bruises oft the truant schoolboy's heel,
Behind thee rolling, with insidious pace,
Shall mark thy stocking with a miry trace. 120

Let not thy venturous steps approach too nigh
Where, gaping wide, low steepy cellars lie ; [fall,
Should thy shoe wrench aside, down, down you
And overturn the scolding huckster's stall ;
The scolding huckster shall not o'er thee moan, 125
But pence exact for nuts and pears o'erthrown.

Though you through cleaner alleys wind by
day,
To shun the hurries of the public way,
Yet ne'er to those dark paths by night retire ;
Mind only safety, and condemn the mire. 130

Then no impervious courts thy haste detain,
Nor sneering alewives bid thee turn again.

Where Lincoln's-Inn, wide space, is rail'd
around,

Cross not with venturous step; there oft is found
The lurking thief, who, while the daylight shone, 135
Made the walls echo with his begging tone:
That crutch, which late compassion mov'd, shall
wound

Thy bleeding head, and fell thee to the ground.
Though thou art tempted by the linkman's call,
Yet trust him not along the lonely wall; 140
In the mid-way he'll quench the flaming brand,
And share the booty with the pilfering band.
Still keep the public streets, where oily rays,
Shot from the crystal lamp, o'erspread the ways.

Happy Augusta! law-defended town! 145
Here no dark lanterns shade the villain's frown:
No Spanish jealousies thy lanes infest,
Nor Roman vengeance stabs the unwary breast;
Here Tyranny ne'er lifts her purple hand,
But Liberty and Justice guard the land: 150
No bravos here profess the bloody trade,
Nor is the church the murderer's refuge made.

Let not the chairman, with assuming stride,
Press near the wall, and rudely thrust thy
side:

The laws have set him bounds; his servile feet 155
Should ne'er encroach where posts defend the
street.

Yet who the footman's arrogance can quell,
Whose flambeau gilds the sashes of Pall-Mall,
When in long rank a train of torches flame,
To light the midnight visits of the dame? 160
Others, perhaps, by happier guidance led,
May where the chairman rests with safety tread:
Whene'er I pass, their poles unseen below,
Make my knee tremble with the jarring blow.

If wheels bar up the road where streets are
 crost,

With gentle words the coachman's ear accost: 166
He ne'er the threat or harsh command obeys,
But with contempt the spatter'd shoe surveys.
Now, man with utmost fortitude thy soul,
To cross the way where carts and coaches roll; 170
Yet do not in thy hardy skill confide,
Nor rashly risk the kennel's spacious stride:
Stay till *afar* the distant wheel you hear,
Like dying thunder in the breaking air:
Thy foot will slide upon the miry stone, 175
And passing coaches crush thy tortur'd bone,
Or wheels enclose the road; on either hand,
Pent round with perils, in the midst you stand,
And call for aid in vain; the coachman swears;
And carmen drive, unmindful of thy prayers. 180
Where wilt thou turn? ah! whither wilt thou
 fly?

On every side the pressing spokes are nigh:
So sailors, while Charybdis' gulf they shun,
Amaz'd, on Scylla's craggy dangers run.

Be sure observe where brown *Ostrea* stands, 185
Who boasts her shelly ware from Wallfleet sands ;
There may'st thou pass, with safe unmiry feet,
Where the rais'd pavement leads athwart the
street.

If where Fleet-ditch with muddy current flows
You chance to roam ; where oyster tubs in rows 190
Are rang'd beside the posts ; there stay thy haste,
And with the savoury fish indulge thy taste :
The damsel's knife the gaping shell commands,
While the salt liquor streams between her hands.

The man had sure a palate cover'd o'er 195
With brass or steel, that on the rocky shore
First broke the oozy oyster's pearly coat,
And risk'd the living morsel down his throat.
What will not luxury taste ? Earth, sea, and air,
Are daily ransack'd for the bill of fare. 200
Blood stuff'd in skins is British Christian's food,
And France robs marshes of the croaking brood ;
Spongy morels in strong ragouts are found,
And in the soup the slimy snail is drown'd.

When from high spouts the dashing torrents fall,
Ever be watchful to maintain the wall ; 205
For shouldst thou quit thy ground, the rushing
throng

Will with impetuous fury drive along ;
All press to gain those honours thou hast lost,
And rudely shove thee far without the post. 210
Then to retrieve the shed you strive in vain,
Draggled all o'er, and soak'd in floods of rain.

Yet rather bear the shower, and toils of mud,
 Than in the doubtful quarrel risk thy blood.
 O think on Ædipus' detested state, 215
 And by his woes be warn'd to shun thy fate.

Where three roads join'd he met his sire un-
 known,
 (Unhappy sire, but more unhappy son !)
 Each claim'd the way ; their swords the strife
 decide ;

The hoary monarch fell ; he groan'd and died ! 220
 Hence sprung the fatal plague that thinn'd thy
 reign,
 Thy cursed incest ! and thy children slain !
 Hence wert thou doom'd in endless night to stray
 Through Theban streets, and cheerless grope thy
 way.

Contemplate, mortal ! on thy fleeting years ; 225
 See, with black train the funeral pomp appears !
 Whether some heir attends in sable state,
 And mourns with outward grief a parent's fate,
 Or the fair virgin, nipt in beauty's bloom,
 A crowd of lovers follow to her tomb ; 230
 Why is the hearse with scutcheons blazon'd round,
 And with the nodding plume of ostrich crown'd ?
 No ; the dead know it not, nor profit gain ;
 It only serves to prove the living, vain.
 How short is life ! how frail is human trust ! 235
 Is all this pomp for laying dust to dust ?

Where the nail'd hoop defends the painted stall,
 Brush not thy sweeping skirt too near the wall ;

Thy heedless sleeve will drink the colour'd oil,
And spot indelible thy pocket soil. 240

Has not wise Nature strung the legs and feet
With firmest nerves, designed to walk the street?
Has she not given us hands to grope aright,
Amidst the frequent dangers of the night?
And think'st thou not the double nostril meant 245
To warn from oily woes by previous scent?

Who can the various city frauds recite,
With all the petty rapines of the night?
Who now the guinea-dropper's bait regards,
Trick'd by the sharper's dice or juggler's cards?
Why should I warn thee ne'er to join the fray 251
Where the sham-quarrel interrupts the way?
Lives there in these our days so soft a clown,
Braved by the bully's oaths or threatening frown?
I need not strict enjoin the pockets care, 255
When from the crowded play thou lead'st the fair;
Who has not here or watch or snuff-box lost,
Or handkerchiefs that India's shuttle boast;
O! may thy virtue guard thee through the roads
Of Drury's mazy courts and dark abodes, 260
The harlots' guileful paths, who nightly stand
Where Catherine-street descends into the Strand.
Say, vagrant Muse! their wiles and subtle arts,
To lure the strangers' unsuspecting hearts;
So shall our youth on healthful sinews tread, 265
And city cheeks grow warm with rural red.

'Tis she who nightly strolls with sauntering pace,
No stubborn stays her yielding shape embrace;

Beneath the lamp her tawdry ribbons glare,
The new-scour'd mantua and the slattern air ; 270
High-draggled petticoats her travels show,
And hollow cheeks with artful blushes glow ;
With flattering sounds she soothes the cred'lous
ear,

My noble captain ! charmer ! love ! my dear !
In ridinghood near tavern-doors she plies, 275
Or muffled pinnars hide her livid eyes ;
With empty bandbox she delights to range,
And feigns a distant errand from the 'Change ;
Nay, she will oft the quaker's hood profane,
And trudge demure the rounds of Drury-lane : 280
She darts from sarcenet ambush wily leers ;
Twitches thy sleeve, or with familiar airs
Her fan will pat thy cheek : these snares disdain,
Nor gaze behind thee when she turns again.

I knew a yeoman who for thirst of gain, 285
To the great city drove from Devon's plain,
His numerous lowing herd : his herds he sold,
And his deep leathern pocket bagg'd with gold :
Drawn by a fraudulent nymph, he gaz'd, he sighed ;
Unmindful of his home, and distant bride, 290
She leads the willing victim to his doom,
Through winding alleys to her cobweb room.
Thence through the street he reels, from post to
post,

Valiant with wine, nor knows his treasure lost.
The vagrant wretch the assembled watchman spies,
He waves his hanger and their poles defies ; 295

Deep in the roundhouse pent, all night he snores,
And the next morn in vain his fate deplores.

Ah ! hapless swain ! unus'd to pains and ills,
Canst thou forego roast beef for nauseous pills ? ³⁰⁰
How wilt thou lift to heaven thy eyes and hands,
When the long scroll the surgeon's fees demands !
Or else (ye gods ! avert that worst disgrace)
Thy ruin'd nose falls level with thy face ;
Then shall thy wife thy loathsome kiss disdain, ³⁰⁵
And wholesome neighbours from thy mug refrain.

Yet there are watchmen who, with friendly light
Will teach thy reeling steps to tread aright ;
For sixpence will support thy helpless arm, ³⁰⁹
And home conduct thee safe from nightly harm ;
But if they shake their lanterns, from afar
To call their brethren to confederate war,
When rakes resist their power ; if hapless you
Should chance to wander with the scouring crew !
Though Fortune yield thee captive, ne'er despair,
But seek the constable's considerate ear ; ³¹⁶
He will reverse the watchman's harsh decree,
Mov'd by the rhetoric of a silver fee. [word,
Thus would you gain some favourite courtier's
Fee not the petty clerks, but bribe my lord. ³²⁰

Now is the time that rakes their revels keep,
Kindlers of riot, enemies of sleep.
His scatter'd pence the flying Nicker² flings,
And with the copper shower the casement rings.

² Gentlemen who delighted to break windows with half pence.

Who has not heard the scourer's midnight fame?
Who has not trembled at the Mohock's name? ³²⁶
Was there a watchman took his hourly rounds
Safe from their blows, or new-invented wounds?
I pass their desperate deeds and mischiefs done,
Where from Snow-hill black steepy torrents run;
How matrons, hoop'd within the hogshead's womb,
Were tumbled furious thence; the rolling tomb
O'er the stones thunders, bounds from side to side;
So Regulus to save his country died.

Where a dim gleam the paly lantern throws ³³⁵
O'er the mid pavement, heapy rubbish grows;
Or arched vaults their gaping jaws extend,
Or the dark caves to common sewers descend;
Oft by the winds extinct the signal lies,
Or smother'd in the glimmering socket dies, ³⁴⁰
Ere Night has half roll'd round her ebon throne,
In the wide gulf the shatter'd coach o'erthrown
Sinks with the snorting steeds; the reins are broke,
And from the crackling axle flies the spoke.
So when fam'd Eddystone's far-shoooting ray, ³⁴⁵
That led the sailor through the stormy way,
Was from its rocky roots by billows torn,
And the high turret in the whirlwind borne,
Fleets bulg'd their sides against the craggy land,
And pitchy ruins blacken'd all the strand. ³⁵⁰

Who then through night would hire the har-
ness'd steed?
And who would choose the rattling wheel for
speed?

But hark ! distress with screaming voice draws
nigher. [‘ fire !’
And wakes the slumbering street with cries of
At first a glowing red enwraps the skies, 355
And borne by winds the scattering sparks arise ;
From beam to beam the fierce contagion spreads ;
The spiry flames now lift aloft their heads ;
Through the burst sash a blazing deluge pours,
And splitting tiles descend in rattling showers. 360
Now with thick crowds the enlighten’d pavement
swarms,
The fireman sweats beneath his crooked arms ;
A leathern casque his venturous head defends,
Boldly he climbs where thickest smoke ascends ;
Mov’d by the mother’s streaming eyes and prayers,
The heplless infant through the flame he bears, 366
With no less virtue than through hostile fire
The Dardan hero bore his aged sire.
See forceful engines spout their levell’d streams,
To quench the blaze that runs along the beams ;
The grappling hook plucks rafters from the walls,
And heaps on heaps the smoky ruin falls. 372
Blown by strong winds, the fiery tempest roars,
Bears down new walls, and pours along the floors ;
The heavens are all a-blaze, the face of night 375
Is cover’d with a sanguine dreadful light ;
’Twas such a light involv’d thy towers, O Rome !
The dire presage of mighty Cæsar’s doom,
When the sun veil’d in rust his mourning head,
And frightful prodigies the skies o’erspread. 380

Hark ! the drum thunders ! far, ye crowds ! retire :
 Behold ! the ready match is tipt with fire,
 The nitrous store is laid, the smutty train
 With running blaze awakes the barrell'd grain ;
 Flames sudden wrap the walls ; with sullen sound
 The shatter'd pile sinks on the smoky ground. 386
 So when the years shall have revolv'd the date,
 The inevitable hour of Naples' fate,
 Her sapp'd foundations shall with thunders shake,
 And heave and toss upon the sulphurous lake ; 390
 Earth's womb at once the fiery flood shall rend,
 And in the abyss her plunging towers descend.

Consider, reader ! what fatigues I've known,
 The toils, the perils of the wintry town ;
 What riots seen, what bustling crowds I bor'd, 395
 How oft I cross'd where carts and coaches roar'd :
 Yet shall I bless my labours, if mankind
 Their future safety from my dangers find.
 Thus the bold traveller, (inur'd to toil,
 Whose steps have printed Asia's desert soil, 400
 The barbarous Arabs' haunt, or shivering crost
 Dark Greenland's mountains of eternal frost,
 Whom Providence in length of years restores
 To the wish'd harbour of his native shores)
 Sets forth his journals to the public view, 405
 To caution, by his woes, the wandering crew.

And now complete my generous labours lie,
 Finish'd, and ripe for immortality.
 Death shall entomb in dust this mouldering frame,
 But never reach the eternal part, my fame. 410

When W* and G**, mighty Names! are dead,
Or but a Chelsea, under custards, read;
When critics crazy bandboxes repair,
And tragedies, turn'd rockets, bounce in air, 414
High-rais'd on Fleet-street posts, consign'd to
fame,
This work shall shine, and walkers bless my name.

INDEX.

	<i>Book.</i>	<i>Ver.</i>
AUTHOR, for whom he wrote the Poem.....	i,	119
Asses, their arrogance.....	ii,	13
Ariadne's clue.....	ii,	83
Alley, the pleasure of walking in one.....	ii,	271
Almanacs, useless to judicious Walkers.....	ii,	406
Autumn, what cries then in use.....	ii,	434
Arundel-street.....	ii,	484
Author, his wish.....	ii,	587
Alley, not to be walked in by night.....	iii,	127
Bavaroy, by whom worn.....	i,	53
Brokers keep coaches.....	i,	117
Bookseller, skilled in the weather.....	i,	161
Barber, by whom to be shunned.....	ii,	28
Baker, to whom prejudicial.....	ii,	30
Butchers to be avoided.....	ii,	43
Bully, his insolence to be corrected.....	ii,	59
Broker, where he usually walks.....	ii,	277
Burlington-house.....	ii,	494
Beau's chariot overturned.....	ii,	523
Bills dispersed to Walkers.....	ii,	538
Ballad-singers.....	iii,	77
Country, the Author's love of his.....	i,	21
Civic crown.....	i,	20
Cane, the convenience of one.....	i,	61
— an amber-headed one useless.....	i,	67
— the abuse of it.....	i,	75
Camlet, how affected by rain.....	i,	46
Coat, how to choose one for the winter.....	i,	41
Chairs and chariots prejudicial to health.....	i,	69
Coachman asleep on his box, what the sign.....	i,	153
Chairmen, an observation upon them.....	i,	154
Church monuments foretell the weather.....	i,	167
Common sewers.....	i,	171
Cold, the description of one.....	i,	267
Clergy, what tradesmen to avoid.....	ii,	25
Chimney-sweeper, by whom to be avoided.....	ii,	33

	<i>Book.</i>	<i>Ver.</i>
Chandlers prejudicial to Walkers.....	ii,	40
Civility to be paid to Walkers.....	ii,	45
Coachman, his metamorphosis.....	ii,	241
Carmen when unmerciful, their punishment.....	<i>ibid.</i>	
Cheapside.....	ii,	244
Cheese not lov'd by the Author.....	ii,	254
Countryman perplexed to find the way.....	ii,	73
Coachman, his whip dangerous.....	ii,	310
—— his care of his horses.....	ii,	311
Coaches dangerous in snowy weather.....	ii,	327
Chairmen, their exercise in frosty weather.....	ii,	335
Covent-garden.....	ii, 343: ii,	547
Cries of the Town, observations upon them.....	ii,	426
Christmas, what cries forerun it.....	ii,	438
—— a season for general charity.....	ii,	444
Coaches, those that keep them uncharitable.....	ii,	451
Cloacina, goddess of common-sewers.....	ii,	115
Charing-cross.....	ii,	214
Christmas-box.....	ii,	185
Charity most practised by Walkers.....	ii,	454
—— where given with judgment.....	ii,	456
—— not to be delayed.....	ii,	458
Chairs, the danger of them.....	ii,	513
Coaches, attended with ill accidents.....	ii,	511
—— despised by Walkers.....	ii,	570
—— kept by coxcombs and pimps.....	ii,	577
Clement's-church, the pass of it described.....	iii,	18
Colliers' carts.....	iii,	25
Coaches, a stop of them described.....	iii,	35
Coachmen, a fight of them.....	<i>ibid.</i>	
Crowd parted by a coach.....	iii,	83
Cellar, the misfortune of falling into one.....	iii,	121
Chairmen, law concerning them.....	iii,	153
—— their poles dangerous.....	iii,	161
Coachmen despise dirty shoes.....	iii,	165
Coaches, a man surrounded by them.....	iii,	177
Constable, his consideration.....	iii,	315
Coach fallen into a hole described.....	iii,	335
Critics, their fate.....	iii,	413
D'Oily stuffs, useless in winter.....	i,	43
Drugget-silk, improper in cold weather.....	i,	44
Dress, propriety therein to be observed.....	i,	129
Drummers improper at a wedding.....	ii,	17
Dustman, to whom offensive.....	ii,	37
Drays, when not to be walked behind.....	ii,	288
Doll, a melancholy story of her death.....	ii,	382
Dustman spiteful to gilded chariots.....	ii,	527
Drury-lane dangerous to virtue.....	iii,	259

	<i>Book.</i>	<i>Ver.</i>
Evening described.....	iii,	9
Eddystone light-house.....	iii,	345
Freeze, its defects.....	i,	45
Footman, his prudence in rainy weather.....	i,	127
Fair weather, signs of it.....	i,	143
Farrier's shop, a description of one.....	i,	251
Fop, the description of one walking.....	ii,	53
—— the ill consequence of passing too near one.....	ii,	57
Female guides not to be made use of.....	ii,	87
Foot-ball described.....	ii,	347
Frost, an episode of the great one.....	ii,	357
Fair, one kept on the Thames.....	ii,	369
Fishmonger, the description of his stall.....	ii,	414
Friday, how to know it.....	ii,	416
Friend, the Author walks with one.....	ii,	276
—— rules to walk with one.....	iii,	87
Fox, like a pickpocket.....	iii,	67
Footman, very arrogant.....	iii,	157
Fleet-ditch.....	iii,	189
Funeral, the Walker's contemplation on one.....	iii,	225
Fire, the description of one.....	iii,	353
Fireman, his virtue.....	iii,	362
Fire-engines.....	iii,	369
Father, the happiness of a child who knows his own.....	ii,	177
Female Walkers, what necessary for them.....	i,	209
Gamester, his chariot described.....	i,	115
Glazier, his skill at foot-ball.....	ii,	355
Guinea-droppers.....	iii,	249
Health acquired by walking.....	i,	69
Holland, the streets of that country described.....	i,	87
Hosiers' poles, what observed by them.....	i,	165
Hawker, at what time he cries news.....	ii,	21
Horses, like Parthians.....	ii,	294
Hands, their use.....	iii,	241
House blown up, the description of it.....	iii,	381
Holborn-hill.....	ii,	174
Invention of pattens.....	i,	219
Industry not exempt from death.....	ii,	389
Jugglers to be avoided.....	ii,	285
June, what cry denotes that month.....	ii,	432
James, St. its market.....	iii,	546
Knocker of a door, an observation on one.....	ii,	467
Catherine, or Katherine-street.....	iii,	260

	<i>Book.</i>	<i>Ver.</i>
London, its happiness, before the invention of coaches and chairs.....	i,	101
Ladies walking the streets.....	i,	105
—— in the park, what they betoken.....	i,	145
—— dress, neither by reason nor instinct.....	i,	149
Letchers, old, where they frequent.....	ii,	280
Leadenhall-market.....	ii,	546
Lintot, Mr. advice to him.....	ii,	565
Lawyer passing the street in a coach.....	ii,	579
Labourers returned from work.....	iii,	13
Lincoln's-Inn Fields.....	iii,	133
Linkman, where not to be trusted.....	iii,	139
Luxury, a reflection on it.....	iii,	195
Legs, their use.....	iii,	241
Lantern, what it shows in the middle of the street....	iii,	335
Ludgate-hill.....	ii,	292
Martha, a milkmaid of Lincolnshire.....	i,	227
Morning, then what first to be considered.....	i,	121
—— described.....	ii,	7
Milford-lane.....	iii,	25
Meuse, jugglers often ply there about to inveigle Walk- ers to play.....	ii,	287
Milkmaid of the City unlike a rural one.....	ii,	11
Mercy recommended to coachmen and carmen.....	ii,	237
Masons, dangerous to pass where at work.....	ii,	266
Modesty not to be offended.....	ii,	298
Monday, by what observations to know it.....	ii,	408
Miser, his manner of charity.....	ii,	462
Moor-fields.....	ii,	548
Monmouth-street.....	<i>ibid.</i>	
Mobs to be avoided.....	iii,	51
Mohocks, a set of modern rakes.....	iii,	326
Matrons put in hogsheads.....	iii,	331
Naples, the streets of that city.....	i,	93
Newgate-market.....	ii,	544
Nisus and Euryalus.....	iii,	97
Nose, its use.....	iii,	245
Nicker, his art.....	iii,	323
Naples, its fate.....	iii,	387
Oysters, at what time first cried.....	i,	28
Old woman, an observation upon one.....	i,	139
Observations on the looks of Walkers.....	ii,	274
Ox roasted on the Thames.....	ii,	368
Orpheus, his death.....	ii,	394
Overton the printseller.....	ii,	489
Oyster-wench.....	iii,	185

	<i>Book.</i>	<i>Ver</i>
Oyster, the courage of him that first ate one.....	iii,	195
Œdipus	iii,	215
Pavers, their duty.....	i,	11
Paris, the streets of that city.....	i,	85
Poor, their murmurs, what the sign of.....	i,	178
Paul, St. his festival.....	i,	176
Precepts, what the consequence, if neglected.....	i,	189
Pattens, a female implement.....	i,	212
Presents better than flattery.....	i,	280
Patten, its derivation.....	i,	282
Perfumer, by whom to be avoided.....	ii,	29
Porter, sworn, useful to Walkers.....	ii,	65
'Prentices not to be relied on.....	ii,	69
Post, when to walk on the outside of it.....	ii,	98
Pillory not to be gazed upon.....	ii,	225
Pall-Mall celebrated	ii,	257
Pythagoras, his doctrine.....	ii,	237
Petticoat, its use in bad weather.....	ii,	304
Pavers, a signal for coaches to avoid them.....	ii,	306
Pattens inconvenient in snowy weather.....	ii,	324
Phaeton, a beau compared to him.....	ii,	535
Periwigs, how stolen off the head.....	iii,	55
Pickpocket, his art and misfortunes.....	iii,	59
Paint, how to be avoided.....	iii,	337
Playhouse, a caution when you lead a lady out of it.	iii,	255
Quarrels for the wall to be avoided.....	iii,	213
Quarrels, sham ones dangerous.....	iii,	251
Ridinghood, its use.....	i,	209
Rome, the streets of it.....	i,	94
Rain, signs of it.....	i,	157
Rakes, how they avoid a dun.....	ii,	282
Raphael Urbin.....	ii,	487
Rakes, their time of walking.....	iii,	321
Regulus, his death.....	iii,	330
Reader, the Author addresses him.....	iii,	393
Scavengers, their duty.....	i	15
Stage-coaches, an observation upon them.....	i,	25
Shoe-cleaning boys, the time of their first appearance.	i,	23
Shoes, when to provide them.....	i,	29
—— what sort improper for Walkers.....	i,	33
—— what proper for dancers.....	i,	30
—— what most proper for Walkers.....	<i>ibid.</i>	
Surtout kersey, its description.....	i,	55
Shower, a man in one described.....	i,	191
Shins, what they betoken when scorched.....	i,	137

	<i>Book.</i>	<i>Ver.</i>
Signs, creaking, what they betoken.....	i,	157
Superstition to be avoided.....	i,	175
Swithin, St. his festival.....	i,	183
Smallcoal-man, by whom to be avoided.....	ii,	35
Summer, foreign to the Author's design.....	ii,	315
Signs, the use of them.....	ii,	67
Seven-dials of St. Giles's parish described.....	ii,	80
Stockings, how to prevent their being spattered.....	ii,	91
Streets, narrow ones to be avoided.....	ii,	247
Snowy weather.....	ii,	320
Shoes, how to free them from snow.....	ii,	325
Snow-balls, coachmen pelted with them.....	ii,	329
Schoolboys, mischievous in frosty weather.....	ii,	331
Sempstress, the description of her in a frosty morning.....	ii,	337
Saturday, by what observations to know it.....	ii,	422
Spring, the cries then in use.....	ii,	428
Streets formerly noblemen's houses.....	ii,	491
Sempstress, advice to her.....	ii,	341
Swords, silver, lure thieves.....	iii,	53
Street, how to cross it.....	iii,	165
Scylla and Charybdis.....	iii,	183
Street, where to cross it by night.....	iii,	185
Shoe-cleaning boy, his birth.....	ii,	135
——his lamentation.....	ii,	177
——his happiness.....	ii,	145
——without father or mother.....	ii,	181
Scourers, a set of rakes.....	iii,	325
Snow-hill.....	iii,	330
Trivia, the goddess of streets and highways, invoked.....	i,	5
Trades prejudicial to walkers.....	ii,	25
Tradesmen, in what to be trusted.....	ii,	71
Theseus in the labyrinth of Crete.....	ii,	83
Thames-street.....	ii,	244
Trades offensive to the smell.....	ii,	246
Tea-drinkers, a necessary caution to them.....	ii,	296
Thames, coaches driven over it.....	ii,	365
Thaw, the description of one.....	ii,	400
Thursday, by what observations to know it.....	ii,	408
Titian.....	ii,	486
Trivia invoked as Cynthia.....	iii,	1
Turnstiles.....	iii,	107
Tragedies, their fate.....	iii,	414
Umbrella, its use.....	i,	211
Upholder, where he frequents.....	ii,	470
Vulcan in love with a milkmaid.....	i,	241
——advice to him.....	i,	245

	<i>Book.</i>	<i>Ver</i>
Venice, the streets of it.....	i,	97
Vaults, an observation upon them.....	i,	172
Vulcan metamorphosed to a country farrier.....	i,	253
Vulcan the inventor of hobnails and sparables.....	i,	263
—— the inventor of pattens.....	i,	275
Winter, the beginning of it described.....	i,	1
Weather, signs of cold.....	i,	133
—— signs of fair.....	i,	142
—— signs of rainy.....	i,	157
Witney broadcloth proper for horsemen.....	i,	47
Wig compared to Alecto's snakes.....	i,	202
—— to Glaucus's beard.....	i,	205
—— what to be worn in a mist.....	i,	125
Waterman, judicious in the weather.....	i,	163
Winds whistling, what they foretell.....	i,	169
Wall, to whom to be given.....	ii,	45
—— to whom to be denied.....	ii,	59
Way, of whom to be inquired.....	ii,	65
Watling-street.....	ii,	247
Walkers, inadvertent, to what misfortunes liable.....	ii,	285
Wits, a caution to them.....	ii,	296
Walker, distressed by a foot-ball.....	ii,	347
Waterman, his dominion invaded.....	ii,	361
Wednesday, how to know it.....	ii,	416
Walkers, their happiness.....	ii,	502
—— free from diseases.....	ii,	506
Water, the danger of being upon it.....	ii,	515
Walking advantageous to learning.....	ii,	551
Women, the ill consequence of gazing on them.....	iii,	101
Wheelbarrows, how they prejudice Walkers.....	iii,	107
Whore, how to know one.....	iii,	267
Watchmen, the method of treating with them.....	iii,	307
—— their signal to their fellows.....	iii,	311
—— what to do if taken by them.....	iii,	313
Wall, when to keep it.....	iii,	205
Whores, the streets where they ply.....	iii,	259
Yeoman, a dreadful story of one.....	iii,	285

THE POETICAL WORKS

OF

JOHN GAY.



VOLUME II.

THE WESTERN WORLD

JOHN J. JONES

VOLUME II

THE FAN.

A POEM.

IN THREE BOOKS.

—ἐνθα δέ οἱ θελκτήρια πάντα τέτυκτο •
ἐνθ' ἐνι μὲν φιλότης, ἐν δ' ἱμερος, ἐν δ' ὀαριστὺς
πάρφασις, ἧτ' ἔκλειψε νόον πύκα περ φρονεόντων.
τόν ῥα οἱ ἔμβαλε χερσίν. Iliad xiv. 215.

THE BAY

A FABLE

IN THREE ACTS

BY
J. B. CLARKE
OF THE
THEATRE ROYAL, DUBLIN

THE FAN.

BOOK I.

I SING that graceful toy, whose waving play
With gentle gales relieves the sultry day,
Not the wide Fan by Persian dames display'd,
Which o'er their beauty casts a grateful shade,
Nor that long known in China's artful land,
Which, while it cools the face, fatigues the hand :
Nor shall the Muse in Asian climates rove,
To seek in Indostan some spicy grove,
Where stretch'd at ease the panting lady lies,
To shun the fervour of meridian skies,
While sweating slaves catch every breeze of air,
And with wide-spreading Fans refresh the fair ;
No busy gnats her pleasing dreams molest,
Inflame her cheek, or ravage o'er her breast,
But artificial zephyrs round her fly,
And mitigate the fever of the sky.

Nor shall Bermudas long the Muse detain,
Whose fragrant forests bloom in Waller's strain,
Where breathing sweets from every field ascend,
And the wild woods with golden apples bend ;
Yet let me in some odorous shade repose,
Whilst in my verse the fair palmetto grows ;

Like the tall pine it shoots its stately head,
From the broad top depending branches spread;
No knotty limbs the taper body bears,
Hung on each bough a single leaf appears,
Which shrivell'd in its infancy remains,
Like a clos'd Fan, nor stretches wide its veins,
But as the seasons in their circle run,
Opes its ribb'd surface to the nearer sun:
Beneath this shade the weary peasant lies,
Plucks the broad leaf, and bids the breezes rise.

Stay, wandering Muse! nor rove in foreign
climes;

To thy own native shore confine thy rhymes.
Assist, ye nine! your loftiest notes employ,
Say what celestial skill contriv'd the toy;
Say how this instrument of love began,
And in immortal strains display the Fan.

Strephon had long confess'd his amorous pain,
Which gay Corinna rallied with disdain:
Sometimes in broken words he sigh'd his care,
Look'd pale, and trembled when he view'd the fair
With bolder freedoms now the youth advanc'd,
He dress'd, he laugh'd, he sung, he rhym'd, he
danc'd:

Now call'd more powerful presents to his aid,
And, to seduce the mistress, brib'd the maid:
Smooth flattery in her softer hours applied,
The surest charm to bend the force of pride;
But still unmov'd remains the scornful dame,
Insults her captive, and derides his flame.

When Strephon saw his vows dispers'd in air,
He sought in solitude to lose his care ;
Relief in solitude he sought in vain,
It serv'd, like music, but to feed his pain.
To Venus now the slighted boy complains,
And calls the goddess in these tender strains.

‘ O potent queen ! from Neptune’s empire sprung,
Whose glorious birth admiring Nereids sung,
Who midst the fragrant plains of Cyprus rove,
Whose radiant presence gilds the Paphian grove,
Where to thy name a thousand altars rise,
And curling clouds of incense hide the skies ;
O beauteous goddess ! teach me how to move,
Inspire my tongue with eloquence of love.
If lost Adonis e’er thy bosom warm’d,
If e’er his eyes or godlike figure charm’d,
Think on those hours when first you felt the dart,
Think on the restless fèver of thy heart ;
Think how you pin’d in absence of the swain ;
By those uneasy minutes know my pain.
Ev’n while Cydippe to Diana bows,
And at her shrine renews her virgin vows,
The lover, taught by thee, her pride o’ercame ;
She reads his oaths, and feels an equal flame :
Oh ! may my flame, like thine, Acontius ! prove,
May Venus dictate, and reward my love.
When crowds of suitors Atalanta tried,
She wealth and beauty, wit and fame defied ;
Each daring lover with advent’rous pace
Pursued his wishes in the dangerous race ;

Like the swift hind the bounding damsel flies,
Strains to the goal, the distanc'd lover dies.
Hippomenes, O Venus! was thy care,
You taught the swain to stay the flying fair,
Thy golden present caught the virgin's eyes,
She stoops; he rushes on, and gains the prize.
Say, Cyprian deity! what gift, what art,
Shall humble into love Corinna's heart?
If only some bright toy can charm her sight,
Teach me what present may suspend her flight.
Thus the desponding youth his flame declares;
The goddess with a nod his passion hears,
Far in Cythera stands a spacious grove,
Sacred to Venus and the god of Love;
Here the luxuriant myrtle rears her head,
Like the tall oak the fragrant branches spread;
Here Nature all her sweets profusely pours,
And paints the enamell'd ground with various
flowers;
Deep in the gloomy glade a grotto bends,
Wide through the craggy rock an arch extends,
The rugged stone is clothed with mantling vines,
And round the cave the creeping woodbine twines
Here busy Cupids, with pernicious art,
Form the stiff bow and forge the fatal dart:
All share the toil: while some the bellows ply,
Others with feathers teach the shafts to fly:
Some with joint force whirl round the stony wheel,
Where streams the sparkling fire from temper'd
steel;

Some point their arrows with the nicest skill,
And with the warlike store their quivers fill.

A different toil another forge employs ;
Here the loud hammer fashions female toys ;
Hence is the fair with ornament supplied,
Hence sprung the glittering implements of pride ;
Each trinket that adorns the modern dame,
First to these little artists ow'd its frame,
Here an unfinish'd di'mond crosslet lay,
To which soft lovers adoration pay ;
There was the polish'd crystal bottle seen,
That with quick scents revives the modish spleen :
Here the yet rude unjointed snuff-box lies,
Which serves the rallied fop for smart replies ;
There piles of paper rose in gilded reams,
The future records of the lover's flames :
Here clouded canes 'midst heaps of toys are found,
And inlaid tweezer-cases strow the ground :
There stands the toilette, nursery of charms,
Completely furnish'd with bright beauty's arms ;
The patch, the powder-box, pulville, perfumes,
Pins, paint, a flattering glass, and black-lead combs.

The toilsome hours in different labour slide,
Some work the file, and some the graver guide ;
From the loud anvil the quick blow rebounds,
And their rais'd arms descend in tuneful sounds.
Thus when Semiramis, in ancient days,
Bade Babylon her mighty bulwarks raise,
A swarm of labourers different tasks attend :
Here pulleys make the pondrous oak ascend,

With echoing strokes the cragged quarry groans,
While there the chisel forms the shapeless stones;
The weighty mallet deals resounding blows,
Till the proud battlements her towers enclose.

Now Venus mounts her car; she shakes the reins,
And steers her turtles to Cythera's plains:
Straight to the grot with graceful step she goes,
Her loose ambrosial hair behind her flows;
The swelling bellows heave for breath no more,
All drop their silent hammers on the floor;
In deep suspense the mighty labour stands,
While thus the goddess spoke her mild commands:

‘Industrious Loves! your present toils forbear,
A more important task demands your care;
Long has the scheme employ'd my thoughtful mind,
By judgment ripen'd, and by time refin'd.
That glorious bird have ye not often seen
Who draws the car of the celestial Queen?
Have ye not oft survey'd his varying dyes,
His tail all gilded o'er with Argus' eyes?
Have ye not seen him in the sunny day
Unfurl his plumes, and all his pride display,
Then suddenly contract his dazzling train,
And with long-trailing feathers sweep the plain?
Learn from this hint, let this instruct your art,
Thin taper sticks must from one centre part;
Let these into the quadrant's form divide,
The spreading ribs with snowy paper hide;
Here shall the pencil bid its colours flow,
And make a miniature creation grow:

Let the machine in equal foldings close,
And now its plaited surface wide dispose ;
So shall the fair her idle hand employ,
And grace each motion with the restless toy,
With various play bid grateful zephyrs rise,
While love in every grateful zephyr flies.'

The master, Cupid, traces out the lines,
And with judicious hand the draught designs ;
The expecting Loves with joy the model view,
And the joint labour eagerly pursue.
Some slit their arrows with the nicest art,
And into sticks convert the shiver'd dart ;
The breathing bellows wake the sleeping fire,
Blow off the cinders, and the sparks aspire ;
Their arrows' point they soften in the flame,
And sounding hammers break its barbed frame :
Of this the little pin they neatly mould,
From whence their arms the spreading sticks
unfold ;

In equal plaits they now the paper bend,
And at just distance the wide ribs extend,
Then on the frame they mount the limber screen,
And finish instantly the new machine.

The goddess, pleas'd, the curious work receives,
Remounts her chariot, and the grotto leaves ;
With the light Fan she moves the yielding air,
And gales, till then unknown, play round the fair.

Unhappy Lovers ! how will you withstand,
When these new arms shall grace your charmer's
hand ?

In ancient times, when maids in thought were pure,
When eyes were artless, and the look demure,
When the wide ruff the well-turn'd neck enclos'd,
And heaving breasts within the stays repos'd,
When the close hood conceal'd the modest ear,
Ere black-lead combs disown'd the virgin's hair,
Then in the muff unactive fingers lay,
Nor taught the Fan in fickle forms to play.

How are the sex improv'd in amorous arts!
What new-found snares they bait for human hearts!

When kindling war the ravag'd globe ran o'er,
And fatten'd thirsty plains with human gore,
At first, the brandish'd arm the javelin threw,
Or sent wing'd arrows from the twanging yew;
In the bright air the dreadful falchion shone,
Or whistling slings dismiss'd the uncertain stone.
Now men those less destructive arms despise,
Wide-wasteful death from thundering cannon flies;
One hour with more battalions strows the plain,
Than were of yore in weekly battles slain.
So love with fatal airs the nymph supplies,
Her dress disposes, and directs her eyes.
The bosom now its panting beauties shows,
The experienc'd eye resistless glances throws;
Now varied patches wander o'er the face,
And strike each gazer with a borrow'd grace;
The fickle head-dress sinks, and now aspires,
A towery front of lace on branching wires:
The curling hair in tortur'd ringlets flows,
Or round the face in labour'd order grows.

How shall I soar, and on unweary wing
Trace varying habits upward to their spring?
What force of thought, what numbers, can express
The inconstant equipage of female dress?
How the strait stays the slender waist constrain,
How to adjust the mantua's sweeping train?
What fancy can the petticoat surround,
With the capacious hoop of whalebone bound?
But stay, presumptuous Muse! nor boldly dare
The toilette's sacred mysteries declare;
Let a just distance be to beauty paid;
None here must enter but the trusty maid.
Should you the wardrobe's magazine rehearse,
And glossy manteaus rustle in thy verse;
Should you the rich brocaded suit unfold,
Where rising flowers grow stiff with frosted gold,
The dazzled Muse would from her subject stray,
And in a maze of fashions lose her way.

BOOK II.

OLYMPUS' gates unfold ; in heav'n's high towers
Appear in council all the immortal powers ;
Great Jove above the rest exalted sate,
And in his mind revolv'd succeeding fate ;
His awful eye with ray superior shone,
The thunder-grasping eagle guards his throne ;
On silver clouds the great assembly laid,
The whole creation at one view survey'd.

But see, fair Venus comes in all her state !
The wanton Loves and Graces round her wait ;
With her loose robe officious zephyrs play,
And strow with odoriferous flowers the way ;
In her right hand she waves the fluttering Fan,
And thus in melting sounds her speech began :

‘ Assembled Powers ! who fickle mortals guide,
Who o'er the sea, the skies, and earth, preside ;
Ye fountains whence all human blessings flow,
Who pour your bounties on the world below ;
Bacchus first rais'd and prun'd the climbing vine,
And taught the grape to stream with generous
wine ;

Industrious Ceres tam'd the savage ground,
And pregnant fields with golden harvests crown'd ;
Flora with bloomy sweets enrich'd the year,
And fruitful autumn is Pomona's care.

I first taught woman to subdue mankind,
And all her native charms with dress refin'd :
Celestial synod ! this machine survey,
That shades the face, or bids cool zephyrs play ;
If conscious blushes on her cheek arise,
With this she veils them from her lover's eyes :
No levell'd glance betrays her amorous heart,
From the Fan's ambush she directs the dart.
The royal sceptre shines in Juno's hand,
And twisted thunder speaks great Jove's command :
On Pallas' arm the Gorgon shield appears,
And Neptune's mighty grasp the trident bears :
Ceres is with the bending sickle seen,
And the strung bow points out the Cynthian
Queen :

Henceforth the waving Fan my hands shall grace,
The waving Fan supply the sceptre's place.
Who shall, ye Powers ! the forming pencil hold ?
What story shall the wide machine unfold ?
Let Loves and Graces lead the dance around,
With myrtle wreaths and flowery chaplets
crown'd ;

Let Cupid's arrow strow the smiling plains
With unresisting nymphs and amorous swains ;
May glowing picture o'er the surface shine,
To melt slow virgins with the warm design.'

Diana rose, with silver crescent crown'd,
And fix'd her modest eyes upon the ground ;
Then with becoming mien she rais'd her head,
And thus with graceful voice the virgin said :

‘Has woman then forgot all former wiles,
The watchful ogle, and delusive smiles?
Does man against her charms too powerful prove,
Or are the sex grown novices in love?
Why then these arms? or why should artful eyes,
From this slight ambush, conquer by surprise?
No guilty thought the spotless virgin knows,
And o’er her cheek no conscious crimson glows;
Since blushes then from shame alone arise,
Why should we veil them from her lover’s eyes?
Let Cupid rather give up his command,
And trust his arrows in a female hand.
Have not the gods already cherish’d pride,
And woman with destructive arms supplied?
Neptune on her bestows his choicest stores,
For her the chambers of the deep explores;
The gaping shell its pearly charge resigns,
And round her neck the lucid bracelet twines:
Plutus for her bids earth its wealth unfold,
Where the warm ore is ripen’d into gold;
Or where the ruby reddens in the soil,
Where the green emerald pays the searcher’s toil
Does not the diamond sparkle in her ear,
Glow on her hand, and tremble in her hair?
From the gay nymph the glancing lustre flies,
And imitates the lightning of her eyes.
But yet if Venus’ wishes must succeed,
And this fantastic engine be decreed,
May some chaste story from the pencil flow,
To speak the virgin’s joy and Hymen’s woe.

‘ Here let the wretched Ariadne stand,
Seduc’d by Theseus to some desert land,
Her locks dishevell’d waving in the wind,
The crystal tears confess her tortur’d mind ;
The perjur’d youth unfurls his treacherous sails,
And their white bosoms catch the swelling gales :
“ Be still, ye Winds ! (she cries) stay, Theseus,
stay ; ”

But faithless Theseus hears no more than they.
All desperate, to some craggy cliff she flies,
And spreads a well-known signal in the skies ;
His lessening vessel ploughs the foamy main ;
She sighs, she calls, she waves the sign in vain.

‘ Paint Dido there amidst her last distress,
Pale cheeks and blood-shot eyes her grief ex-
press :

Deep in her breast the reeking sword is drown’d,
And gushing blood streams purple from the
wound ;

Her sister Anna hovering o’er her stands,
Accuses Heav’n with lifted eyes and hands,
Upbraids the Trojan with repeated cries,
And mixes curses with her broken sighs :
“ View this, ye maids ! and then each swain be-
lieve ;

They ’re Trojans all, and vow but to deceive.”

‘ Here draw CEnone in the lonely grove,
Where Paris first betray’d her into love :
Let wither’d garlands hang on every bough,
Which the false youth wove for CEnone’s brow :

The garlands lose their sweets, their pride is shed,
And like their odours all his vows are fled ;
On her fair arm her pensive head she lays,
And Xanthus' waves with mournful looks surveys,
That flood which witness'd his inconstant flame,
When thus he swore, and won the yielding dame ;
"These streams shall sooner to their fountain move,
Than I forget my dear CEnone's love."

Roll back, ye streams ! back to your fountain run,
Paris is false, CEnone is undone.

Ah ! wretched maid ! think how the moments flew,
Ere you the pangs of this curs'd passion knew,
When groves could please, and when you lov'd
the plain,

Without the presence of your perjur'd swain.

‘ Thus may the nymph, whene’er she spreads
the Fan,

In his true colours view perfidious man ;
Pleas'd with her virgin state in forests rove,
And never trust the dangerous hopes of love.’

The goddess ended, merry Momus rose ;
With smiles and grins he waggish glances throws,
Then with a noisy laugh forestalls his joke,
Mirth flashes from his eyes while thus he spoke :

‘ Rather let heavenly deeds be painted there,
And by your own examples teach the fair.
Let chaste Diana on the piece be seen,
And the bright crescent own the Cynthian queen.
On Latmos' top see young Endymion lies,
Feign'd sleep hath clos'd the bloomy lover's eyes ;

See to his soft embraces how she steals,
And on his lips her warm caresses seals;
No more her hand the glittering javelin holds,
But round his neck her eager arms she folds.
Why are our secrets by our blushes shown?
Virgins are virgins still—while 'tis unknown.
Here let her on some flowery bank be laid,
Where meeting beeches weave a graceful shade,
Her naked bosom wanton tresses grace,
And glowing expectation paints her face,
O'er her fair limbs a thin loose veil is spread,
Stand off, ye shepherds! fear Actæon's head;
Let vigorous Pan the unguarded minute seize,
And in a shaggy goat the virgin please.
Why are our secrets by our blushes shown?
Virgins are virgins still—while 'tis unknown.

‘There with just warmth Aurora's passion
trace,
Let spreading crimson stain her virgin face;
See Cephalus her wanton airs despise,
While she provokes him with desiring eyes:
To raise his passion she displays her charms,
His modest hand upon her bosom warms;
Nor looks, nor pray'rs, nor force, his heart per-
suade,
But with disdain he quits the rosy maid.

‘Here let dissolving Leda grace the toy,
Warm cheeks and heaving breasts reveal her joy;
Beneath the pressing swan she pants for air,
While with his fluttering wings he fans the fair.

There let all-conquering gold exert its power,
And soften Danae in a glittering shower.

‘ Would you warn beauty not to cherish pride,
Nor vainly in the treacherous bloom confide,
On the machine the sage Minerva place,
With lineaments of wisdom mark her face :
See where she lies near some transparent flood,
And with her pipe cheers the resounding wood ;
Her image in the floating glass she spies, [eyes
Her bloated cheeks, worn lips, and shrivell’d
She breaks the guiltless pipe, and with disdain
Its shatter’d ruins flings upon the plain : [swell ;
With the loud reed no more her cheek shall
What, spoil her face ! no. Warbling strains farewell.
Shall arts—shall sciences employ the fair ?
Those trifles are beneath Minerva’s care.
From Venus let her learn the married life,
And all the virtuous duties of a wife.
Here on a couch extend the Cyprian dame,
Let her eye sparkle with the glowing flame ;
The god of war within her clinging arms,
Sinks on her lips, and kindles all her charms.
Paint limping Vulcan with a husband’s care,
And let his brow the cuckold’s honours wear ;
Beneath the net the captive lovers place,
Their limbs entangled in a close embrace.
Let these amours adorn the new machine,
And female nature on the piece be seen ;
So shall the fair, as long as Fans shall last,
Learn from your bright examples to be chaste.’

BOOK III.

THUS Momus spoke. When sage Minerva rose,
From her sweet lips smooth elocution flows,
Her skilful hand an ivory pallet grac'd,
Where shining colours were in order plac'd.
As gods are bless'd with a superior skill,
And swift as mortal thought perform their will,
Straight she proposes, by her art divine,
To bid the paint express her great design.
'The assembled powers consent. She now began,
And her creating pencil stain'd the Fan.

O'er the fair field trees spread, and rivers flow,
Towers rear their heads, and distant mountains
grow ;

Life seems to move within the glowing veins,
And in each face some lively passion reigns.
Thus have I seen woods, hills, and dales appear,
Flocks graze the plains, birds wing the silent air
In darken'd rooms, where light can only pass
Through the small circle of a convex glass ;
On the white sheet the moving figures rise,
The forest waves, clouds float along the skies.

She various fables on the piece design'd,
That spoke the follies of the female kind.

The fate of pride in Niobe she drew :
Be wise, ye nymphs ! that scornful vice subdue :

In a wide plain the imperious mother stood,
Whose distant bounds rose in a winding wood;
Upon her shoulder flows her mantling hair,
Pride marks her brow, and elevates her air;
A purple robe behind her sweeps the ground,
Whose spacious border golden flowers surround.
She made Latona's altars cease to flame,
And of due honours robb'd her sacred name;
To her own charms she bade fresh incense rise,
And adoration own her brighter eyes.
Seven daughters from her fruitful loins were born,
Seven graceful sons her nuptial bed adorn,
Who, for a mother's arrogant disdain,
Were by Latona's double offspring slain.
Here Phœbus his unerring arrow drew,
And from his rising steed her first-born threw,
His opening fingers drop the slacken'd rein,
And the pale corse falls headlong to the plain.
Beneath her pencil here two wrestlers bend,
See, to the grasp their swelling nerves distend,
Diana's arrow joins them face to face,
And death unites them in a strict embrace.
Another here flies trembling o'er the plain;
When Heav'n pursues we shun the stroke in vain.
This lifts his supplicating hands and eyes,
And midst his humble adoration dies.
As from his thigh this tears the barbed dart,
A surer weapon strikes his throbbing heart:
While that to raise his wounded brother tries,
Death blasts his bloom, and locks his frozen eyes

The tender sisters bath'd in grief appear,
With sable garments and dishevell'd hair,
And o'er their gasping brothers weeping stood ;
Some with their tresses stopt the gushing blood,
They strive to stay the fleeting life too late,
And in the pious action share their fate.
Now the proud dame, o'ercome by trembling fear,
With her wide robe protects her only care ;
To save her only care in vain she tries,
Close at her feet the latest victim dies.
Down her fair cheek the trickling sorrow flows,
Like dewy spangles on the blushing rose ;
Fixt in astonishment she weeping stood,
The plain all purple with her children's blood :
She stiffens with her woes : no more her hair
In easy ringlets wantons in the air ;
Motion forsakes her eyes, her veins are dried,
And beat no longer with the sanguine tide ;
All life is fled, firm marble now she grows,
Which still in tears the mother's anguish shows.

Ye haughty fair ! your painted Fans display,
And the just fate of lofty pride survey ;
Though lovers oft extol your beauty's power,
And in celestial similes adore ;
Though from your features Cupid borrows arms,
And goddesses confess inferior charms,
Do not, vain maid ! the flattering tale believe,
Alike thy lovers and thy glass deceive.

Here lively colours Proris' passion tell,
Who to her jealous fears a victim fell.

Here kneels the trembling hunter o'er his wife,
Who rolls her sickening eyes, and gasps for life;
Her drooping head upon her shoulder lies,
And purple gore her snowy bosom dyes.
What guilt, what horror, on his face appears!
See, his red eyelid seems to swell with tears,
With agony his wringing hands he strains,
And strong convulsions stretch his branching veins.

Learn hence, ye wives! bid vain suspicion
cease,

Lose not in sullen discontent your peace;
For when fierce love to jealousy ferments,
A thousand doubts and fears the soul invents,
No more the days in pleasing converse flow,
And nights no more their soft endearments
know.

There on the piece the Volscian queen expired,
'The love of spoils her female bosom fired;
Gay Chloreus' arms attract her longing eyes,
And for the painted plume and helm she sighs;
Fearless she follows, bent on gaudy prey,
Till an ill-fated dart obstructs her way;
Down drops the martial maid; the bloody ground
Floats with a torrent from the purple wound:
The mournful nymphs her drooping head sustain,
And try to stop the gushing life in vain.

Thus the raw maid some tawdry coat surveys,
Where the fop's fancy in embroidery plays;
His snowy feather edg'd with crimson dyes,
And his bright swordknot lure her wandering eyes;

Fring'd gloves and gold brocade conspire to move,
Till the nymph falls a sacrifice to love.

Here young Narcissus o'er the fountain stood,
And view'd his image in the crystal flood,
The crystal flood reflects his lovely charms,
And the pleas'd image strives to meet his arms.
No nymph his unexperienc'd breast subdued,
Echo in vain the flying boy pursued,
Himself alone the foolish youth admires,
And with fond look the smiling shade desires ;
O'er the smooth lake with fruitless tears he grieves,
His spreading fingers shoot in verdant leaves,
Through his pale veins green sap now gently flows,
And in a short-liv'd flower his beauty blows.

Let vain Narcissus warn each female breast,
That beauty's but a transient good at best ;
Like flowers it withers with the advancing year,
And age, like winter, robs the blooming fair.
Oh ! Araminta, cease thy wonted pride,
Nor longer in thy faithless charms confide ;
Ev'n while the glass reflects thy sparkling eyes,
Their lustre and thy rosy colour flies !
Thus on the Fan the breathing figures shine,
And all the powers applaud the wise design.

The Cyprian queen the painted gift receives,
And with a grateful bow the synod leaves :
To the low world she bends her steepy way,
Where Strephon pass'd the solitary day :
She found him in a melancholy grove,
His downcast eyes betray'd desponding love ;

The wounded bark confessed his slighted flame,
And every tree bore false Corinna's name :
In a cool shade he lay with folded arms,
Curses his fortune, and upbraids her charms,
When Venus to his wondering eyes appears,
And with these words relieves his am'rous cares

‘Rise, happy youth ! this bright machine survey,
Whose rattling sticks my busy fingers sway,
This present shall thy cruel charmer move,
And in her fickle bosom kindle love.

‘The Fan shall flutter in all female hands,
And various fashions learn from various lands :
For this shall elephants their ivory shed,
And polish'd sticks the waving engine spread ;
His clouded mail the tortoise shall resign,
And round the rivet pearly circles shine :
On this shall Indians all their art employ,
And with bright colours stain the gaudy toy ;
Their paint shall here in wildest fancies flow,
Their dress, their customs, their religion show ;
So shall the British fair their minds improve,
And on the Fan to distant climates rove.
Here China's ladies shall their pride display,
And silver figures gild their loose array :
This boasts her little feet and winking eyes ;
That tunes the pipe, or tinkling cymbal plies :
Here cross-legg'd nobles in rich state shall dine,
There in bright mail distorted heroes shine.
The peeping Fan in modern times shall rise,
Through which unseen the female ogle flies :

This shall in temples the sly maid conceal,
And shelter love beneath devotion's veil.
Gay France shall make the Fan her artists' care,
And with the costly trinket arm the fair.
As learned orators that touch the heart,
With various action raise their soothing art,
Both head and hand affect the listening throng,
And humour each expression of the tongue :
So shall each fashion by the Fan be seen,
From noisy anger to the sullen spleen.' [eyes,

While Venus spoke, joy shone in Strephon's
Proud of the gift, he to Corinna flies :
But Cupid (who delights in amorous ill,
Wounds hearts and leaves them to a woman's will)
With certain aim a golden arrow drew,
Which to Leander's panting bosom flew :
Leander lov'd, and to the sprightly dame ;
In gentle sighs reveal'd his growing flame ;
Sweet smiles Corinna to his sighs returns,
And for the fop in equal passion burns.

Lo, Strephon comes ! and with a suppliant bow
Offers the present and renews his vow.

When she the fate of Niobe beheld,
'Why has my pride against my heart rebell'd ?'
She sighing cried : disdain forsook her breast,
And Strephon now was thought a worthy guest.

In Procris' bosom when she saw the dart,
She justly blames her own suspicious heart ;
Imputes her discontent to jealous fear,
And knows her Strephon's constancy sincere.

When on Camilla's fate her eye she turns,
No more for show and equipage she burns :
She learns Leander's passion to despise,
And looks on merit with discerning eyes.

Narcissus' change to the vain virgin shows,
Who trusts to beauty, trusts the fading rose.
Youth flies apace, with youth your beauty flies ;
Love then, ye virgins ! ere the blossom dies.

Thus Pallas taught her. Strephon weds the
dame,
And Hymen's torch diffus'd the brightest flame.

THE
SHEPHERD'S WEEK.

IN SIX PASTORALS.

—— Libeat mihi sordida rura,
Atque humiles habitare casas —— VIRG.

STREET LIGHTS & MARKS

IN THE CITY OF NEW YORK

— FIRST OF THE SERIES —
THE NEW YORK CITY MAP

THE PROEME

TO THE COURTEOUS READER.

GREAT marvel hath it been, (and that not unworthily) to diverse worthy wits, that in this our island of Britain, in all rare sciences so greatly abounding, more especially in all kinds of poesy highly flourishing, no poet (though otherways of notable cunning in roundelays) hath hit on the right simple Eclogue, after the true ancient guise of Theocritus, before this mine attempt.

Other poet travailing in this plain highway of pastoral know I none. Yet, certes, such it behoveth a pastoral to be, as nature in the country affordeth; and the manners also meetly copied from the rustical folk therein. In this also my love to my native country Britain much pricketh me forward, to describe aright the manners of our own honest and laborious ploughmen, in no wise, sure, more unworthy a British poet's imitation, than those of Sicily or Arcady; albeit, not ignorant I am what a rout and rabblement of critical gallimawfry hath been made of late days by certain young men of insipid delicacy, concerning I

wist not what Golden Age, and other outrageous conceits, to which they would confine pastoral; whereof, I avow, I account nought at all, knowing no age so justly to be instiled Golden, as this of our sovereign lady Queen Anne.

This idle trumpery (only fit for schools and schoolboys) unto that ancient Doric shepherd Theocritus, or his mates, was never known; he rightly, throughout his fifth Idyl, maketh his louts give foul language, and behold their goats at rut in all simplicity.

*ὥπóλος ὅκκ' ἐσορῇ τὰς μακάδας οἶα βατεῦνται
τάκεται ὁφθαλμῶς, ὅτι οὐ τράγος αὐτὸς ἔγεντο.*

THEOCR. I. 87.

Verily, as little pleasance receiveth a true homebred taste from all the fine finical newfangled fooleries of this gay Gothic garniture, wherewith they so nicely bedeck their court clowns, or clown courtiers, (for which to call them rightly, I wot not) as would a prudent citizen journeying to his country farms, should he find them occupied by people of this motley make, instead of plain, downright, hearty, cleanly folk, such as be now tenants to the burgesses of this realm.

Furthermore, it is my purpose, gentle Reader, to set before thee, as it were, a picture, or rather lively landscape of thy own country, just as thou mightest see it, didst thou take a walk into the fields at the proper season; even as Maister Milton hath elegantly set forth the same.

As one long in populous city pent,
Where houses thick and sewers annoy the air,
Forth issuing on a summer's morn to breathe
Among the pleasant villages and farms
Adjoin'd, from each thing met conceives delight;
The smell of grain, or tedded grass or kine,
Or dairy, each rural sight, each rural sound.

Thou wilt not find my shepherdesses idly piping on oaten reeds; but milking the kine, tying up the sheaves, or if the hogs are astray, driving them to their styes. My shepherd gathereth none other nosegays but what are the growth of our own fields; he sleepeth not under myrtle shades, but under a hedge; nor doth he vigilantly defend his flocks from wolves, because there are none, as Maister Spenser well observeth,

Well is known that sith the Saxon King
Never was wolf seen, many nor some,
Nor in all Kent nor in Christendom.*

For as much as I have mentioned Maister Spenser, soothly I must acknowledge him a bard of sweetest memorial. Yet hath his shepherd's boy at sometimes raised his rustic reed to rhymes more rumbling than rural. Diverse grave points also hath he handled of churchly matter, and doubts in religion daily arising, to great clerks only appertaining. What liketh me best are his names, indeed right simple and meet for the country, such as Lobbin, Cuddy, Hobbinol, Diggon, and others,

* [Shep. Cal. September, 151—153.]

some of which I have made bold to borrow. Moreover, as he called his Eclogues, *The Shepherd's Calendar*, and divided the same into the twelve months, I have chosen (peradventure not over rashly) to name mine by the days of the week, omitting Sunday or the Sabbath, ours being supposed to be Christian shepherds, and to be then at church-worship. Yet further of many of Maister Spenser's Eclogues it may be observed, though months they be called, of the said months therein nothing is specified, wherein I have also esteemed him worthy mine imitation.

That principally, courteous Reader, whereof I would have thee to be advertised, (seeing I depart from the vulgar usage) is touching the language of my shepherds; which is soothly to say, such as is neither spoken by the country maiden or the courtly dame; nay, not only such as in the present times is not uttered, but was never uttered in times past, and if I judge aright, will never be uttered in times future; it having too much of the country to be fit for the court; too much of the court to be fit for the country; too much of the language of old times to be fit for the present; too much of the present to have been fit for the old; and too much of both to be fit for any time to come. Granted also it is, that in this my language I seem unto myself as a London mason, who calculateth his work for a term of years, when he buildeth with old materials upon a ground-rent that is not

his own, which soon turneth to rubbish and ruins. For this point no reason can I allege, only deep-learned ensamples having led me thereunto.

But here again much comfort ariseth in me, from the hopes, in that I conceive, when these words in the course of transitory things shall decay, it may so hap, in meet time, that some lover of simplicity shall arise, who shall have the hardiness to render these mine Eclogues into such more modern dialect as shall be then understood, to which end, glosses and explications of uncouth pastoral terms are annexed.

Gentle Reader, turn over the leaf, and entertain thyself with the prospect of thine own country, limned by the painful hand of

Thy loving countryman,
JOHN GAY.

PROLOGUE.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE LORD VIS
COUNT BOLINGBROKE.

Lo I, who erst beneath a tree
Sung Bumkinet and Bowzybee,
And Blouzelind and Marian bright,
In apron blue or apron white,
Now write my sonnets in a book,
For my good Lord of Bolingbroke.

As lads and lasses stood around
To hear my boxen hautboy sound,
Our clerk came posting o'er the green
With doleful tidings of the Queen ;
That Queen, he said, to whom we owe
Sweet peace, that maketh riches flow ;
That Queen who eas'd our tax of late,
Was dead, alas !—and lay in state.

At this, in tears was Cic'ly seen,
Buxoma tore her pinnars clean,
In doleful dumps stood every clown,
The parson rent his band and gown.

For me, when as I heard that death
Had snatch'd Queen Anne to El'zabeth,
I broke my reed, and sighing swore,
I'd weep for Blouzelind no more.

While thus we stood as in a stound,
And wet with tears, like dew, the ground ;
Full soon by bonfire and by bell
We learnt our liege was passing well.
A skilful leech (so God him speed)
They say had wrought this blessed deed ;
This leech Arbuthnot was yclept,
Who many a night not once had slept,
But watch'd our gracious sovereign still ;
For who could rest while she was ill ?
Oh ! may'st thou henceforth sweetly sleep :
Sheer, swains ! oh ! sheer your softest sheep
To swell his couch ; for well I ween,
He sav'd the realm who sav'd the Queen.

Quoth I, ' Please God I'll hie with glee
To court, this Arbuthnot to see.'—
I sold my sheep and lambkins too,
For silver loops and garment blue ;
My boxen hautboy, sweet of sound,
For lace that edg'd mine hat around ;
For Lightfoot and my scrip I got
A gorgeous sword, and eke a knot.

So forth I far'd to court with speed,
Of soldier's drum withouten dread ;
For peace allays the shepherd's fear
Of wearing cap of granadier.

There saw I ladies all-a-row
Before their Queen in seemly show.
No more I'll sing Buxoma brown,
Like goldfinch, in her Sunday gown ;

Nor Clumsilis, nor Marian bright,
Nor damsel that Hobnelia hight ;
But Lansdown fresh as flower of May,
And Berkeley lady blithe and gay,
And Anglesey, whose speech exceeds
The voice of pipe or oaten reeds,
And blooming Hyde, with eyes so rare,
And Montague beyond compare.
Such ladies fair would I depaint
In roundelay or sonnet quaint.

There many a worthy wight I've seen
In ribbon blue and ribbon green ;
As Oxford, who a wand doth bear,
Like Moses, in our Bibles, fair ;
Who for our traffic forms designs,
And gives to Britain Indian mines.
Now, shepherds ! clip your fleecy care,
Ye maids ! your spinning-wheels prepare,
Ye weavers ! all your shuttles throw,
And bid broadcloths and serges grow,
For trading free shall thrive again,
Nor leasings lewd affright the swain.

There saw I St. John, sweet of mien,
Full steadfast both to church and queen ;
With whose fair name I'll deck my strain ;
St. John, right courteous to the swain :

For thus he told me on a day,
' Trim are thy sonnets, gentle Gay !
And, certes, mirth it were to see
Thy joyous madrigals twice three,

With preface meet, and notes profound,
Imprinted fair, and well ybound.
All suddenly then home I sped,
And did even as my Lord had said.

Lo here thou hast mine Eclogues fair,
But let not these detain thine ear :
Let not the affairs of states and kings
Wait while our Bowzybeus sings.
Rather than verse of simple swain
Should stay the trade of France or Spain,
Or for the plaint of parson's maid,
Yon Emperor's packets be delay'd,
In sooth, I swear by holy Paul,
I'd burn book, preface, notes and all.

THE
SHEPHERD'S WEEK.

MONDAY:

OR THE SQUABBLE.

LOBBIN CLOUT, CUDDY, CLODDIPOLE.

LOBBIN CLOUT.

THY younglings, Cuddy, are but just awake,
No thrustles shrill the bramble-bush forsake,
No chirping lark the welkin sheen invokes,
No damsel yet the swelling udder strokes;
O'er yonder hill does scant the dawn appear, 5
Then why does Cuddy leave his cot so rear?

CUD. Ah! Lobbin Clout, I ween my plight is
guest,

For he that loves, a stranger is to rest;
If swains belie not thou hast prov'd the smart,
And Blouzelinda's mistress of thy heart. 10
This rising rear betokeneth well thy mind;
Those arms are folded for thy Blouzelind:

Ver. 6.] Rear, an expression in several counties of England for early in the morning.

And well, I trow, our piteous plights agree,
Thee Blouzelinda smites, Buxoma me. [half,

LOB. CL. Ah Blouzelind, I love thee more by
Than does their fawns, or cows the new fall'n calf:
Woe worth the tongue, may blisters sore it gall,
That names Buxoma, Blouzelind withal.

CUD. Hold, witless Lobbin Clout, I thee advise,
Lest blisters sore on thy own tongue arise. 20

Lo, yonder Cloddipole, the blithesome swain,
The wisest lout of all the neighbouring plain!
From Cloddipole we learnt to read the skies,
To know when hail will fall or winds arise.

He taught us erst the heifer's tail to view, 25
When stuck aloft, that showers would straight
ensue:

He first that useful secret did explain,
That pricking corns foretold the gathering rain:
When swallows fleet soar high and sport in air,
He told us that the welkin would be clear. 30

Let Cloddipole then hear us twain rehearse,
And praise his sweetheart, in alternate verse:
I'll wager this same oaken staff with thee,
That Cloddipole shall give the prize to me. 34

LOB. CL. See this tobacco pouch that's lin'd
with hair,
Make of the skin of sleekest fallow-deer;
This pouch that's tied with tape of reddest hue,
I'll wager, that that the prize shall be my due.

CUD. Begin thy carols, then, thou vaunting
slouch,
Be thine the oaken staff, or mine the pouch. 40

LOR. CL. My Blouzelinda is the blithest lass,
 Than primrose sweeter, or the clover grass.
 Fair is the kingcup that in meadow blows,
 Fair is the daisy that beside her grows ;
 Fair is the gillyflower, of gardens sweet, 45
 Fair is the marigold, for pottage meet ;
 But Blouzelind's than gillyflower more fair,
 Than daisy, marigold, or kingcup rare.

CUD. My brown Buxoma is the featest maid
 That e'er at wake delightsome gambol play'd ; 50
 Clean as young lambkins or the goose's down,
 And like the goldfinch in her Sunday gown.
 The witless lamb may sport upon the plain,
 The frisking kid delight the gaping swain,
 The wanton calf may skip with many a bound, 55
 And my cur Tray play deftest feats around ;
 But neither lamb, nor kid, nor calf, nor Tray,
 Dance like Buxoma on the first of May. [near,

LOB. CL. Sweet is my toil when Blouzelind is
 Of her bereft, 'tis winter all the year. 60
 With her no sultry summer's heat I know ;
 In winter, when she's nigh, with love I glow.
 Come, Blouzelinda ! ease thy swain's desire,
 My summer's shadow, and my winter's fire !

CUD. As with Buxoma once I work'd at hay,
 Ev'n noon-tide labour seem'd an holiday ; 66
 And holidays, if haply she were gone,
 Like worky-days I wish'd would soon be done.

Ver. 56.] Deft, an old word signifying brisk or nimble.

Eftsoons, O sweetheart kind, my love repay,
And all the year shall then be holiday. 76

LOB. CL. As Blouzelinda in a gamesome mood,
Behind a haycock loudly laughing stood,
I slily ran, and snatch'd a hasty kiss,
She wip'd her lips, nor took it much amiss.
Believe me, Cuddy, while I'm bold to say, 75
Her breath was sweeter than the ripen'd hay.

CUD. As my Buxoma, in a morning fair,
With gentle finger strok'd her milky care,
I quaintly stole a kiss; at first, 'tis true,
She frown'd, yet after granted one or two. 80
Lobbin, I swear, believe who will my vows,
Her breath by far excell'd the breathing cow's.

LOB. CL. Leek to the Welch, to Dutchmen
butter's dear,
Of Irish swains potatoe is the cheer;
Oats for their feasts the Scottish shepherds grind,
Sweet turnips are the food of Blouzelind: 86

While she loves turnips, butter I'll despise,
Nor leeks, nor oatmeal, nor potatoe, prize. [knife,

CUD. In good roast-beef my landlord sticks his
The capon fat delights his dainty wife; 90
Pudding our parson eats, the 'squire loves hare,
But white-pot thick is my Buxoma's fare.

Ver. 69.] Eftsoons, at once.

Ver. 79.] Quaint, quaintly, slyly.

Ver. 83.] *Populus Alcidæ gratissima, vitis Iaccho,
Formosæ myrtus Veneri, sua laurea Phœbo.*

Phillis amat corylos. Illas dum Phillis amabit,

Nec myrtus vincet corylos nec laurea Phœbi, &c. Virg.

While she loves white-pot, capon ne'er shall be,
Nor hare, nor beef, nor pudding, food for me.

LOB. CL. As once I play'd at blindman's-buff,
it hapt

About my eyes the towel thick was wrapt: 96
I miss'd the swains, and seiz'd on Blouzelind.
'True speaks that ancient proverb, 'Love is blind.'

CUD. As at hot-cockles once I laid me down,
And felt the weighty hand of many a clown, 100
Buxoma gave a gentle tap, and I
Quick rose, and read soft mischief in her eye.

LOB. CL. On two near elms the slacken'd cord
I hung;

Now high, now low, my Blouzelinda swung.
With the rude wind her rump'd garment rose, 105
And show'd her taper leg and scarlet hose.

CUD. Across the fallen oak the plank I laid,
And myself pois'd against the tottering maid:
High leapt the plank; adown Buxoma fell:
I spied—but faithful sweethearts never tell. 110

LOB. CL. This riddle, Cuddy, if thou canst,
explain,
This wily riddle puzzles every swain;
What flower is that which bears the Virgin's
name,¹

The richest metal joined with the same?

CUD. Answer, thou carl, and judge this riddle
right,

I'll frankly own thee for a cunning wight; 115

¹ Marygold.

What flower is that which royal honour craves,
Adjoin the Virgin,² and 'tis strown on graves?

CLOD. Forbear, contending louts, give o'er
your strains ;

An oaken staff each merits for his pains.

But see the sunbeams bright to labour warn, ¹²¹

And gild the thatch of Goodman Hodges' barn.

Your herds for want of water stand adry,

They 're weary of your songs——and so am I.

TUESDAY :

OR, THE DITTY.

MARIAN.

YOUNG Colin Clout, a lad of peerless meed,
Full well could dance, and deftly tune the reed,
In every wood his carols sweet were known,
At every wake his nimble feats were shown.
When in the ring the rustic routs he threw, ⁵
The damsels' pleasures with his conquests grew ;
Or when aslant the cudgel threatens his head,
His danger smites the breast of every maid ;

² Rosemary.

Ver. 117.] Dic quibus in terris inscripti nomina regum
Nascantur flores. *Virg.*

Ver. 120.] Et vitula tu dignus, et hic. *Virg.*

But chief of Marian. Marian lov'd the swain,
 The parson's maid, and neatest of the plain: 10
 Marian, that soft could stroke the udder'd cow,
 Or lessen with her sieve the barley mow;
 Marbled with sage the hardening cheese she
 press'd,

And yellow butter Marian's skill confess'd;
 But Marian now, devoid of country cares, 15
 Nor yellow butter, nor sage-cheese prepares;
 For yearning love the witless maid employs,
 And love, says swains, all busy heed destroys.
 Colin makes mock at all her piteous smart,
 A lass, that Cic'ly hight, had won his heart, 20
 Cic'ly, the western lass that tends the kee,
 The rival of the parson's maid was she,
 In dreary shade now Marian lies along,
 And mixt with sighs thus wails in plaining song:
 'Ah! woful day; ah woful noon and morn! 25
 When first by thee my younglings white were
 shorn;

Then first, I ween, I cast a lover's eye,
 My sheep were silly, but more silly I.
 Beneath the shears they felt no lasting smart;
 They lost but fleeces, while I lost a heart. 30

'Ah! Colin! canst thou leave thy sweetheart
 true;

What I have done for thee, will Cic'ly do?
 Will she thy linen wash or hosen darn,
 And knit thee gloves made of her own spun yarn?

Ver. 21.] Kee, a West-Country word for kine, or cows.

Will she with houswife's hand provide thy meat, 35
And every Sunday morn thy neckcloth plait?
Which o'er thy kersey doublet spreading wide,
In service-time drew Cic'ly's eyes aside.

‘ Where'er I gad I cannot hide my care,
My new disasters in my look appear. 40
White as the curd my ruddy cheek is grown,
So thin my features that I'm hardly known ;
Our neighbours tell me oft, in joking talk,
Of ashes, leather, oatmeal, bran, and chalk ;
Unwittingly of Marian they divine, 45
And wist not that with thoughtful love I pine :
Yet Colin Clout, untoward shepherd swain,
Walks whistling blithe, while pitiful I plain.

‘ Whilom with thee 'twas Marian's dear delight
To moil all day, and merry-make at night. 50
If in the soil you guide the crooked share,
Your early breakfast is my constant care ;
And when with even hand you strow the grain,
I fright the thievish rooks from off the plain.
In misling days when I my thrasher heard, 55
With nappy beer I to the barn repair'd ;
Lost in the music of the whirling flail,
To gaze on thee I left the smoking pail :
In harvest when the sun was mounted high,
My leathern bottle did thy draught supply ; 60
Whene'er you mow'd I follow'd with the rake,
And have full oft been sunburnt for thy sake :
When in the welkin gathering showers were seen,
I lagg'd the last with Colin on the green ;

And when at eve returning with thy car, 65
Awaiting heard the gingling bells from far ;
Straight on the fire the sooty pot I plac'd,
To warm thy broth I burnt my hands in haste.
When hungry thou stood'st staring, like an oaf,
I slic'd the luncheon from the barley loaf, 70
With crumbled bread I thicken'd well thy mess :
Ah ! love me more, or love thy pottage less !

‘ Last Friday’s eve, when as the sun was set,
I, near yon stile, three sallow gypsies met :
Upon my hand they cast a poring look, 75
Bid me beware, and thrice their heads they shook ;
They said “ that many crosses I must prove,
Some in my worldly gain, but most in love.”
Next morn I miss'd three hens and our old cock ;
And off the hedge two pinner and a smock. 80
I bore these losses with a christian mind,
And no mishaps could feel while thou wert kind :
But since, alas ! I grew my Colin’s scorn,
I’ve known no pleasure night, or noon, or morn.
Help me, ye gypsies ! bring him home again, 85
And to a constant lass give back her swain.

‘ Have I not sate with thee full many a night,
When dying embers were our only light,
When every creature did in slumbers lie,
Besides our cat, my Colin Clout, and I ? 90
No troublous thoughts the cat or Colin move,
While I alone am kept awake by love.

‘ Remember, Colin, when at last year’s wake
I bought thee costly presents for thy sake,

Couldst thou spell o'er the posy on thy knife, 95
 And with another change thy state of life?
 If thou forgett'st, I wot, I can repeat,
 My memory can tell the verse so sweet:
 "As this is grav'd upon this knife of thine,
 So is thy image on this heart of mine." 100
 But woe is me! such presents luckless prove,
 For knives, they tell me, always sever love.'

Thus Marian wail'd, her eyes with tears brimful,

When Goody Dobbins brought her cow to bull:
 With apron blue to dry her tears she sought, 105
 Then saw the cow well serv'd, and took a groat.

WEDNESDAY:

OR, THE DUMPS.¹

SPARABELLA.

THE wailings of a maiden I recite,
 A maiden fair, that Sparabella hight.

¹Dumps, or dumbs, made use of to express a fit of the sullens. Some have pretended that it is derived from Dumopes, a king of Egypt, that built a pyramid, and died of melancholy. So Mopes, after the same manner, is thought to have come from Merops, another Egyptian king that died of the same distemper; but our English antiquaries have conjectured that dumps, which is a grievous heaviness of

Such strains ne'er warble in the linnet's throat,
 Nor the gay goldfinch chaunts so sweet a note:
 No magpie chatter'd, nor the painted jay, 5
 No ox was heard to low, nor ass to bray;
 No rustling breezes play'd the leaves among,
 While thus her madrigal the damsel sung:

A while, O D'Urfey! lend an ear or twain,
 Nor, though in homely guise, my verse disdain; 10
 Whether thou seek'st new kingdoms in the sun,
 Whether thy Muse does at Newmarket run,
 Or does with gossips at a feast regale,
 And heighten her conceits with sack and ale,
 Or else at wakes with Joan and Hodge rejoice, 15
 Where D'Urfey's lyrics swell in every voice;
 Yet suffer me, thou bard of wondrous meed,
 Amid thy bays to weave this rural weed.

Now the sun drove adown the western road,
 And oxen, laid at rest, forget the goad; 20

spirits, comes from the word dumplin, the heaviest kind of pudding that is eaten in this country, much used in Norfolk, and other counties of England.

Ver. 5.] *Immemor herbarum quos est mirata juvenca
 Certantes, quorum stupefactæ carmine lynceæ;
 Et mutata suos requierunt flumina cursus. Virg.*

Ver. 9.] *Tu mihi, seu magni superas jam saxa Timavi,
 Sive oram Illyrici legis acquoris—*

Ver. 11.] An opera written by this author called 'The World in the Sun; or, The Kingdom of Birds;' he is also famous for his song on the Newmarket horse-race, and several others that are sung by the British swains.

Ver. 18.]—*Hanc sine tempora circum
 Inter victrices ederam tibi serpere lauros.*

The clown fatigued trudg'd homeward with his
 spade, [shade ;
 Across the meadows stretch'd the lengthen'd
 When Sparabella, pensive and forlorn,
 Alike with yearning love and labour worn,
 Lean'd on her rake, and straight with doleful guise
 Did this sad plaint in mournful notes devise : 26

‘ Come night as dark as pitch, surround my
 head,
 From Sparabella, Bumkinet is fled ;
 The ribbon that his valorous cudgel won,
 Last Sunday happier Clumsilis put on : 30
 Sure if he 'd eyes (but Love, they say, has none)
 I whilom by that ribbon had been known.
 Ah ! well-a-day ! I 'm shent with baneful smart,
 For with the ribbon he bestow'd his heart.

‘ My plaint, ye lasses ! with this burden aid, 35
 'Tis hard so true a damsel dies a maid.

‘ Shall heavy Clumsilis with me compare ?
 View this, ye lovers ! and like me despair.
 Her blubber'd lip by smutty pipes is worn,
 And in her breath tobacco whiffs are borne ; 40
 The cleanly cheese-press she could never turn,
 Her awkward fist did ne'er employ the churn :
 If e'er she brew'd, the drink would straight go sour,
 Before it ever felt the thunder's power :

Ver. 25.] Incumbens tereti Damon sic cœpit olivæ.

Ver. 33.] Shent, an old word signifying hurt, or harmed.

Ver. 37.] Mopso Nisa datur ; quid non speremus amantes ?

Virg.

No housewifery the dowdy creature knew; 45
To sum up all, her tongue confess'd the shrew.

‘My plaint, ye lasses! with this burden aid,
’Tis hard so true a damsel dies a maid.

‘I’ve often seen my visage in yon lake,
Nor are my features of the homeliest make. 50
Though Clumsilis may boast a whiter dye,
Yet the black sloe turns in my rolling eye;
And fairest blossoms drop with every blast,
But the brown beauty will like hollies last,
Her wan complexion’s like the wither’d leek, 55
While Katherine pears adorn my ruddy cheek.
Yet she, alas! the witless lout hath won,
And by her gain poor Sparabell’s undone!
Let hares and hounds in coupling straps unite,
The clucking hen make friendship with the kite;
Let the fox simply wear the nuptial noose, 61
And join in wedlock with the waddling goose;
For love hath brought a stranger thing to pass,
The fairest shepherd weds the foulest lass.

‘My plaint, ye lasses! with this burden aid, 65
’Tis hard so true a damsel dies a maid.

‘Sooner shall cats disport in waters clear,

Ver. 49.] Nec sum adeo informis; nuper me in litore vidi.

Virg

Ver. 53.] Alba ligustra cadunt, vaccinia nigra leguntur.

Virg.

Ver. 59.] Jungentur jam gryphes equis; ævoque sequenti

Cum canibus timidi venient ad pocula damæ. *Virg.*

Ver. 67.] Ante leves ergo pascentur in æthere cervi,

Et freta destituent nudos in litore pisces——

Quam nostro illius labatur pectore vultus. *Virg.*

And speckled mackerel graze the meadows fair ;
Sooner shall screech-owls bask in sunny day,
And the slow ass on trees, like squirrels play ; 70
Sooner shall snails on insect pinions rove,
Than I forget my shepherd's wonted love.

‘ My plaint, ye lasses ! with this burden aid,
'Tis hard so true a damsel dies a maid.

‘ Ah ! didst thou know what proffers I withstood,
When late I met the squire in yonder wood ; 75
To me he sped, regardless of his game,
While all my cheek was glowing red with shame ;
My lip he kiss'd, and prais'd my healthful look,
Then from his purse of silk a guinea took ; 80
Into my hand he forc'd the tempting gold,
While I with modest struggling broke his hold.
He swore that Dick, in livery strip'd with lace,
Should wed me soon to keep me from disgrace ;
But I nor footman priz'd nor golden fee, 85
For what is lace or gold compar'd to thee ?

‘ My plaint, ye lasses ! with this burden aid,
'Tis hard so true a damsel dies a maid.

‘ Now plain I ken whence Love his rise begun ,
Sure he was born some bloody butcher's son, 90
Bred up in shambles, where our younglings slain,
Erst taught him mischief and to sport with pain.
The father only silly sheep annoys,
The son the sillier shepherdess destroys.

Ver. 89.] Nunc scio quid sit amor, &c.

Crudelis mater magis an puer improbus ille ?

Improbus ille puer ; crudelis tu quoque mater. *Virg.*

Does son or father greater mischief do ? 95

The sire is cruel, so the son is too.

‘ My plaint, ye lasses ! with this burden aid,
’Tis hard so true a damsel dies a maid.

‘ Farewell, ye woods ! ye meads ! ye streams !
that flow ;

A sudden death shall rid me of my woe. 100

This penknife keen my windpipe shall divide :—

What, shall I fall as squeaking pigs have died !

No—To some tree this carcass I’ll suspend :—

But worrying curs find such untimely end !

I’ll speed me to the pond, where the high stool 105

On the long plank hangs o’er the muddy pool,

That stool, the dread of every scolding quean ;—

Yet sure a lover should not die so mean !

There plac’d aloft, I’ll rave and rail by fits,

Though all the parish say I’ve lost my wits ; 110

And thence, if courage holds, myself I’ll throw,

And quench my passion in the lake below.

‘ Ye lasses ! cease your burden, cease to moan ;
And, by my case forewarn’d, go mind your own.’

The sun was set ; the night came on apace, 115

And falling dews bewet around the place,

The bat takes airy rounds on leathern wings,

And the hoarse owl his woful dirges sings ;

The prudent maiden deems it now too late,

And till to-morrow comes, defers her fate. 120

Ver. 99.]—vivite Sylvæ.

Præceps ærii specula de montis in undas
Deferar.

Virg.

THURSDAY:

OR, THE SPELL.

HOBNELIA.

HOBNELIA, seated in a dreary vale,
 In pensive mode rehears'd her piteous tale;
 Her piteous tale the winds in sighs bemoan,
 And pining Echo answers groan for groan:

‘I rue the day, a rueful day I trow, 5
 The woful day, a day indeed of woe!
 When Lubberkin to town his cattle drove,
 A maiden fine bedight he hapt to love;
 The maiden fine bedight his love retains,
 And for the village he forsakes the plains. 10
 Return, my Lubberkin! these ditties hear,
 Spells will I try, and spells shall ease my care.

‘With my sharp heel I three times mark the
 ground,
 And turn me thrice around, around, around.

‘When first the year I heard the cuckoo sing, 15
 And call with welcome note the budding spring,
 I straightway set a running with such haste,
 Deborah that won the smock scarce ran so fast;

Ver. 8.] Dight, or bedight, from the Saxon word Dihtan
 which signifies to set in order.

Till spent for lack of breath, quite weary grown,
Upon a rising bank I sat adown, 20
Then doff'd my shoe ; and, by my troth, I swear
Therein I spied this yellow frizzled hair,
As like to Lubberkin's in curl and hue,
As if upon his comely pate it grew.

‘ With my sharp heel I three times mark the
ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around. 20

‘ At eve last midsummer no sleep I sought,
But to the field a bag of hempseed brought ;
I scatter'd round the seed on every side,
And three times in a trembling accent cried, 30
“ This hempseed with my virgin hand I sow,
Who shall my true-love be, the crop shall mow.”
I straight look'd back, and if my eyes speak truth,
With his keen scythe behind me came the youth.

‘ With my sharp heel I three times mark the
ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around. 36

‘ Last Valentine, the day when birds of kind
Their paramours with mutual chirpings find,
I early rose, just at the break of day,
Before the sun had chas'd the stars away ; 40
A-field I went, amid the morning dew,
To milk my kine (for so should housewives do)
The first I spied, and the first swain we see,
In spite of fortune, shall our true-love be.

Ver. 21.j Doff, and don, contracted from the words *do off*,
and *do on*.

See, Lubberkin! each bird his partner take, 45
 And canst thou then thy sweetheart dear forsake?

‘ With my sharp heel I three times mark the
 ground,

And turn me trice around, around, around.

‘ Last May-day fair I search’d to find a snail
 That might my secret lover’s name reveal; 50

Upon a gooseberry-bush a snail I found,
 For always snails near sweetest fruit abound.

I seiz’d the vermin, home I quickly sped,
 And on the hearth the milk-white embers spread :
 Slow crawl’d the snail, and if I right can spell, 55
 In the soft ashes mark’d a curious L :

Oh! may this wondrous omen lucky prove;
 For L is found in Lubberkin and love, [ground,

‘ With my sharp heel I three times mark the
 And turn me thrice around, around, around. 60

‘ Two hazel-nuts I threw into the flame,
 And to each nut I gave a sweetheart’s name ;
 This with the loudest bounce me sore amaz’d,
 That in a flame of brightest colour blaz’d :
 As blaz’d the nut so may thy passion grow, 65
 For ’twas thy nut that did so brightly glow.

‘ With my sharp heel I three times mark the
 ground,

And turn me thrice around, around, around.

‘ As peascods once I pluck’d, I chanc’d to see
 One that was closely fill’d with three times three,

Ver. 64.]——ἐγὼ δ’ ἐπὶ Δέλφιδι δάφναν

Αἶθω : χὼς αὐτὰ λακεῖ μέγα καπνυρίσσα. *Theoc.*

Ver. 66.] Daphnis me malus urit, ego hanc in Daphnide.

Which when I cropp'd, I safely home convey'd,
 And o'er the door the spell in secret laid : 72
 My wheel I turn'd, and sung a ballad new,
 While from the spindle I the fleeces drew ;
 The latch mov'd up, when who should first come in,
 But, in his proper person,—Lubberkin !
 I broke my yarn, surpris'd the sight to see,
 Sure sign that he would break his word with me.
 Eftsoons I join'd it with my wonted sleight ;
 So may again his love with mine unite ! 80

‘ With my sharp heel I three times mark the
 ground,
 And turn me thrice around, around, around.
 ‘ This lady-fly I take from off the grass,
 Whose spotted back might scarlet red surpass.
 Fly, lady-bird ; north, south, or east, or west, 85
 Fly where the man is found that I love best.
 He leaves my hand ; see to the west he 's flown,
 To call my true-love from the faithless town.

‘ With my sharp heel I three times mark the
 ground,
 And turn me thrice around, around, around. 90
 ‘ This mellow pippin which I pare around,
 My shepherd's name shall flourish on the ground :
 I fling the unbroken paring o'er my head,
 Upon the grass a perfect L is read ;
 Yet on my heart a fairer L is seen 95
 Than what the paring marks upon the green.

‘ With my sharp heel I three times mark the
ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around.

‘ This pippin shall another trial make ;
See from the core two kernels brown I take ; 100
This on my cheek for Lubberkin is worn,
And Boobyclod on t’other side is borne :
But Boobyclod soon drops upon the ground,
A certain token that his love’s unsound ;
While Lubberkin sticks firmly to the last ; 105
Oh ! were his lips to mine but join’d so fast !

‘ With my sharp heel I three times mark the
ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around.

‘ As Lubberkin once slept beneath a tree,
I twitch’d his dangling garter from his knee ; 110
He wist not when the hempen string I drew ;
Now mine I quickly doff of inkle blue ;
Together fast I tie the garters twain,
And while I knit the knot repeat this strain ;
“ Three times a true-love’s knot I tie secure, 115
Firm be the knot, firm may his love endure.”

‘ With my sharp heel I three times mark the
ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around.

‘ As I was wont, I trudg’d last market-day
To town, with new-laid eggs preserv’d in hay. 120

Ver. 109.] Necte tribus nodis ternos, Amarylli, colores :
Necte, Amarylli, modo ; et Veneris, dic, vincula necto.
Virg.

I made my market long before 'twas night;
 My purse grew heavy, and my basket light.
 Straight to the 'pothecary's shop I went,
 And in love-powder all my money spent:
 Behap what will, next Sunday, after prayers, 125
 When to the alehouse Lubberkin repairs,
 These golden flies into his mug I'll throw,
 And soon the swain with fervent love shall glow.

‘ With my sharp heel I three times mark the
 ground,

And turn me thrice around, around, around. 130

‘ But hold—our Lightfoot barks, and cocks his
 ears,

O'er yonder stile see Lubberkin appears.

He comes! he comes! Hobnelia's not bewray'd,

Nor shall she, crown'd with willow, die a maid.

He vows, he swears, he'll give me a green gown;

Oh dear! I fall adown, adown, adown! 136

Ver. 123.] Has herbas, atque hæc Ponto mihi lecta venena
 Ipse dedit Mœris. *Virg.*

Ver. 127.]——κακὸν ποτὸν αὔριον οἶσῶ. *Theoc.*

Ver. 131.] Nescio quid certe est: et Hylax in limine latrat.

FRIDAY:

OR, THE DIRGE.

BUMKINET, GRUBBINOL.

BUMKINET.

WHY, Grubbinol, dost thou so wistful seem?
 There's sorrow in thy look, if right I deem.
 'Tis true, yon oaks with yellow tops appear,
 And chilly blasts begin to nip the year;
 From the tall elm a shower of leaves is borne, 5
 And their lost beauty riven beeches mourn;
 Yet even this season pleasance blithe affords;
 Now the squeez'd press foams with our apple
 hoards,

Come, let us hie, and quaff a cherry bowl,
 Let cider new wash sorrow from thy soul. 10

GRUB. Ah! Bumkinet! since thou from hence
 wert gone,
 From these sad plains all merriment is flown;
 Should I reveal my grief 'twould spoil thy cheer
 And make thine eye o'erflow with many a tear.

BUMK. Hang sorrow! let's to yonder hut re-
 pair, 15
 And with trim sonnets cast away our care.

Ver. 15.] Incipe, Mopse, prior; si quos aut Phyllidis ignes,
 Aut Alconis habes laudes, aut jurgia Codri.

Gillian of Croydon well thy pipe can play,
 Thou sing'st most sweet 'O'er hills and far away.'
 Of patient Grissel I devise to sing,
 And catches quaint shall make the valleys ring; 20
 Come, Grubbinol! beneath this shelter, come,
 From hence we view our flocks securely roam.

GRUB. Yes, blithesome lad, a tale I mean to sing,
 But with my woe shall distant valleys ring;
 The tale shall make our kidlings droop their
 head, 25

For woe is me!—our Blouzelind is dead.

BUMK. Is Blouzelinda dead? farewell my glee!
 No happiness is now reserv'd for me.

As the wood-pigeon coos without his mate,
 So shall my doleful Dirge bewail her fate: 30
 Of Blouzelinda fair I mean to tell,
 The peerless maid that did all maids excel.

Henceforth the morn shall dewy sorrow shed,
 And evening tears upon the grass be spread;
 The rolling streams with watry grief shall flow, 35
 And winds shall moan aloud—when loud they
 blow.

Henceforth, as oft as autumn shall return,
 The dropping trees, whene'er it rains, shall mourn;
 This season quite shall strip the country's pride,
 For 'twas in autumn Blouzelinda died. 40

Where'er I gad, I Blouzelind shall view,
 Woods, dairy, barn, and mows, our passion knew.
 When I direct my eyes to yonder wood,
 Fresh rising sorrow curdles in my blood.

Thither I've often been the damsel's guide, 45
When rotten sticks our fuel have supplied;
There I remember how her fagots large,
Were frequently these happy shoulders' charge.
Sometimes this crook drew hazel boughs adown,
And stuff'd her apron wide with nuts so brown; 50
Or when her feeding hogs had miss'd their way,
Or wallowing mid a feast of acorns lay,
The untoward creatures to the sty I drove,
And whistled all the way—or told my love.

If by the dairy's hatch I chance to hie, 55
I shall her goodly countenance espy,
For there her goodly countenance I've seen,
Set off with kerchief starch'd and pinnars clean.
Sometimes, like wax, she rolls the butter round,
Or with the wooden lily prints the pound. 60
Whilom I've seen her skim the clouted cream,
And press from spongy curds the milky stream.
But now, alas! these ears shall hear no more
The whining swine surround the dairy door,
No more her care shall fill the hollow tray, 65
To fat the guzzling hogs with floods of whey.
Lament, ye swine! in grunting spend your grief,
For you, like me, have lost your sole relief.

When in the barn the sounding flail I ply,
Where from her sieve the chaff was wont to fly, 70
The poultry there will seem around to stand,
Waiting upon her charitable hand:
No succour meet the poultry now can find,
For they, like me, have lost their Blouzelind.

Whenever by yon barley-mow I pass, 75
 Before my eyes will trip the tidy lass.
 I pitch'd the sheaves (oh! could I do so now)
 Which she in rows pil'd on the growing mow.
 There every deal my heart by love was gain'd,
 There the sweet kiss my courtship has explain'd:
 Ah! Blouzelind! that mow I ne'er shall see, 81
 But thy memorial will revive in me.

Lament, ye fields! and rueful symptoms show,
 Henceforth let not the smelling primrose grow;
 Let weeds instead of butter-flowers appear, 85
 And meads instead of daisies hemlock bear;
 For cowslips sweet let dandelions spread,
 For Blouzelinda, blithesome maid! is dead.
 Lament, ye Swains! and o'er her grave bemoan,
 And spell ye right this verse upon her stone; 90
 'Here Blouzelinda lies—Alas, alas!
 Weep, shepherds!—and remember flesh is grass.'

GRUB. Albeit thy songs are sweeter to mine ear
 Than to the thirsty cattle rivers clear,
 Or winter porridge to the labouring youth, 95
 Or buns and sugar to the damsel's tooth;

Ver. 84.] Pro molli viola, pro purpureo narcisso

Carduus, et spinis surgit paliurus acutis. Virg.

Ver. 90.] Et tumulum facite, et tumulo superaddite carmen.

Ver. 93.] Tale tuum carmen nobis, divine poeta,

Quale sopor fessis in gramine: quale per æstum

Dulcis aquæ saliente sitim restinguere rivo.

Nos tamen hæc quocumque modo tibi nostra vicissim

Dicemus, Daphninque tuum tollemus ad astra. Virg.

Ver. 96.] Κρέσσον μελπομένω τευ ἀκούμεν ἢ μέλι λείχεν.

Theoc.

Yet Blouzelinda's name shall tune my lay;
Of her I'll sing for ever and for aye.

When Blouzelind expir'd, the wether's bell
Before the drooping flock toll'd forth her knell; 100
The solemn death-watch click'd the hour she
died,

And shrilling crickets in the chimney cried;
The boding raven on her cottage sate,
And with hoarse croaking warn'd us of her fate;
The lambkin, which her wonted tendance bred, 105
Dropp'd on the plains that fatal instant dead;
Swarm'd on a rotten stick the bees I spied,
Which erst I saw when Goody Dobson died.

How shall I, void of tears, her death relate?
While on her darling's bed her mother sate, 110
These words the dying Blouzelinda spoke,
And of the dead let none the will revoke:—

‘Mother (quoth she) let not the poultry need;
And give the goose wherewith to raise her breed;
Be these my sister's care—and every morn 115
Amid the ducklings let her scatter corn;
The sickly calf that's hous'd, be sure to tend,
Feed him with milk, and from bleak colds defend.

Yet ere I die—see, Mother, yonder shelf,
There secretly I've hid my worldly pelf. 120
Twenty good shillings in a rag I laid,
Be ten the parson's, for my sermon paid:
The rest is yours—my spinning-wheel and rake,
Let Susan keep for her dear sister's sake:

My new straw hat that's trimly lin'd with green ¹²⁵
 Let Peggy wear, for she's a damsel clean:
 My leathern bottle, long in harvest tried,
 Be Grubbinol's—this silver ring beside:
 Three silver pennies and a ninepence bent,
 A token kind, to Bumkinet is sent.' ¹³⁰

Thus spoke the maiden, while her mother cried,
 And peaceful, like the harmless lamb, she died.

To show their love, the neighbours far and
 near

Follow'd, with wistful look, the damsel's bier.
 Sprigg'd rosemary the lads and lasses bore, ¹³⁵
 While dismally the parson walk'd before:
 Upon her grave the rosemary they threw,
 The daisy, butter-flower, and endive blue.

After the good man warn'd us from his text,
 That none could tell whose turn would be the next,
 He said that Heaven would take her soul, no doubt,
 And spoke the hour-glass in her praise—quite out.

To her sweet memory flowery garlands strung,
 O'er her now empty seat aloft were hung;
 With wicker rods we fenc'd her tomb around, ¹⁴⁵
 To ward from man and beast the hallow'd ground,
 Lest her new grave the parson's cattle raze;
 For both his horse and cow the church-yard graze.

Now we trudg'd homeward to her mother's
 farm,

To drink new cider mull'd, with ginger warm; ¹⁵⁰
 For Gaffer Treadwell told us, by the bye,
 Excessive sorrow is exceeding dry.

While bulls bear horns upon their curled brow,
 Or lasses with soft strokings milk the cow ;
 While paddling ducks the standing lake desire, ¹⁵⁵
 Or battening hogs roll in the sinking mire ;
 While moles the crumbled earth in hillocks raise,
 So long shall swains tell Blouzelinda's praise.

Thus wail'd the louts in melancholy strain,
 Till bonny Susan sped across the plain : ¹⁶⁰
 They seiz'd the lass, in apron clean array'd,
 And to the alehouse forc'd the willing maid.
 In ale and kisses they forget their cares,
 And Susan, Blouzelinda's loss repairs.'

SATURDAY :

OR, THE FLIGHTS.

BOWZYBEUS.

SUBLIMER strains, O rustic Muse ! prepare ;
 Forget awhile the barn and dairy's care ;
 Thy homely voice to loftier numbers raise,
 The drunkard's Flights require sonorous lays ;
 With Bowzybeus' songs exalt thy verse, ⁵
 While rocks and woods the various notes rehearse.

Ver. 153.] Dum juga montis aper, fluvios dum piscis amabit,
 Dumque thymo pascentur apes, dum rore cicadæ,
 Semper bonos, nomenque tuum, laudesque manebunt. *Virg.*

'Twas in the season when the reapers' toil
Of the ripe harvest 'gan to rid the soil;
Wide through the field was seen a goodly rout,
Clean damsels bound the gather'd sheaves about; 10
The lads with sharpen'd hook and sweating brow
Cut down the labours of the winter plough.
To the near hedge young Susan steps aside,
She feign'd her coat or garter was untied;
Whate'er she did, she stoop'd adown unseen, 15
And merry reapers what they list will ween.
Soon she rose up, and cried with voice so shrill,
That Echo answer'd from the distant hill;
The youths and damsels ran to Susan's aid,
Who thought some adder had the lass dismay'd. 20

When fast asleep they Bowzybeus spied,
His hat and oaken staff lay close beside;
That Bowzybeus who could sweetly sing,
Or with the rosin'd bow torment the string;
That Bowzybeus who with finger's speed 25
Could call soft warblings from the breathing
reed;

That Bowzybeus who with jocund tongue,
Ballads, and roundelays, and catches sung.
They loudly laugh to see the damsel's fright,
And in disport surround the drunken wight. 30

Ah! Bowzybee, why didst thou stay so long?
The mugs were large, the drink was wondrous
strong!

Ver. 22.] Serta procul tantum capiti delapsa jacebant.

Virg.

Thou shouldst have left the fair before 'twas night,
But thou sat'st toying till the morning light.

Cic'ly, brisk maid, steps forth before the rout ³⁵
And kiss'd with smacking lip the snoring lout;
For custom says, whoe'er this venture proves,
For such a kiss demands a pair of gloves.
By her example Dorcas bolder grows,
And plays a tickling straw within his nose. ⁴⁰
He rubs his nostril, and in wonted joke
The sneering swains with stammering speech be-
spoke;

'To you, my lads, I'll sing my carols o'er;
As for the maids — I've something else in store.'

No sooner 'gan he raise his tuneful song, ⁴⁵
But lads and lasses round about him throng,
Not ballad-singer plac'd above the crowd
Sings with a note so shrilling sweet and loud;
Nor parish-clerk who calls the psalm so clear,
Like Bowzybeus soothes the attentive ear. ⁵⁰

Of Nature's laws his carols first begun,
Why the grave owl can never face the sun;

Ver. 40.] *Sanguineis frontem moris et tempora pingit.*

Virg.

Ver. 43.] *Carmina quæ vultis, cognoscite; carmina vobis;*

Huic aliud mercedis erit.

Virg.

Ver. 47.] *Nec tantum Phœbo gaudet Parnassia rupes;*

Nec tantum Rhodope mirantur et Ismarus Orphea.

Virg.

Ver. 51.] Our swain had probably read Tusser, from whence
he might have collected these philosophical observations.

Namque canebat, uti magnum per inane coacta, &c.

Virg.

For owls, as swains observe, detest the light,
And only sing and seek their prey by night :
How turnips hide their swelling heads below, 54
And how the closing coleworts upward grow ;
How Will-a-wisp misleads night-faring clowns
O'er hills, and sinking bogs, and pathless downs :
Of stars he told, that shoot with shining trail,
And of the glow-worm's light that gilds his tail : 60
He sung where woodcocks in the summer feed,
And in what climates they renew their breed ;
Some think to northern coasts their flight they
tend,

Or to the moon in midnight hours ascend :
Where swallows in the winter's season keep, 65
And how the drowsy bat and dormouse sleep :
How Nature does the puppy's eyelid close,
Till the bright sun has nine times set and rose :
For huntsmen by their long experience find,
That puppies still nine rolling suns are blind. 70

Now he goes on, and sings of fairs and shows,
For still new fairs before his eyes arose :
How pedlers' stalls with glittering toys are laid,
The various fairings of the country-maid :
Long silken laces hang upon the twine, 75
And rows of pins and amber bracelets shine :
How the tight lass, knives, combs, and scissors
spies,

And looks on thimbles with desiring eyes.
Of lotteries next with tuneful note he told,
Where silver spoons are won, and rings of gold : 80

The lads and lasses trudge the street along,
 And all the fair is crowded in his song:
 The mountebank now treads the stage, and sells
 His pills, his balsams, and his ague-spells;
 Now o'er and o'er the nimble tumbler springs ⁸⁸
 And on the rope the venturous maiden swings;
 Jack Pudding in his party-colour'd jacket
 Tosses the glove, and jokes at every packet:
 Of rareeshows he sung, and Punch's feats,
 Of pockets pick'd in crowds, and various cheats. ⁹⁰

Then sad he sung The Children in the Wood;
 Ah! barbarous uncle, stain'd with infant blood!
 How blackberries they pluck'd in deserts wild,
 And fearless at the glittering fauchion smil'd:
 Their little corpse the robin-red-breasts found, ⁹⁵
 And strow'd with pious bill the leaves around.
 Ah! gentle birds! if this verse lasts so long,
 Your names shall live for ever in my song.

For buxom Joan he sung the doubtful strife,
 How the sly sailor made the maid a wife. ¹⁰⁰

To louder strains he rais'd his voice, to tell
 What woful wars in Chevy-chase befell,
 When Percy drove the deer with hound and horn;
 Wars to be wept by children yet unborn! ¹⁰⁴
 Ah! Witherington! more years thy life had crown'd,
 If thou hadst never heard the horn or hound!

Ver. 97.] Fortunati ambo! si quid mea carmina possunt,
 Nulla dies unquam memori vos eximet ævo. *Virg.*

Ver. 99.] A Song in the Comedy of 'Love for Love,' beginning, A Soldier and a Sailor, &c.

Yet shall the 'Squire who fought on bloody stumps,
By future bards be wail'd in doleful dumps.

All in the land of Essex next he chaunts, 109
How to sleek mares starch quakers turn gallants :
How the grave brother stood on bank so green ;
Happy for him if mares had never been !

Then he was seiz'd with a religious qualm,
And, on a sudden, sung the hundredth psalm.

He sung of Taffey Welch, and Sawney Scot, 115
Lilly-bullero, and the Irish Trot.

Why should I tell of Bateman or of Shore,
Or Wantley's Dragon slain by valiant More ;
The bower of Rosamond, or Robin Hood, 119
And how the grass now grows where Troy town
stood ?

His carols ceas'd ; the listening maids and swains
Seem still to hear some soft imperfect strains.
Sudden he rose ; and as he reels along,
Swears kisses sweet should well reward his song.
The damsels laughing fly ; the giddy clown 125
Again upon a wheat-sheaf drops adown ;
The power that guards the drunk his sleep attends,
Till ruddy like his face the sun descends.

Ver. 109.] A Song of Sir J. Denham's. See his *Poems*.

Ver. 112.] Et fortunatam, si nunquam armenta fuissent
Pasiphaen.

Ver. 117.] Quid loquar, ut Scyllam Nisi, &c. *Virg.*

Ibid.] Old English ballads.

AN

ALPHABETICAL CATALOGUE

OF NAMES, PLANTS, FLOWERS, FRUITS, BIRDS, BEASTS, IN-
SECTS, AND OTHER MATERIAL THINGS MENTIONED IN
THESE PASTORALS.

	<i>Past.</i>	<i>Ver.</i>		<i>Past</i>	<i>Ver.</i>
ACORNS	v,	52	Calf	i, 16. i,	55
Adder	vi,	20	Capon	i,	90
Alehouse	v,	8	Carr	ii,	65
Apple	iv,	126	Cat	ii, 90. iii,	67
Apron	ii, 105. v,	50	Cicily	ii, 20. vi,	35
Ass	iii, 6. iii,	70	Clover-Grass	i,	42
Autumn	v, 3.v,	37	Cloddipole	i,	
Barley	ii, 70. v,	78	Churn	iii,	42
Baliad-singer	vi,	47	Coleworts	vi,	56
Bat	iii,	117	Clumsilis	iii,	30
Bateman	vi,	117	Cock	ii,	79
Bays	iii,	18	Comb	vi,	77
Barn	i, 122. v,	69	Cow	i, 16. i, 82. ii,	104
Beech	v,	6	Colin Clout	ii,	1
Bee	v,	107	Clouted Cream	v,	61
Bran	ii,	44	Cowslips	v,	87
Blackberry	vi,	93	Chalk	ii,	44
Blindman's-buff	i,	95	Cricket	v,	102
Bramble	i,	2	Curd	v,	62
Blouzelind	i, 10. v,	26	Cuddy	i,	
Breakfast	ii,	52	Church-Yard	v,	148
Bull	ii,	104	Cuckoo	iv,	15
Bumkinet	iii,	28	Cur	i,	56
Bun	v,	96	Cider	v,	150
Boobyclod	iv,	102	Corns	i	28
Butter	i,	33	Dairy	v,	42
Bowzybeus	vi,		Daisy	i,	44
Butcher	iii,	90	Dandelion	v,	87
Butterflower	v,	85	Deborah	iv,	18
Buxoma	i,	14	Death-Watch	v,	101

- | | | | | | |
|------------------------------|------|-----|---------------------------|------|-----|
| D'Urfey | iii, | 9 | Hot Cockles | i, | 99 |
| Dobbins, Goody | ii, | 104 | Hog | v, | 51 |
| Deer | i, | 36 | Hodge | iii, | 15 |
| Dick | iii, | 83 | Horse | v, | 148 |
| Doe | i, | 16 | Hodges, Goodman | i, | 122 |
| Dorcas | vi, | 39 | Hound | iii, | 59 |
| Dragon | vi, | 118 | Jack Pudding | vi, | 87 |
| Drink | iii, | 43 | Jay | iii, | 5 |
| Dobson, Goody | v, | 108 | Joan | vi, | 99 |
| Duck | v, | 155 | Irish Trot | vi, | 116 |
| Duckling | v, | 116 | Katherine Pear | iii, | 56 |
| Ducking Stool | iii, | 105 | Kid | i, | 54 |
| Eggs | iv, | 120 | Kerchief | v, | 58 |
| Elm | v, | 5 | Kidling | v, | 25 |
| Endive | v, | 138 | Kiss | i, | 73 |
| Epitaph | v, | 90 | Kite | iii, | 60 |
| Fair | vi, | 71 | Kersey Doublet | ii, | 37 |
| Fawn | i, | 16 | Knife | i, | 89 |
| Fox | iii, | 61 | King Cup | i, | 43 |
| Fuel | v, | 46 | Lady Bird | iv, | 85 |
| Gillyflower | i, | 45 | Leather | ii, | 44 |
| Gloves | vi, | 38 | Lamb | i, | 53 |
| Glow-Worm | vi, | 60 | Lobbin Clout | i, | |
| Garter | iv, | 110 | Love Powder | iv, | 124 |
| Goldfinch | i, | 52 | Lambkin | v, | 105 |
| Ginger | v, | 150 | Lottery | vi, | 79 |
| Goose | v, | 114 | Lark | i, | 3 |
| Gillian of Croydon | v, | 17 | Leathern Bottle | v, | 127 |
| Gooseberry | iv, | 51 | Lubberkin | iv, | 7 |
| Green Gown | iv, | 135 | Lily | v, | 60 |
| Grass | iv, | 94 | Leek | iii, | 55 |
| Grubbinol | v, | | Lilly Bullero | vi, | 116 |
| Gypsy | ii, | 74 | Linnet | iii, | 3 |
| Hare | iii, | 59 | Mackerel | iii, | 68 |
| Holiday | i, | 66 | May Day | i, | 58 |
| Haycock | i, | 72 | Magpie | iii, | 5 |
| Hazel-Nut | iv, | 61 | Milk Pail | ii, | 58 |
| Harvest | vi, | 8 | Mare | vi, | 110 |
| Hemlock | v, | 86 | Mug | vi, | 32 |
| Hempseed | iv, | 28 | Marian | ii, | 9 |
| Heifer | i, | 25 | Moore | vi, | 118 |
| Hen | iii, | 60 | Marigold | i, | 46 |
| Hour Glass | v, | 142 | Midsummer Eve | iv, | 27 |
| Holly | iii, | 54 | Mole | v, | 157 |
| Hosen | ii, | 33 | Mountebank | vi, | 83 |
| Hobnelia | iv, | | Mow | v, | 75 |

Neckcloth	ii, 36	Straw Hat	v, 125
Nuts	v, 50	Sloe	iii, 52
Ninepence	v, 129	Smock	iv, 18
Oak	v, 3	Snail	iii, 71
Oatmeal	ii, 44	Spinning Wheel	v, 123
Owl	vi, 52	Squirrel	iii, 70
Oxen	iii, 20	Sugar	v, 96
Ploughing	ii, 51	Susan	v, 124
Peascod	iv, 69	Squire	iii, 76
Penny	v, 129	Sowing	ii, 53
Peggy	v, 126	Swallow	i, 29
Penknife	iii, 101	Shore	vi, 117
Pigeon	v, 29	Swine	v, 64
Pedler	vi, 73	Summer	i, 61
Pig	iii, 102	Silver Spoon	vi, 80
Pinner	v, 58	Sparabella	iii, 107
Pippin	iv, 91	Seesawing	i, 107
Pottage	v, 95	Thimble	vi, 79
Potatoe	i, 84	Thrustle	i, 2
Pudding	i, 91	Tobacco	iii, 40
Primrose	v, 84	Treadwell, Gaffer	v, 151
Patient Grissel	v, 19	Troy Town	vi, 120
Poultry	v, 113	Turnip	i, 86
Parish Clerk	vi, 49	Thrashing	ii, 55
Puppy	vi, 67	Truelove's Knot	iv, 115
Rake	v, 123	Valentine's Day	iv, 37
Raven	v, 103	Udder	i, 4
Robin Hood	vi, 119	Wake	ii, 4
Robin Readbreast	vi, 95	Weather	v, 99
Ring	vi, 80	Winter	i, 60
Rook	ii, 54	Weed	v, 85
Rosamond	vi, 119	Will-a-Wisp	vi, 57
Roast Beef	i, 89	Wheat Sheaf	vi, 126
Ribbon	iii, 29	Whcy	v, 66
Rosemary	v, 137	White Pot	i, 92
Riddle	i, 111	Wood	v, 43
Swinging	i, 103	Worky-Day	i, 63
Spring	iv, 16	Woodcock	vi, 61
Sage	ii, 13	Whistling	v, 54
Sawney	vi, 115	Yarn	iv, 77
Scissors	vi, 77	Youngling	ii, 26
Sheep	ii, 28		

ACIS AND GALATEA.

A SERENATA.

IN TWO PARTS.

THE MUSIC BY MR. HANDEL.

PART I.

A RURAL PROSPECT, DIVERSIFIED WITH ROCKS, GROVES,
AND A RIVER. ACIS AND GALATEA SEATED BY A FOUNTAIN.
CHORUS OF NYMPHS AND SHEPHERDS, DISTRIBUTED ABOUT THE LANDSCAPE, AND POLYPHEMUS DISCOVERED SITTING UPON A MOUNTAIN.

CHORUS.

O THE pleasure of the plains!
Happy nymphs and happy swains!
(Harmless, merry, free, and gay)
Dance and sport the hours away.
For us the zephyr blows,
For us distils the dew,
For us unfolds the rose,
And flowers display their hue:
For us the winters rain,
For us the summers shine;
Spring swells for us the grain,
And autumn bleeds the vine.

RECITATIVE.

GAL. Ye verdant plains and woody mountains!

Purling streams and bubbling fountains!
Ye painted glories of the field!
Vain are the pleasures which you yield;
Too thin the shadow of the grove,
Too faint the gales to cool my love.

AIR.

Hush, ye pretty warbling choir,
Your thrilling strains;
Awake my pains,
And kindle fierce desire:
Cease your song, and take your flight;
Bring back my Acis to my sight.

AIR.

ACIS. Where shall I seek the charming
fair?
Direct the way, kind Genius of the mountains:
O tell me if you saw my dear;
Seeks she the groves, or bathes in crystal foun-
tains?

RECITATIVE.

DAM. Stay, shepherd! stay;
See how thy flocks in yonder valley stray.
What means this melancholy air?
No more thy tuneful pipe we hear.

AIR.

Shepherd! what art thou pursuing?
Heedless running to thy ruin!
Share our joy, our pleasure share:
Leave thy passion till to-morrow;
Let the day be free from sorrow,
Free from love and free from care.

RECITATIVE.

ACIS. Lo here, my love!
Turn, Galatea! hither turn thine eyes;
See at thy feet the longing Acis lies.

AIR.

Love in her eyes sits playing,
And sheds delicious death;
Love in her lips is straying,
And warbling in her breath:
Love on her breast sits panting,
And swells with soft desire;
Nor grace nor charm is wanting
To set the heart on fire.

RECITATIVE.

GAL. O! didst thou know the pains of absent
Acis would ne'er from Galatea receive. [love,

AIR.

As when the dove
Laments his love

All on the naked spray,
When he returns,
No more she mourns,
But loves the live-long day.
Billing, cooing,
Panting, wooing,
Melting murmurs fill the grove;
Melting murmurs, lasting love.

DUET.

ACIS, GAL. Happy we.
What joys I feel!—What charms I see!
Of all youths thou dearest boy!
Of all nymphs thou brightest fair!
Thou all my bliss, thou all my joy!

CHORUS.

Happy we, &c.

PART II.

A CONCERTO ON THE ORGAN.

CHORUS.

WRETCHED lovers! Fate has past
This sad decree, 'No joy shall last.'
Wretched lovers! quit your dream,
Behold the monster Polypheme;

See what ample strides he takes,
The mountain nods, the forest shakes ;
The waves run frighten'd to the shores :
Hark ! how the thundering giant roars.

RECITATIVE ACCOMPANIED.

POLYPH. I rage, I melt, I burn ;
'The feeble god has stabb'd me to the heart.
Thou trusty pine !
Prop of my godlike steps, I lay thee by.
Bring me a hundred reeds of decent growth,
To make a pipe for my capacious mouth ;
In soft enchanting accents let me breathe
Sweet Galatea's beauty and my love.

AIR.

O ruddier than the cherry !
O sweeter than the berry !
O nymph more bright
Than moonshine night,
Like kidlings, blithe and merry !
Ripe as the melting cluster !
No lily has such lustre ;
Yet hard to tame
As raging flame,
And fierce as storms that bluster !

RECITATIVE.

POLYPHEMUS, ACIS, GALATEA, DAMON.

POLYPH. Whither, fairest! art thou running,
Still my warm embraces shunning?

GAL. The lion calls not to his prey,
Nor bids the wolf the lambkin stay

POLYPH. Thee Polyphemus! great as Jove,
Calls to empire and to love;
To his palace in the rock,
To his dairy, to his flock;
To the grape of purple hue,
To the plum of glossy blue;
Wildings which expecting stand,
Proud to be gather'd by thy hand.

GAL. Of infant limbs to make my food,
And swill full draughts of human blood!
Go, Monster! bid some other guest:
I loathe the host; I loathe the feast.

AIR.

POLYPH. Cease to beauty to be suing:
Ever-whining love disdaining,
Let the brave, their aims pursuing,
Still be conquering, not complaining.

AIR.

DAMON. Would you gain the tender creature?
Softly, gently, kindly treat her:

Suffering is the lover's part :
Beauty, by constraint, possessing, .
You enjoy but half the blessing ;
Lifeless charms without the heart.

RECITATIVE.

ACIS. His hideous love provokes my rage ;
Weak as I am, I must engage :
Inspir'd with thy victorious charms,
The god of Love will lend his arms

AIR.

Love sounds the alarm,
And fear is a-flying :
When beauty's the prize,
What mortal fears dying ?
In defence of my treasure
I'd bleed at each vein :
Without her no pleasure,
For life is a pain.

AIR.

DAM. Consider, fond Shepherd !
How fleeting's the pleasure
That flatters our hopes
In pursuit of the fair :
The joys that attend it
By moments we measure ;
But life is too little
To measure our care.

RECITATIVE.

GAL. Cease, O cease, thou gentle youth!
Trust my constancy and truth;
Trust my truth, and powers above,
The powers propitious still to love.

TRIO.

ACIS, GALATEA, POLYPHEME.

ACIS, GAL. The flock shall leave the mountains,
The woods the turtle-dove,
The nymphs forsake the fountains,
Ere I forsake my love.

POLYPH. Torture! fury! rage! despair!
I cannot, cannot, cannot bear.

ACIS, GAL. Not showers to larks so pleasing,
Nor sunshine to the bee;
Not sleep to toil so easing,
As these dear smiles to me.

POLYPH. Fly swift, thou massy ruin! fly:
Die, presumptuous Acis! die.

RECITATIVE.

ACIS. Help, Galatea! help, ye parent gods!
And take me dying to your deep abodes.

CHORUS.

Mourn, all ye Muses! weep, ye Swains!
Tune, tune your reeds to doleful strains;

Groans, cries, and howlings, fill the neighbouring
Ah!—the gentle Acis is no more. [shore,

SONG AND CHORUS.

GAL. Must I my Acis still bemoan,
Inglorious crush'd beneath that stone?
Must the lovely charming youth
Die for his constancy and truth?
Say, what comfort can you find?
For dark despair o'erclouds my mind.

CHORUS.

Cease, Galatea! cease to grieve;
Bewail not, when thou canst relieve:
Call forth thy power, employ thy art;
The goddess soon can heal thy smart:
To kindred gods the youth return,
Through verdant plains to roll his urn.

RECITATIVE.

GAL. 'Tis done: Thus I exert my power divine;
Be thou immortal, though thou art not mine.

AIR.

Heart! thou seat of soft delight,
Be thou now a fountain bright;
Purple be no more thy blood,
Glide thou like a crystal flood:
Rock! thy hollow womb disclose:
The bubbling fountain, lo! it flows.

Through the plains he joys to rove,
Murmuring still his gentle love.

CHORUS.

Galatea ! dry thy tears ;
Acis now a god appears ;
See how he rears him from his bed ;
See the wreath that binds his head.
Hail ! thou gentle murmuring Stream !
Shepherds' pleasure, Muses' theme ;
Through the plain still joy to rove,
Murmuring still thy gentle love.

THE HISTORY OF THE

THE HISTORY OF THE

THE HISTORY OF THE

THE HISTORY OF THE

THE HISTORY OF THE

THE HISTORY OF THE

THE HISTORY OF THE

THE HISTORY OF THE

THE HISTORY OF THE

THE HISTORY OF THE

THE HISTORY OF THE

THE HISTORY OF THE

THE HISTORY OF THE

THE HISTORY OF THE

THE HISTORY OF THE

THE HISTORY OF THE

THE HISTORY OF THE

THE HISTORY OF THE

THE HISTORY OF THE

THE HISTORY OF THE

THE HISTORY OF THE

THE HISTORY OF THE

THE HISTORY OF THE

THE HISTORY OF THE

THE HISTORY OF THE

THE HISTORY OF THE

THE HISTORY OF THE

THE HISTORY OF THE

THE HISTORY OF THE

THE HISTORY OF THE

THE HISTORY OF THE

THE HISTORY OF THE

THE HISTORY OF THE

EPISTLES.

1875

EPISTLES.

TO A LADY.

OCCASIONED BY THE ARRIVAL OF HER ROYAL
HIGHNESS.

MADAM, to all your censures I submit,
And frankly own I should long since have writ;
You told me, silence would be thought a crime,
And kindly strove to tease me into rhyme:
'No more let trifling themes your Muse employ,
Nor lavish verse to paint a female toy:
No more on plains with rural damsels sport,
But sing the glories of the British court.'

By your commands and inclination sway'd,
I call'd the unwilling Muses to my aid;
Resolv'd to write, the noble theme I chose,
And to the Princess thus the poem rose:

Aid me, bright Phœbus! aid, ye sacred Nine!
Exalt my genius, and my verse refine.
My strains with Carolina's name I grace,
The lovely parent of our royal race.
Breathe soft, ye winds! ye waves! in silence sleep,
Let prosperous breezes wanton o'er the deep,
Swell the white sails, and with the streamers play,
To waft her gently o'er the wat'ry way.

Here I to Neptune form'd a pompous prayer,
To rein the winds and guard the royal fair;
Bid the blue Tritons sound their twisted shells,
And call the Nereids from their pearly cells.

Thus my warm zeal had drawn the Muse along,
Yet knew no method to conduct her song:
I then resolv'd some model to pursue,
Perus'd French critics, and began anew.
Long open panegyric drags at best,
And praise is only praise when well address'd.

Straight Horace for some lucky ode I sought,
And all along I trac'd him thought by thought:
This new performance to a friend I show'd;
'For shame, (says he,) what, imitate an ode!
I'd rather ballads write, and Grub-street lays,
Than pillage Cæsar for my patron's praise.
One common fate all imitators share,
To save mince pies, and cap the grocer's ware.'
Vex'd at the charge, I to the flames commit
Rhymes, similes, lords' names, and ends of wit;
In blotted stanzas scraps of odes expire,
And fustian mounts in pyramids of fire.

Ladies! to you I next inscrib'd my lay,
And writ a letter in familiar way;
For still impatient till the Princess came,
You from description wish'd to know the dame.
Each day my pleasing labour larger grew,
For still new graces open'd to my view:
Twelve lines ran on to introduce the theme,
And then I thus pursued the growing scheme.

Beauty and wit were sure by Nature join'd,
And charms are emanations of the mind;
The soul transpiercing through the shining frame,
Forms all the graces of the princely dame:
Benevolence her conversation guides,
Smiles on her cheek, and in her eye resides.
Such harmony upon her tongue is found,
As softens English to Italian sound;
Yet in those sounds such sentiments appear,
As charm the judgment, while they soothe the ear.

Religion's cheerful flame her bosom warms,
Calms all her hours, and brightens all her charms,
Henceforth, ye Fair! at chapel mind your prayers,
Nor catch your lovers' eyes with artful airs:
Restrain your looks, kneel more and whisper less,
Nor most devoutly criticize on dress.

From her form all your characters of life,
The tender mother, and the faithful wife.
Oft have I seen her little infant train,
The lovely promise of a future reign;
Observ'd with pleasure every dawning grace,
And all the mother opening in their face:
The son shall add new honours to the line,
And early with paternal virtues shine.
When he the tale of Audenard repeats,
His little heart with emulation beats;
With conquests yet to come his bosom glows,
He dreams of triumphs and of vanquish'd foes.
Each year with arts shall store his rip'ning brain,
And from his grandsire he shall learn to reign.

Thus far I'd gone ; propitious rising gales
Now bid the sailor hoist the swelling sails.
Fair Carolina lands ; the cannons roar,
White Albion's cliffs resound from shore to shore.
Behold the bright original appear ;
All praise is faint when Carolina's near.
Thus to the nation's joy, but poet's cost,
The Princess came, and my new plan was lost.

Since all my schemes were balk'd, my last resort,
I left the Muses to frequent the court :
Pensive each night, from room to room I walk'd,
To one I bow'd, and with another talk'd ;
Inquir'd what news, or such a lady's name,
And did the next day, and the next, the same.
Places, I found, were daily given away,
And yet no friendly gazette mention'd Gay.
I ask'd a friend what method to pursue ;
He cried, ' I want a place as well as you.'
Another ask'd me, why I had not writ ?
A poet owes his fortune to his wit.
Straight I replied, ' With what a courtly grace
Flows easy verse from him that has a place !
Had Virgil ne'er at court improved his strains,
He still had sung of flocks and homely swains ;
And had not Horace sweet preferment found,
The Roman lyre had never learnt to sound.'

Once ladies fair in homely guise I sung, [rung
And with their names wild woods and mountains
Oh ! teach me now to strike a softer strain :
The court refines the language of the plain.

‘ You must (cries one) the ministry rehearse,
And with each patriot’s name prolong your verse.’
But sure this truth to poets should be known,
That praising all alike is praising none.

Another told me, if I wish’d success,
To some distinguish’d lord I must address ;
One whose high virtues speak his noble blood,
One always zealous for his country’s good ;
Where valour and strong eloquence unite,
In council cautious, resolute in fight ;
Whose generous temper prompts him to defend,
And patronize the man that wants a friend.
You have, ’tis true, the noble patron shown,
But I, alas ! am to Argyle unknown.

Still every one I met in this agreed,
That writing was my method to succeed ;
But now preferments so possess’d my brain,
That scarce I could produce a single strain :
Indeed I sometimes hammer’d out a line,
Without connection, as without design.
One morn upon the Princess this I writ,
An epigram that boasts more truth than wit :

‘ The pomp of titles easy faith might shake,
She scorn’d an empire for religion’s sake :
For this, on earth the British crown is given,
And an immortal crown decreed in Heaven.’
Again, while George’s virtues rais’d my thought,
The following lines prophetic Fancy wrought :

‘ Methinks I see some bard, whose heavenly rage
Shall rise in song, and warm a future age,

Look back through time, and, rapt in wonder, trace
The glorious series of the Brunswick race.

‘ From the first George these godlike kings
descend,

A line which only with the world shall end.

The next a generous Prince renown’d in arms,
And bless’d, long bless’d, in Carolina’s charms ;
From these the rest. ’Tis thus secure in peace
We plough the fields, and reap the year’s increase :
Now Commerce, wealthy goddess, rears her head,
And bids Britannia’s fleets their canvas spread ;
Unnumber’d ships the peopled ocean hide,
And wealth returns with each revolving tide.’

Here paus’d the sullen Muse ; in haste I dress’d,
And through the crowd of needy courtiers press’d :
Though unsuccessful, happy whilst I see
Those eyes that glad a nation shine on me.

TO THE

RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF BURLINGTON.

A JOURNEY TO EXETER.

WHILE you, my Lord, bid stately piles ascend,
Or in your Chiswick bowers enjoy your friend,
Where Pope unloads the boughs within his reach,
The purple vine, blue plum, and blushing peach,

I journey far—You knew fat bards might tire,
And, mounted, sent me forth your trusty squire.

'Twas on the day that City dames repair
To take their weekly dose of Hyde-Park air,
When forth we trot ; no carts the road infest,
For still on Sundays country horses rest.
Thy gardens, Kensington ! we leave unseen,
Through Hammersmith jog on to Turnham-green ;
That Turnham-green which dainty pigeons fed,
But feeds no more ; for Solomon¹ is dead.
Three dusty miles reach Brentford's tedious town,
For dirty streets and white-legg'd chickens known ;
Thence o'er wide shrubby heaths and furrow'd
lanes,

We come, where Thames divides the meads of
Staines.

We ferried o'er ; for late the winter's flood
Shook her frail bridge, and tore her piles of wood.
Prepar'd for war, now Bagshot-Heath we cross,
Where broken gamesters oft repair their loss.
At Hartley-Row the foaming bit we prest,
While the fat landlord welcom'd every guest.
Supper was ended, healths the glasses crown'd,
Our host extoll'd his wine at every round,
Relates the Justices' late meeting there,
How many bottles drank, and what their cheer ;
What lords had been his guests in days of yore,
And prais'd their wisdom much, their drinking
more.

¹ A man famous for feeding pigeons at Turnham-green.

Let travellers the morning vigils keep;
 The morning rose, but we lay fast asleep.
 Twelve tedious miles we bore the sultry sun,
 And Popham-Lane was scarce in sight by one:
 The straggling village harbour'd thieves of old;
 'Twas here the stage-coach'd lass resign'd her
 gold,
 That gold which had in London purchas'd gowns,
 And sent her home a belle to country towns.
 But robbers haunt' no more the neighbouring
 wood;
 Here unown'd infants find their daily food;
 For should the maiden-mother nurse her son,
 'Twould spoil her match when her good name is
 gone.

Our jolly hostess nineteen children bore,
 Nor fail'd her breast to suckle nineteen more.
 Be just, ye prudes! wipe off the long arrear;
 Be virgins still in Town, but mothers here.

Sutton we pass, and leave her spacious down,
 And with the setting sun reach Stockbridge town.
 O'er our parch'd tongue the rich metheglin glides,
 And the red dainty trout our knife divides.
 Sad melancholy every visage wears;
 What, no election come in seven long years!
 Of all our race of mayors, shall Snow alone
 Be by Sir Richard's² dedication known?

² Sir Richard Steele, Member for Stockbridge, wrote a treatise called 'The Importance of Dunkirk considered;' and dedicated it to Mr. John Snow, Bailiff of Stockbridge.

Our streets no more with tides of ale shall float,
Nor cobblers feast three years upon one vote.

Next morn, twelve miles led o'er the unbound-
ed plain,

Where the clock'd shepherd guides his fleecy train :
No leafy bowers a noon-day shelter lend,
Nor from the chilly dews at night defend :
With wondrous art he counts the straggling flock,
And by the sun informs you what's a clock.
How are our shepherds fall'n from ancient days !
No Amaryllis chaunts alternate lays ;
From her no listening echoes learn to sing,
Nor with his reed the jocund valleys ring.

Here sheep the pasture hide, there harvests
bend ;

See Sarum's steeple o'er yon hill ascend.
Our horses faintly trot beneath the heat,
And our keen stomachs know the hour to eat.
Who can forsake thy walls, and not admire
The proud cathedral and the lofty spire ?
What sempstress has not prov'd thy scissors good ?
From hence first came the intriguing ridinghood.
Amid three boarding-schools⁸ well stock'd with
misses,
Shall three knights-errant starve for want of
kisses ?

O'er the green turf the miles slide swift away,
And Blandford ends the labours of the day.

⁸ There are three boarding-schools in this town.

The morning rose ; the supper reckoning paid,
And our due fees discharg'd to man and maid,
The ready hostler near the stirrup stands,
And, as we mount, our halfpence load his hands.

Now the steep hill fair Dorchester o'erlooks,
Border'd by meads, and wash'd by silver brooks.
Here sleep my two companions' eyes supprest,
And propt in elbow-chairs they snoring rest :
I weary sit, and with my pencil trace
Their painful postures, and their eyeless face ;
Then dedicate each glass to some fair name,
And on the sash the diamond scrawls my flame.
Now o'er true Roman way our horses sound,
Grævius would kneel and kiss the sacred ground.
On either side low fertile valleys lie,
The distant prospects tire the travelling eye.
Through Bridport's stony lanes our route we take,
And the proud steep descend to Marcombe's lake.
As hearses pass'd, our landlord robb'd the pall,
And with the mournful 'scutcheon hung his hall.
On unadulterate wine we here regale,
And strip the lobster of his scarlet mail.

We climb'd the hills, when starry night arose,
And Axminster affords a kind repose.
The maid, subdued by fees, her trunk unlocks,
And gives the cleanly aid of dowlas smocks :
Meantime our shirts her busy fingers rub,
While the soap lathers o'er the foaming tub.
If women's geer such pleasing dreams incite.
Lend us your smocks, ye damsels ! every night.

We rise ; our beards demand the barber's art ;
A female enters, and performs the part :
The weighty golden chain adorns her neck,
And three gold rings her skilful hand bedeck :
Smooth o'er our chin her easy fingers move,
Soft as when Venus strok'd the beard of Jove.

Now from the steep, 'midst scatter'd cots and
groves ;

Our eye through Honiton's fair valley roves ;
Behind us soon the busy town we leave,
Where finest lace industrious lasses weave.
Now swelling clouds roll'd on ; the rainy load
Stream'd down our hats, and smok'd along the
road ;

When (O blest sight !) a friendly sign we spied,
Our spurs are slacken'd from the horses' side ;
For sure a civil host the house commands,
Upon whose sign this courteous motto stands,
'This is the ancient Hand, and eke the Pen ;
Here is for horses hay, and meat for men.'
How rhyme would flourish, did each son of fame
Know his own genius, and direct his flame !
Then he that could not epic flights rehearse,
Might sweetly mourn in elegiac verse.
But were his Muse for elegy unfit,
Perhaps a distich might not strain his wit :
If epigram offend, his harmless lines
Might in gold letters swing on alehouse signs :
Then Hobbinol might propagate his bays,
And Tothill-fields record his simple lays ;

Where rhymes like these might lure the nurses'
 eyes,
 While gaping infants squall for farthing pies !
 'Treat here, ye shepherds blithe ! your damsels
 sweet,
 For pies and cheesecakes are for damsels meet :
 Then Maurus in his proper sphere might shine,
 And these proud numbers grace great William's
 sign ;
 'This is the man, this the Nassovian⁴, whom
 I nam'd the brave Deliverer to come.'
 But now the driving gales suspend the rain,
 We mount our steeds, and Devon's city gain.
 Hail, happy native land ! — but I forbear
 What other counties must with envy hear.

TO THE

RIGHT HON. WILLIAM PULTENEY, ESQ.

PULTENEY ! methinks you blame my breach of
 word ;
 What, cannot Paris one poor page afford ?
 Yes, I can sagely, when the times are past,
 Laugh at those follies which I strove to taste,

⁴ Blackmore's *Prince Arthur*, Book V.

And each amusement, which we shar'd, review ;
 Pleas'd with mere talking, since I talk to you.
 But how shall I describe, in humble prose,
 Their balls, assemblies, operas, and beaux ?
 ' In prose ! (you cry) oh ! no ; the Muse must aid.
 And leave Parnassus for the Tuilleries' shade.
 Shall he (who late Britannia's city trod,
 And led the draggled Muse, with pattens shod,
 Through dirty lanes' and alleys' doubtful ways)
 Refuse to write, when Paris asks his lays ?'

Well, then, I'll try. Descend, ye beauteous
 Nine !

In all the colours of the rainbow shine ;
 Let sparkling stars your neck and ear adorn,
 Lay on the blushes of the crimson morn,
 So may ye balls and gay assemblies grace,
 And at the opera claim the foremost place.

Travellers should ever fit expression choose,
 Nor with low phrase the lofty theme abuse.
 When they describe the state of eastern lords,
 Pomp and magnificence should swell their words ;
 And when they paint the serpent's scaly pride,
 Their lines should kiss, their numbers smoothly
 slide :

But they, unmindful of poetic rules,
 Describe alike Macaws and great Moguls.
 Dampier would thus, without ill-meaning satire,
 Dress forth, in simple style, the petit-maitre :

' In Paris there 's a race of animals,
 (I've seen them at their operas and balls)

They stand erect, they dance whene'er they walk,
Monkeys in action, paroquets in talk ;
They 're crown'd with feathers, like the cockatoo.
And, like chameleons, daily change their hue :
From patches justly plac'd they borrow graces,
And with vermilion lacker o'er their faces.
This custom, as we visibly discern,
They by frequenting ladies' toilettes learn.
Thus might the traveller easy truth impart.
Into the subject let me nobly start.

How happy lives the man, how sure to charm,
Whose knot embroider'd flutters down his arm !
On him the ladies cast the yielding glance,
Sigh in his songs, and languish in his dance ;
While wretched is the wit, contemn'd, forlorn,
Whose gummy hat no scarlet plumes adorn ;
No 'broider'd flowers his worsted ankle grace,
Nor cane emboss'd with gold directs his pace ;
No lady's favour on his sword is hung :
What though Apollo dictate from his tongue ?
His wit is spiritless and void of grace,
Who wants the assurance of brocade and lace.
While the gay fop genteelly talks of weather,
The fair in raptures dote upon his feather ;
Like a court lady though he write and spell,
His minuet step was fashion'd by Marcell : ¹
He dresses, fences. What avails to know ?
For women choose their men, like silks, for show.

¹ A famous dancing-master.

‘Is this the thing, (you cry) that Paris boasts?
Is this the thing renown’d among our toasts?
For such a fluttering sight we need not roam;
Our own assemblies shine with these at home.’

Let us into the field of beauty start;
Beauty’s a theme that ever warm’d my heart.
Think not, ye Fair! that I the sex accuse:
How shall I spare you, prompted by the Muse?
(The Muses all are prudes) she rails, she frets,
Admidst this sprightly nation of coquettes;
Yet let not us their loose coquetry blame;
Women of every nation are the same.

You ask me if Parisian dames, like ours,
With rattling dice profane the Sunday’s hours?
If they the gamester’s pale-ey’d vigils keep,
And stake their honour while their husbands sleep?
Yes, Sir; like English toasts, the dames of France
Will risk their income on a single chance.
Nanette last night at tricking Pharaoh play’d,
The cards the taillier’s sliding hand obey’d;
To-day her neck no brilliant circle wears,
Nor the ray-darting pendant loads her ears.
Why does old Chloris an assembly hold?
Chloris each night divides the sharper’s gold;
Corinna’s cheek with frequent losses burns,
And no bold *trente la va* her fortune turns.
Ah! too rash virgin! where’s thy virtue flown?
She pawns her person for the sharper’s loan,
Yet who with justice can the fair upbraid,
Whose debts of honour are so duly paid?

But let me not forget the toilette's cares,
Where art each morn the languid cheek repairs :
This red 's too pale, nor gives a distant grace ;
Madame to day puts on her opera face :
From this we scarce extract the milkmaid's bloom,
Bring the deep dye that warms across the room.
Now flames her cheek, so strong her charms
prevail,

That on her gown the silken rose looks pale !
Not but that France some native beauty boasts,
Clermont and Charolois might grace our toasts.

When the sweet-breathing spring unfolds the
buds,

Love flies the dusty town for shady woods,
Then Tottenham-fields with roving beauty swarm,
And Hampstead balls the city virgins warm ;
Then Chelsea's meads o'erhear perfidious vows,
And the prest grass defrauds the grazing cows.
'Tis here the same, but in a higher sphere ;
For ev'n court-ladies sin in open air.
What cit with a gallant would trust his spouse
Beneath the tempting shade of Greenwich boughs ?
What peer of France would let his duchess rove,
Where Boulogne's closest woods invite to love ?
But here no wife can blast her husband's fame ;
Cuckold is grown an honourable name.
Stretch'd on the grass the shepherd sighs his pain,
And on the grass what shepherd sighs in vain ?
On Chloe's lap here Damon, laid along,
Melts with the languish of her amorous song :

There Iris flies Palæmon through the glade,
Nor trips by chance—till in the thickest shade:
Here Celimene defends her lips and breast,
For kisses are by struggling closer prest:
Alexis there with eager flame grows bold,
Nor can the nymph his wanton fingers hold.
Be wise, Alexis! what, so near the road!
Hark, a coach rolls, and husbands are abroad!
Such were our pleasures in the days of yore,
When amorous Charles Britannia's sceptre bore;
The nightly scene of joy the Park was made,
And Love in couples peopled every shade;
But since at court the rural taste is lost,
What mighty sums have velvet couches cost!

Sometimes the Tuilleries' gaudy walk I love,
Where I through crowds of rustling manteaus rove.
As here from side to side my eyes I cast,
And gaz'd on all the glittering train that past,
Sudden a fop steps forth before the rest,
I knew the bold embroidery of his vest.

He thus accosts me with familiar air,
'*Parbleu! on a fait cet habit en Angleterre!*
Quelle manche! ce galon est grossièrement rangé;
Voilà quelque chose de fort beau et degagé!'

This said, on his red heel he turns, and then
Hums a soft minuet, and proceeds again:
'Well, now you've Paris seen, you'll frankly own
Your boasted London seems a country town;
Has Christianity yet reach'd your nation;
Are churches built? are masquerades in fashion?

Do daily soups your dinners introduce?
Are music, snuff, and coaches, yet in use?'
'Pardon me, sir; we know the Paris mode,
And gather politesse from courts abroad.
Like you, our courtiers keep a numerous train
To load their coach, and tradesmen dun in vain.
Nor has Religion left us in the lurch,
And, as in France, our vulgar crowd the church:
Our ladies, too, support the masquerade;
The sex, by nature, love the intriguing trade.'
Straight the vain fop in ignorant rapture cries,
'Paris the barbarous world will civilize!'
'Pray, sir, point out among the passing band
The present beauties who the Town command.'
'See yonder dame; strict virtue chills her breast,
Mark in her eye demure the prude profest;
That frozen bosom native fire must want,
Which boasts of constancy to one gallant!
This next the spoils of fifty lovers wears,
Rich Dandin's brilliant favours grace her ears;
The necklace Florio's generous flame bestow'd,
Clitander's sparkling gems her finger load:
But now, her charms grown cheap by constant use,
She sins for scarfs, clock'd stockings, knots, and
This next, with sober gait and serious leer, [shoes.
Wearies her knees with morn and evening prayer;
She scorns the ignoble love of feeble pages,
But with three abbots in one night engages.
This with the cardinal her nights employs,
Where holy sinews consecrate her joys.

Why have I promis'd things beyond my power ?
Five assignations wait me at this hour :
The sprightly countess first my visit claims,
To-morrow shall indulge inferior dames.
Pardon me, sir, that thus I take my leave ;
Gay Florimella slily twitch'd my sleeve.'

'Adieu, monsieur'—The opera hour draws near
Not see the opera ! all the world is there ;
Where on the stage the embroider'd youth of
France

In bright array attract the female glance :
This languishes, this struts, to show his mien,
And not a gold-clock'd stocking moves unseen.

But, hark ! the full orchestra strike the strings ,
The hero struts, and the whole audience sings.

My jarring ear harsh grating murmurs wound,
Hoarse and confus'd, like Babel's mingled sound.
Hard chance had plac'd me near a noisy throat,
That in rough quavers bellow'd every note.

'Pray, sir, (says I) suspend awhile your song ;
The opera's drown'd ; your lungs are wondrous
strong :

I wish to hear your Roland's ranting strain,
While he with rooted forests strows the plain.'
Sudden he shrugs surprise, and answers quick,
'*Monsieur apparemment n'aime pas la musique.*'
Then turning round, he join'd the ungrateful noise,
And the loud chorus thunder'd with his voice.

O soothe me with some soft Italian air,
Let harmony compose my tortur'd ear !

When Anastasia's voice commands the strain,
The melting warble thrills through every vein;
Thought stands suspense, and Silence pleas'd at-
tends,

While in her notes the heavenly choir descends.
But you'll imagine I'm a Frenchman grown,
Pleas'd and content with nothing but my own;
So strongly with this prejudice possest,
He thinks French music and French painting
best.

Mention the force of learn'd Corelli's notes,
Some scraping fiddler of their ball he quotes:
Talk of the spirit Raphael's pencil gives,
Yet warm with life whose speaking picture lives;
'Yes, sir, (says he) in colour and design,
Rigaut and Raphael are extremely fine!'

'Tis true, his country's love transports his breast
With warmer zeal than your old Greeks profest.
Ulysses lov'd his Ithaca of yore,
Yet that sage traveller left his native shore.
What stronger virtue in the Frenchman shines?
He to dear Paris all his life confines.
I'm not so fond. There are, I must confess,
Things which might make me love my country less.
I should not think my Britain had such charms,
If lost to learning, if enslav'd by arms.
France has her Richlieus and her Colberts known;
And then, I grant it, France in science shone.
We, too, I own, without such aids may chance
In ignorance and pride to rival France.

But let me not forget Corneille, Racine,
Boileau's strong sense, and Moliere's numerous
scene.

Let Cambray's name be sung above the rest,
Whose maxims, Pulteney! warm thy patriot breast:
In Mentor's precepts wisdom strong and clear
Dictates sublime, and distant nations hear.
Hear, all ye princes! who the world control,
What cares, what terrors, haunt the tyrant's soul;
His constant train are anger, fear, distrust.
To be a king is to be good and just;
His people he protects, their rights he saves,
And scorns to rule a wretched race of slaves.

Happy, thrice happy, shall the monarch reign,
Where guardian laws despotic power restrain!
There shall the ploughshare break the stubborn
land,

And bending harvest tire the peasant's hand:
There Liberty her settled mansion boasts,
There Commerce plenty brings from foreign coasts.
O Britain! guard thy laws, thy rights defend,
So shall these blessings to thy sons descend!

You'll think 'tis time some other theme to choose,
And not with beaux and fops fatigue the Muse:
Should I let satire loose on English ground,
There fools of various character abound;
But here my verse is to one race confin'd,
All Frenchmen are of *petit-maitre* kind.

TO THE

RIGHT HON. PAUL METHUEN, ESQ.

THAT 'tis encouragement makes science spread,
Is rarely practis'd, though 'tis often said.
When learning droops and sickens in the land,
What patron's found to lend a saving hand?
True generous spirits prosperous vice detest,
And love to cherish virtue when distress;
But ere our mighty lords this scheme pursue,
Our mighty lords must think and act like you.

Why must we climb the Alpine mountains' sides,
To find the seat where Harmony resides?
Why touch we not so soft the silver lute,
The cheerful hautboy, and the mellow flute?
'Tis not the Italian clime improves the sound,
But there the patrons of her sons are found.

Why flourish'd verse in great Augustus' reign?
He and Mecænas lov'd the Muse's strain.
But now that wight in poverty must mourn
Who was (O cruel stars!) a poet born.
Yet there are ways for authors to be great;
Write rancorous libels to reform the state:
Or if you choose more sure and ready ways,
Spatter a minister with fulsome praise:
Launch out with freedom, flatter him enough;
Fear not, all men are dedication-proof.
Be bolder yet, you must go farther still,
Dip deep in gall thy mercenary quill.

He who his pen in party-quarrels draws,
Lists an hir'd bravo to support the cause ;
He must indulge his patron's hate and spleen,
And stab the fame of those he ne'er has seen.
Why then should authors mourn their desperate
case ?

Be brave, do this, and then demand a place.
Why art thou poor ? exert the gifts to rise,
And banish timorous virtue from thy eyes.

All this seems modern preface, where we're
told

That wit is prais'd, but hungry lives and cold.
Against the ungrateful age these authors roar,
And fancy learning starves because they're poor.
Yet why should learning hope success at court ?
Why should our patriots virtue's cause support ?
Why to true merit should they have regard ?
They know that virtue is its own reward.
Yet let not me of grievances complain,
Who (though the meanest of the Muses' train)
Can boast subscriptions to my humble lays,
And mingle profit with my little praise.

Ask Painting why she loves Hesperian air ;
'Go view (she cries) my glorious labours there ;
There in rich palaces I reign in state,
And on the temple's lofty domes create.
The nobles view my works with knowing eyes,
They love the science, and the painter prize.'

Why didst thou, Kent ! forego thy native land,
To emulate in picture Raphael's hand ?

Think'st thou for this to raise thy name at home?
Go back, adorn the palaces of Rome ;
There on the walls let thy just labours shine,
And Raphael live again in thy design.
Yet stay awhile ; call all thy genius forth,
For Burlington unbias'd knows thy worth ;
His judgment in thy master-strokes can trace
Titian's strong fire, and Guido's softer grace :
But, oh ! consider, ere thy works appear,
Canst thou unhurt the tongue of Envy hear?
Censure will blame, her breath was ever spent
To blast the laurels of the eminent.
While Burlington's proportion'd columns rise,
Does not he stand the gaze of envious eyes?
Doors, windows, are condemn'd by passing fools,
Who know not that they damn Palladio's rules.
If Chandos with a liberal hand bestow,
Censure imputes it all to pomp and show ;
When, if the motive right were understood,
His daily pleasure is in doing good.
Had Pope with grovelling numbers fill'd his page,
Dennis had never kindled into rage :
'Tis the sublime that hurts the critic's ease ;
Write nonsense, and he reads and sleeps in peace.
Were Prior, Congreve, Swift, and Pope, unknown
Poor slander-selling Curl would be undone.
He who would free from malice pass his days,
Must live obscure, and never merit praise :
But let this tale to valiant Virtue tell
The daily perils of deserving well.

A crow was strutting o'er the stubbled plain,
Just as a lark descending clos'd his strain :
The crow bespoke him thus with solemn grace ;
'Thou most accomplish'd of the feather'd race !
What force of lungs ! how clear ! how sweet you
sing !

And no bird soars upon a stronger wing.'
The lark, who scorn'd soft flattery, thus replies :
' True, I sing sweet, and on strong pinion rise ;
Yet let me pass my life from envy free,
For what advantage are these gifts to me ?
My song confines me to the wiry cage ;
My flight provokes the falcon's fatal rage :
But as you pass, I hear the fowlers say,
To shoot at crows is powder flung away.'

TO HER GRACE HENRIETTA

DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH.

Excuse me, Madam, if amidst your tears
A Muse intrudes, a Muse who feels your cares :
Numbers, like music, can ev'n grief control,
And lull to peace the tumults of the soul.

If partners in our woes the mind relieve,
Consider for your loss ten thousands grieve ;
The affliction burdens not your heart alone ;
When Marlborough died, a nation gave a groan.

Could I recite the dangerous toils he chose
To bless his country with a fix'd repose ;
Could I recount the labours he o'ercame
To raise his country to the pitch of fame ;
His councils, sieges, his victorious fights,
To save his country's laws, and native rights,
No father (every generous heart must own)
Has stronger fondness to his darling shown :
Britannia's sighs a double loss deplore,
Her father and her hero is no more.

Does Britain only pay her debt of tears?
Yes; Holland sighs, and for her freedom
fears. [bands,

When Gallia's monarch pour'd his wasteful
Like a wide deluge, o'er her level lands,
She saw her frontier towers in ruin lie,
Ev'n Liberty had prun'd her wings to fly ;
Then Marlborough came ! defeated Gallia fled,
And shatter'd Belgia rais'd her languid head,
In him secure, as in her strongest mound,
That keeps the raging sea within its bound.

O Germany! remember Hockstet's plain,
Where prostrate Gallia bled at every vein;
Think on the rescue of the imperial throne,
Then think on Marlborough's death without a
groan!

Apollo kindly whispers me, ' Be wise ;
How to his glory shall thy numbers rise ?
The force of verse another theme might raise,
But here the merit must transcend the praise.

Hast thou, presumptuous bard ! that godlike flame
Which with the sun shall last, and Marlborough's
fame ?

Then sing the man : but who can boast this fire ?
Resign the task, and silently admire.'

Yet shall he not in worthy lays be read ?
Raise Homer, call up Virgil from the dead.
But he requires not the strong glare of verse,
Let punctual History his deeds rehearse ;
Let truth in native purity appear,
You'll find Achilles and Æneas there.

Is this the comfort which the Muse bestows ?
I but indulge and aggravate your woes.
A prudent friend, who seeks to give relief,
Ne'er touches on the spring that mov'd the grief.
Is it not barbarous, to the sighing maid,
To mention broken vows and nymphs betray'd ?
Would you the ruin'd merchant's soul appease,
With talk of sands, and rocks, and stormy seas !
Ev'n while I strive on Marlborough's fame to rise,
I call up sorrow in a daughter's eyes.

Think on the laurels that his temples shade.
Laurels that (spite of time) shall never fade ;
Immortal Honour has enroll'd his name,
Detraction's dumb, and Envy put to shame.
Say who can soar beyond his eagle flight ?
Has he not reach'd to glory's utmost height ?
What could he more, had Heav'n prolong'd his
date ?

All human power is limited by Fate.

Forbear ; 'tis cruel further to commend ;
I wake your sorrow, and again offend :
Yet sure your goodness must forgive a crime
Which will be spread through every age and clime,
Though in your life ten thousand summers roll,
And though you compass earth from pole to pole,
Where'er men talk of war and martial fame,
They'll mention Marlborough's and Cæsar's
name.

But vain are all the counsels of the Muse ;
A soul like yours could not a tear refuse :
Could you your birth and filial love forego,
Still sighs must rise and generous sorrow flow ;
For when from earth such matchless worth
removes,
A great mind suffers : virtue virtue loves.

TO

MY INGENIOUS AND WORTHY FRIEND,

WILLIAM LOWNDS, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF THAT CELEBRATED TREATISE IN FOLIO CALLED
'THE LAND-TAX BILL.'

WHEN poets print their works, the scribbling crew
Stick the bard o'er with bays, like Christmas pew.

Can meagre poetry such fame deserve?
Can poetry, that only writes to starve?
And shall no laurel deck that famous head,
In which the senate's annual law is bred?
That hoary head, which greater glory fires,
By nobler ways and means true fame acquires?
O had I Virgil's force, to sing the man
Whose learned line can millions raise *per ann.*
Great Lownds's praise should swell the trump of
Fame,

And rapes and wapentakes resound his name.

If the blind poet gain'd a long renown
By singing every Grecian chief and town,
Sure Lownds's prose much greater fame requires,
Which sweetly counts five thousand knights and
'squires,

Their seats, their cities, parishes, and shires.

Thy copious preamble so smoothly runs,
Taxes no more appear like legal duns;
Lords, knights, and 'squires, the assessors' power
obey,

We read with pleasure, though with pain we pay.

Ah! why did C—— thy works defame!
That author's long harangue betrays his name:
After his speeches can his pen succeed?
Though forc'd to hear, we're not oblig'd to read.

Under what science shall thy works be read?
All know thou wert not poet born and bred;
Or dost thou boast the historian's lasting pen,
Whose annals are the acts of worthy men?

No: satire is thy talent; and each lash
Makes the rich miser tremble o'er his cash.
What on the drunkard can be more severe,
Than direful taxes on his ale and beer?

Ev'n Button's wits are nought compar'd to thee,
Who ne'er were known or prais'd but o'er his tea,
While thou through Britain's distant isle shall
spread,

In every hundred and division read.
Critics in classics oft interpolate,
But every word of thine is fix'd as fate.
Some works come forth at morn, but die at night,
In blazing fringers round a tallow light;
Some may perhaps to a whole week extend,
Like S—— (when unassisted by a friend)
But thou shalt live a year in spite of fate;
And where's your author boasts a longer date?
Poets of old had such a wondrous power,
That with their verses they could raise a tower;
But in thy prose a greater force is found:
What poet ever rais'd ten thousand pound?
Cadmus, by sowing dragons' teeth, we read,
Rais'd a vast army from the poisonous seed.
Thy labours, Lownds! can greater wonders do,
Thou raisest armies, and canst pay them too.
Truce with thy dreaded pen; thy annals cease;
Why need we armies when the land's in peace?
Soldiers are perfect devils in their way,
When once they're rais'd, they're cursed hard
to lay.

TO A YOUNG LADY,

WITH SOME LAMPREYS.

WITH lovers 'twas of old the fashion
By presents to convey their passion;
No matter what the gift they sent,
The lady saw that love was meant.
Fair Atalanta as a favour
Took the boar's head her hero gave her;
Nor could the bristly thing affront her,
'Twas a fit present from a hunter.
When 'squires send woodcocks to the dame,
It serves to show their absent flame.
Some by a snip of woven hair,
In posied lockets bribe the fair.
How many mercenary matches
Have sprung from diamond-rings and watches?
But hold—a ring, a watch, a locket,
Would drain at once a poet's pocket:
He should send songs that cost him nought,
Nor ev'n be prodigal of thought.

Why then, send lampreys. Fie, for shame!
'Twill set a virgin's blood on flame.
This to fifteen a proper gift!
It might lend sixty-five a lift.

I know your maiden aunt will scold,
And think my present somewhat bold:

I see her lift her hands and eyes
‘What, eat it, Niece! eat Spanish flies!
Lamprey’s a most immodest diet;
You’ll neither wake nor sleep in quiet:
Should I to-night eat sago-cream,
’Twould make me blush to tell my dream.
If I eat lobster, ’tis so warming,
That every man I see looks charming.
Wherefore had not the filthy fellow
Laid Rochester upon your pillow?
I vow and swear I think the present
Had been as modest and as decent.

‘Who has her virtue in her power?
Each day has its unguarded hour:
Always in danger of undoing,
A prawn, a shrimp, may prove our ruin!

‘The shepherdess, who lives on salad,
To cool her youth controls her palate;
Should Dian’s maids turn liquorish livers,
And of huge lampreys rob the rivers,
Then all beside each glade and vисто,
You’d see nymphs lying like Calisto.

‘The man who meant to heat your blood,
Needs not himself such vicious food.’—

In this, I own, your aunt is clear;
I sent you what I well might spare:
For when I see you, (without joking,)
Your eyes, lips, breasts, are so provoking;
They set my heart more cock-a-hoop,
Than could whole seas of cray-fish soup.

TO A LADY,

ON HER PASSION FOR OLD CHINA.

WHAT ecstasies her bosom fire !
How her eyes languish with desire !
How blest, how happy should I be,
Were that fond glance bestow'd on me !
New doubts and fears within me war :
What rival's near ? a China jar.
China's the passion of her soul ;
A cup, a plate, a dish, a bowl,
Can kindle wishes in her breast,
Inflame with joy, or break her rest.

Some gems collect ; some medals prize,
And view the rust with lovers' eyes ;
Some court the stars at midnight hours,
Some dote on Nature's charms in flowers :
But every beauty I can trace
In Laura's mind, in Laura's face ;
My stars are in this brighter sphere ;
My lily and my rose is here.

Philosophers, more grave than wise,
Hunt science down in butterflies ;
Or, fondly poring on a spider,
Stretch human contemplation wider.
Fossils give joy to Galen's soul,
He digs for knowledge like a mole ;

In shells so learn'd, that all agree
No fish that swims knows more than he!
In such pursuits if wisdom lies,
Who, Laura! shall thy taste despise?

When I some antique jar behold,
Or white, or blue, or speck'd with gold,
Vessels so pure, and so refin'd,
Appear the types of womankind:
Are they not valued for their beauty,
Too fair, too fine for household duty?
With flowers, and gold, and azure, dyed,
Of every house the grace and pride?
How white, how polish'd, is their skin,
And valued most when only seen!
She who before was highest priz'd,
Is for a crack or flaw despis'd.
I grant they're frail, yet they're so rare,
The treasure cannot cost too dear!
But man is made of coarser stuff,
And serves convenience well enough;
He's a strong earthen vessel made,
For drudging, labour, toil, and trade;
And when wives lose their other self,
With ease they bear the loss of delf.

Husbands more covetous than sage,
Condemn this china-buying rage;
They count that woman's prudence little,
Who sets her heart on things so brittle.
But are those wise men's inclinations
Fix'd on more strong, more sure foundations?

If all that's frail we must despise,
No human view or scheme is wise.
Are not Ambition's hopes as weak?
They swell like bubbles, shine and break.
A courtier's promise is so slight,
'Tis made at noon, and broke at night.
What pleasure's sure? The miss you keep
Breaks both your fortune and your sleep.
The man who loves a country life,
Breaks all the comforts of his wife;
And if he quit his farm and plough,
His wife in town may break her vow.
Love, Laura! love, while youth is warm,
For each new winter breaks a charm;
And woman's not like china sold,
But cheaper grows in growing old:
Then quickly choose the prudent part,
Or else you break a faithful heart.

BOUNCE TO FOP.

AN EPISTLE FROM A DOG AT TWICKENHAM TO
A DOG AT COURT.

To thee, sweet Fop! these lines I send,
Who, though no spaniel, am a friend.
Though once my tail, in wanton play,
Now frisking this, and then that way,

Chanc'd, with a touch of just the tip,
To hurt your Lady-lapdog-ship,
Yet thence to think I'd bite your head off,
Sure Bounce is one you never read of.

Fop! you can dance and make a leg,
Can fetch and carry, cringe and beg;
And (what's the top of all your tricks)
Can stoop to pick up strings or sticks.
We country dogs love nobler sport,
And scorn the pranks of dogs at court.
Fie, naughty Fop! where'er you come
To —— and —— about the room;
To lay your head in every lap,
And when they think not of you—snap:
The worst that Envy or that Spite
E'er said of me is, I can bite;
That idle gypsies, rogues in rags,
Who poke at me, can make no brags;
And that to touse such things as flutter,
To honest Bounce is bread and butter.

While you and every courtly fop
Fawn on the devil for a chop,
I've the humanity to hate
A butcher, though he brings me meat:
And let me tell you, have a nose,
(Whatever stinking Fops suppose)
That under cloth of gold or tissue
Can smell a plaister or an issue.
Your pilfering lord, with simple pride
May wear a picklock at his side;

My master wants no key of state,
For Bounce can keep his house and gate.

When all such dogs have had their days,
As knavish Pans and fawning Trays;
When pamper'd Cupids, beastly Venies,
And motley squinting Harlequinies¹
Shall lick no more their lady's ——
Shall die of looseness, claps, or itch,
Fair Thames from either echoing shore
Shall hear and dread my manly roar.

See, Bounce, like Berecynthia, crown'd
With thundering offspring all around,
Beneath, beside me, and a-top,
A hundred sons! and not one fop.
Before my children set your beef,
Not one true Bounce will be a thief;
Not one without permission feed,
(Though some of J—ns hungry breed)
But whatsoe'er the father's race,
From me they suck a little grace:
While your fine whelps learn all to steal,
Bred up by hand on chick and veal.
My eldest born resides not far,
Where shines great Strafford's glittering star;
My second (child of Fortune!) waits
At Burlington's Palladian gates;
A third majestically stalks,
(Happiest of dogs!) in Cobham's walks;

¹ *Alii legunt Harvequinies.*

One ushers friends to Bathurst's door,
One fawns at Oxford's on the poor.
Nobles whom arms or arts adorn,
Wait for my infants yet unborn.
None but a peer of wit and grace,
Can hope a puppy of my race.
And, oh! would Fate the bliss decree
To mine (a bliss too great for me)
That two my tallest sons might grace
Attending each with stately pace,
Iulus' side, as erst Evander's,²
To keep off flatterers, spies, and panders
To let no noble slave come near,
And scare Lord Fannies from his ear;
Then might a royal youth and true
Enjoy at least a friend—or two;
A treasure which of royal kind,
Few but himself deserve to find:
Then Bounce ('tis all that Bounce can crave)
Shall wag her tail within the grave.

² Virg. Æn. 8.

PANEGYRICAL

EPISTLE TO MR. THOMAS SNOW,

GOLDSMITH, NEAR TEMPLE BAR;

Occasioned by his buying and selling of the Third Subscriptions, taken in by the Directors of the South-Sea Company, at a thousand per cent.

DISDAIN not, Snow! my humble verse to hear:
Stick thy black pen awhile behind thy ear.
Whether thy compters shine with sums untold,
And thy wide-grasping hand grow black with
gold;

Whether thy mien erect and sable locks,
In crowds of brokers overawe the stocks;
Suspend the worldly business of the day,
And to enrich thy mind attend my lay.

O thou! whose penetrative wisdom found
The South-Sea rocks and shelves, where thousands
drown'd;

When credit sunk, and commerce gasping lay,
Thou stood'st, nor sent'st, one bill unpaid away;
When not a guinea chink'd on Martin's boards,
And Atwell's self was drain'd of all his hoards.

Thou stood'st (an Indian king in size and hue)
Thy unexhausted shop was our Peru.

Why did Change-Alley waste thy precious
hours,
Among the fools who gap'd for golden showers?
No wonder if we found some poets there
Who live on fancy, and can feed on air;
No wonder they were caught by South-Sea
schemes,
Who ne'er enjoy'd a guinea but in dreams;
No wonder they their Third Subscriptions sold,
For millions of imaginary gold;
No wonder that their fancies wild could frame
Strange reasons that a thing is still the same,
Though chang'd throughout in substance and in
name.

But you (whose judgment scorns poetic flights)
With contracts furnish boys for paper kites.

Let Vulture Hopkins stretch his rusty throat,
Who'd ruin thousands for a single groat:
I know thou spurn'st his mean, his sordid mind,
Nor with ideal debts would'st plague mankind.
Why strive his greedy hands to grasp at more?—
The wretch was born to want whose soul is poor.

Madmen alone their empty dreams pursue,
And still believe the fleeting vision true;
They sell the treasure which their slumbers get,
Then wake, and fancy all the world in debt.
If to instruct thee all my reasons fail,
Yet be diverted by this moral tale.—

Through fam'd Moorfields extends a spacious
Where mortals of exalted wit retreat ; [seat,
Where, wrapp'd in contemplation and in straw,
The wiser few from the mad world withdraw :
'There in full opulence a banker dwelt,
Who all the joys and pangs of riches felt ;
His sideboard glitter'd with imagin'd plate,
And his proud fancy held a vast estate.

As on a time he pass'd the vacant hours
In raising piles of straw and twisting bowers,
A poet enter'd of the neighbouring cell,
And with fix'd eyes observ'd the structure well :
A sharpen'd skewer cross his bare shoulders bound
A tatter'd rug, which dragg'd upon the ground.

The banker cried, ' Behold my castle walls,
My statues, gardens, fountains, and canals,
With land of twenty thousand acres round !
All these I sell thee for ten thousand pound.'

The bard with wonder the cheap purchase saw,
So sign'd the contract (as ordains the law.)

The banker's brain was cool'd ; the mist grew
The visionary scene was lost in air. [clear :
He now the vanish'd prospect understood,
And fear'd the fancied bargain was not good :
Yet loth the sum entire should be destroy'd,
' Give me a penny, and thy contract's void.'

The startled bard, with eye indignant frown'd ;
' Shall I, ye gods ! (he cries) my debts compound !
So saying, from his rug the skewer he takes,
And on the stick ten equal notches makes ;

With just resentment flings it on the ground,
 'There, take my tally of ten thousand pound.'

ON A MISCELLANY OF POEMS,

TO BERNARD LINTOT, THE BOOKSELLER.

Ipsa varietate tentamus efficere ut alia aliis: quædam fortasse omnibus placeant. *Plin. Epist.*

As when some skilful cook, to please each guest,
 Would in one mixture comprehend a feast,
 With due proportion and judicious care
 He fills his dish with different sorts of fare,
 Fishes and fowls deliciously unite,
 To feast at once the taste, the smell, and sight:

So, Bernard! must a miscellany be
 Compounded of all kinds of poetry;
 The Muses' olio, which all tastes may fit,
 And treat each reader with his darling wit.

Wouldst thou for miscellanies raise thy fame,
 And bravely rival Jacob's mighty name,
 Let all the Muses in the piece conspire;
 The lyric bard must strike the harmonious lyre!
 Heroic strains must here and there be found,
 And nervous sense be sung in lofty sound:

Let elegy in moving numbers flow,
And fill some pages with melodious woe :
Let not your amorous songs too numerous prove,
Nor glut thy reader with abundant love :
Satire must interfere, whose pointed rage
May lash the madness of a vicious age ;
Satire, the Muse that never fails to hit,
For if there's scandal, to be sure there's wit.
Tire not our patience with Pindaric lays,
Those swell the piece, but very rarely please :
Let short-breath'd Epigram its force confine,
And strike at follies in a single line :
Translations should throughout the work be sown,
And Homer's godlike Muse be made our own :
Horace in useful numbers should be sung,
And Virgil's thoughts adorn the British tongue :
Let Ovid tell Corinna's hard disdain,
And at her door in melting notes complain :
His tender accents pitying virgins move,
And charm the listening ear with tales of love.
Let every classic in the volume shine,
And each contribute to thy great design :
Through various subjects let the reader range,
And raise his fancy with a grateful change ;
Variety's the source of joy below,
From whence still fresh-revolving pleasures flow.
In books and love the mind one end pursues,
And only change the expiring flame renews.

Where Buckingham will condescend to give,
That honour'd piece to distant times must live.

When noble Sheffield strikes the trembling
strings,

The little Loves rejoice, and clap their wings:
Anacreon lives, they cry; the harmonious swain
Retunes the lyre, and tries his wonted strain;
'Tis he—our lost Anacreon lives again.

But when the illustrious poet soars above
The sportive revels of the god of Love,
Like Maro's Muse he takes a loftier flight,
And towers beyond the wondering Cupids' sight.

If thou wouldst have thy volume stand the test,
And of all others be reputed best,
Let Congreve teach the listening groves to mourn,
As when he wept o'er fair Pastora's urn.

Let Prior's Muse with softening accents move,
Soft as the strains of constant Emma's love;
Or let his fancy choose some jovial theme,
As when he told Hans Carvel's jealous dream:
Prior the admiring reader entertains
With Chaucer's humour and with Spenser's
strains.

Waller in Granville lives: when Mira sings,
With Waller's hand he strikes the sounding
strings;

With sprightly turns his noble genius shines,
And manly sense adorns his easy lines.

On Addison's sweet lays attention waits,
And Silence guards the place while he repeats:
His Muse alike on every subject charms,
Whether she paints the god of Love or Arms:

In him pathetic Ovid sings again,
And Homer's Iliad shines in his Campaign.
Whenever Garth shall raise his sprightly song,
Sense flows in easy numbers from his tongue ;
Great Phœbus in his learned son we see,
Alike in physic as in poetry.

When Pope's harmonious Muse with pleasure
 roves
Amidst the plains, the murmuring streams and
 groves,
Attentive Echo pleas'd to hear his songs,
Through the glad shade each warbling note pro-
 longs ;

His various numbers charm our ravish'd ears,
His steady judgment far outshoots his years,
And early in the youth the god appears.

From these successful bards collect thy strains,
And praise with profit shall reward thy pains :
Then, while calves'-leather binding bears the sway,
And sheepskin to its sleeker gloss gives way ;
While neat old Elzevir is reckon'd better
Than Pirate Hill's brown sheets and scurvy letter ;
While print-admirers careful Aldus choose
Before John Morphew, or the weekly news ;
So long shall live thy praise in books of fame,
And Tonson yield to Lintot's lofty name.

ELEGIAC EPISTLE.

TO A FRIEND.¹

FRIEND of my youth, shedd'st thou the pitying tear
O'er the sad relics of my happier days?
Of nature tender, as of soul sincere,
Pour'st thou for me the melancholy lays?

Oh! truly said! — the distant landscape bright,
Whose vivid colours glitter'd on the eye
Is faded now, and sunk in shades of night,
As on some chilly eye the closing flowerets die.

Yet had I hop'd, when first, in happier times,
I trod the magic paths where Fancy led,
The Muse to foster in more friendly climes,
Where never Misery rear'd its hated head.

How vain the thought! hope after hope expires!
Friend after friend, joy after joy, is lost;
My dearest wishes feed the funeral fires,
And life is purchas'd at too dear a cost.

Yet could my heart the selfish comfort know,
That not alone I murmur and complain:
Well might I find companions in my woe,
All born to grief, the family of Pain!

¹ Written under a dejection of spirits.

Full well I know in life's uncertain road
The thorns of misery are profusely sown ;
Full well I know in this low vile abode,
Beneath the chastening rod what numbers groan.

Born to a happier state, how many pine
Beneath the oppressor's power, or feel the smart
Of bitter want, or foreign evils join
To the sad symptoms of a broken heart !

How many, fated from their birth to view
Misfortunes growing with their ripening years,
The same sad track, through various scenes, pursue,
Still journeying onward through a vale of tears.

To them, alas ! what boots the light of Heaven,
While still new miseries mark their destin'd way,
Whether to their unhappy lot be given
Death's long sad night, or life's short busy day !

Me not such themes delight : — I more rejoice
When chance some happier, better change I see ;
Though no such change await my luckless choice,
And mountains rise between my hopes and me.

For why should he who roves the dreary waste
Still joy on every side to view the gloom ?
Or, when upon the couch of sickness plac'd,
Well-pleas'd survey a hapless neighbour's tomb ?

If e'er a gleam of comfort glads my soul,
If e'er my brow to wonted smiles unbends,
'Tis when the fleeting minutes, as they roll,
Can add one gleam of pleasure to my friends.

Ev'n in these shades, the last retreat of grief,
Some transient blessings will that thought be-
To Melancholy's self yield some relief, [stow;
And ease the breast surcharg'd with mortal woe.

Long has my bark in rudest tempest toss'd,
Buffeted seas, and stemm'd life's hostile wave;
Suffice it now, in all my wishes cross'd,
To seek a peaceful harbour in the grave.

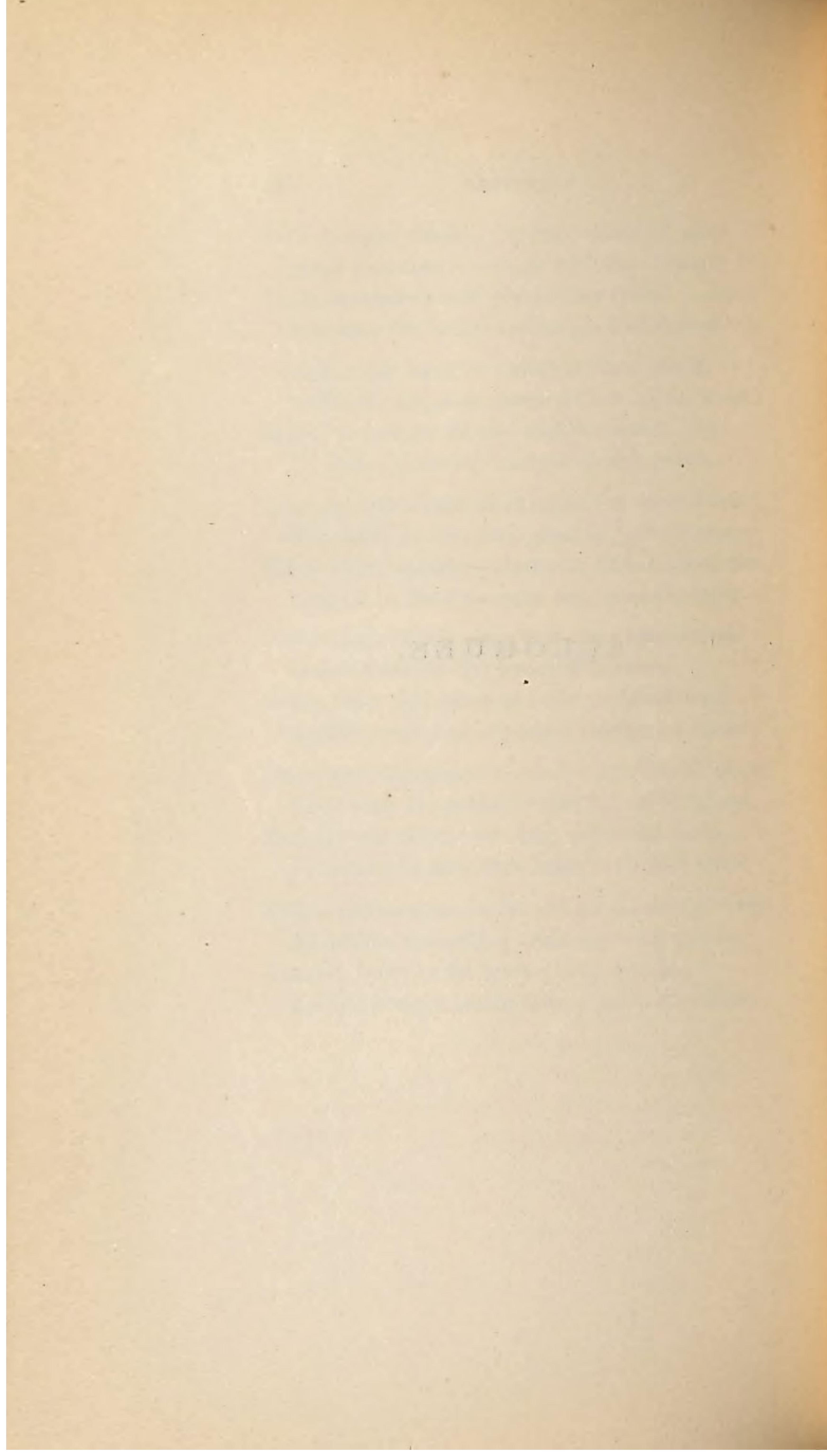
And when that hour shall come, (as come it must,)
Ere many moons their waning horns increase,
When this frail frame shall mix with kindred dust,
And all its fond pursuits and troubles cease:

When those black gates that ever open stand,
Receive me on the irremeable shore,
When life's frail glass has run its latest sand,
And the dull jest repeated charms no more:

Then may my friend weep o'er the funeral hearse,
Then may his presence gild the awful gloom,
And his last tribute be some mournful verse,
To mark the spot that holds my silent tomb.

This—and no more:—the rest let Heaven provide;
To which, resign'd, I trust my weal or woe,
Assur'd, howe'er its justice shall decide,
To find nought worse than I have left below.

ECLOGUES.



ECLOGUES.

THE BIRTH OF THE SQUIRE.

IN IMITATION OF THE POLLIO OF VIRGIL.

YE silvan Muses! loftier strains recite;
Not all in shades and humble cots delight.
Hark! the bells ring; along the distant grounds
The driving gales convey the swelling sounds:
The attentive swain, forgetful of his work,
With gaping wonder leans upon his fork.
What sudden news alarms the waking Morn?
To the glad 'Squire a hopeful heir is born.
Mourn, mourn, ye stags! and all ye beasts of chase!
This hour destruction brings on all your race.
See the pleas'd tenants duteous offerings bear,
Turkeys, and geese, and grocer's sweetest ware;
With the new health the pondrous tankard flows,
And old October reddens every nose.
Beagles and spaniels round his cradle stand,
Kiss his moist lip, and gently lick his hand;
He joys to hear the shrill horn's echoing sounds,
And learns to lisp the names of all the hounds.

With frothy ale to make his cup o'erflow,
Barley shall in paternal acres grow ;
The bee shall sip the fragrant dew from flowers,
To give metheglin for his morning hours ;
For him the clustering hop shall climb the poles,
And his own orchard sparkle in his bowls.

His sire's exploits he now with wonder hears ;
The monstrous tales indulge his greedy ears ;
How when youth strung his nerves and warm'd
his veins,

He rode the mighty Nimrod of the plains.
He leads the staring infant through the hall—
Points out the horny spoils that grace the wall ;
Tells how this stag through three whole counties
fled,

What rivers swam, where bay'd, and where he
Now he the wonders of the fox repeats, [bled.
Describes the desperate chase, and all his cheats ;
How in one day beneath his furious speed,
He tir'd seven coursers of the fleetest breed ;
How high the pale he leapt, how wide the ditch,
When the hound tore the haunches of the witch.¹
These stories, which descend from son to son,
The forward boy shall one day make his own.

Ah ! too fond Mother ! think the time draws
nigh
That calls the darling from thy tender eye ;

¹ The most common accident to sportsmen, to hunt a witch in the shape of a hare.

How shall his spirit brook the rigid rules,
And the long tyranny of grammar schools?
Let younger brothers o'er dull authors plod,
Lash'd into Latin by the tingling rod:
No, let him never feel that smart disgrace;
Why should he wiser prove than all his race?

When ripening youth with down o'ershades
And every female eye incites to sin, [his chin,
The milkmaid (thoughtless of her future shame)
With smacking lip shall raise his guilty flame:
The dairy, barn, the hay-loft, and the grove,
Shall oft be conscious of their stolen love.
But think, Priscilla, on that dreadful time,
When pangs and wat'ry qualms shall own thy
crime;

How wilt thou tremble, when thy nipple's prest,
To see the white drops bathe thy swelling breast!
Nine moons shall publicly divulge thy shame,
And the young 'Squire forestall a father's name.

When twice twelve times the reaper's sweeping
hand

With levell'd harvests has bestrown the land,
On fam'd Saint Hubert's feast, his winding horn
Shall cheer the joyful hound and wake the morn:
This memorable day his eager speed
Shall urge with bloody heel the rising steed.
O check the foamy bit! nor tempt thy fate;
Think on the murders of a five-bar gate!
Yet prodigal of life the leap he tries;
Low in the dust his grovelling honour lies:

Headlong he falls, and on the rugged stone
Distorts his neck, and cracks the collar bone.
O vent'rous Youth ! thy thirst of game allay ;
May'st thou survive the perils of this day !
He shall survive, and in late years be sent
To snore away debates in Parliament.

The time shall come when his more solid sense,
With nod important, shall the laws dispense ;
A justice with grave justices shall sit,
He praise their wisdom, they admire his wit.
No greyhound shall attend the tenant's pace,
No rusty gun the farmer's chimney grace ;
Salmons shall leave their covers void of fear,
Nor dread the thievish net or triple spear ;
Poachers shall tremble at his awful name,
Whom vengeance now o'ertakes for murder'd
game.

Assist me, Bacchus ! and ye drunken powers !
To sing his friendships and his midnight hours.

Why dost thou glory in thy strength of beer,
Firm-cork'd and mellow'd till the twentieth year ;
Brew'd or when Phœbus warms the fleecy sign,
Or when his languid rays in Scorpio shine ?
Think on the mischiefs which from hence have
sprung !

It arms with curses dire the wrathful tongue ;
Foul scandal to the lying lip affords,
And prompts the memory with injurious words.
O where is wisdom when by this o'erpower'd ?
The state is censur'd, and the maid deflower'd !

And wilt thou still, O 'Squire! brew ale so strong?
Hear then the dictates of prophetic song.

Methinks I see him in his hall appear,
Where the long table floats in clammy beer;
'Midst mugs and glasses shatter'd o'er the floor,
Dead-drunk his servile crew supinely snore;
Triumphant, o'er the prostrate brutes he stands,
The mighty bumper trembles in his hands;
Boldly he drinks, and, like his glorious sires,
In copious gulps of potent ale expires.

THE TOILETTE.

A TOWN ECLOGUE.

LYDIA.

Now twenty springs had cloth'd the Park with
green,
Since Lydia knew the blossom of fifteen;
No lovers now her morning hours molest,
And catch her at her toilette, half undrest:
The thundering knocker wakes the street no more;
No chairs, no coaches, crowd her silent door:
Her midnights once at cards and hazard fled,
Which now, alas! she dreams away in bed:
And round her wait shocks, monkeys, and macaws,
To fill the place of fops and perjur'd beaus.

In these she views the mimicry of man,
And smiles when grinning Pug gallants her fan ;
When Poll repeats, the sounds deceive her ear,
For sounds, like his, once told her Damon's care.
With these alone her tedious mornings pass,
Or at the dumb devotion of her glass
She smooths her brow, and frizzles forth her
hairs,

And fancies youthful dress gives youthful airs ;
With crimson wool she fixes every grace,
That not a blush can discompose her face.
Reclin'd upon her arm she pensive sate,
And curs'd the inconstancy of youth, too late.
' O Youth ! O spring of life ! for ever lost !
No more my name shall reign the favourite toast ;
On glass no more the diamond grave my name,
And rhymes misspell'd record a lover's flame :
Nor shall sideboxes watch my restless eyes,
And, as they catch the glance, in rows arise
With humble bows ; nor white-glov'd beaus
encroach,

In crowds behind, to guard me to my coach.
Ah ! hapless nymph ! such conquests are no more,
For Chloe's now what Lydia was before !

' 'Tis true this Chloe boasts the peach's bloom ;
But does her nearer whisper breathe perfume ?
I own her taper shape is form'd to please ;
Yet if you saw her unconfined by stays,
She doubly to fifteen may make pretence,
Alike we read it in her face and sense.

Her reputation ! but that never yet
Could check the freedoms of a young coquette.
Why will ye then, vain fops ! her eyes believe ?
Her eyes can, like your perjur'd tongues, deceive.

‘ What shall I do ? how spend the hateful day ?
At chapel shall I wear the morn away ?
Who there frequents at these unmodish hours,
But ancient matrons with their frizzled towers,
And gray religious maids my presence there,
Amid that sober train, would own despair ;
Nor am I yet so old, nor is my glance,
As yet, fixt wholly to Devotion's trance.

‘ Straight then I'll dress, and take my wonted
range
Through every Indian shop, through all the
Change ;
Where the tall jar erects his costly pride,
With antic shapes in China's azure dy'd ;
There careless lies the rich brocade unroll'd,
Here shines a cabinet with burnish'd gold ;
But then remembrance will my grief renew,
'Twas there the raffling dice false Damon threw ;
The raffling dice to him decide the prize :
'Twas there he first convers'd with Chloe's eyes ;
Hence sprung the ill-fated cause of all my smart,
To me the toy he gave, to her his heart :
But soon thy perjury in the gift was found,
The shiver'd China dropt upon the ground,
Sure omen that thy vows would faithless prove ;
Frail was thy present, frailer is thy love.

‘ O happy Poll, in wiry prison pent,
 Thou ne’er hast known what love or rivals meant ;
 And Pug with pleasure can his fetters bear,
 Who ne’er believ’d the vows that lovers swear.
 How am I curst ! (unhappy and forlorn)
 With perjury, with love, and rivals’ scorn !
 False are the loose coquette’s inveigling airs,
 False is the pompous grief of youthful heirs,
 False is the cringing courtier’s plighted word,
 False are the dice, when gamesters stamp the
 board,

False is the sprightly widow’s public tear ;
 Yet these to Damon’s oaths are all sincere.

‘ Fly from perfidious man, the sex disdain,
 Let servile Chloe wear the nuptial chain :
 Damon is practis’d in the modish life,
 Can hate, and yet be civil to a wife. [roves,
 He games, he swears, he drinks, he fights, he
 Yet Chloe can believe he fondly loves.
 Mistress and wife can well supply his need,
 A miss for pleasure, and a wife for breed.
 But Chloe’s air is unconfin’d and gay,
 And can perhaps an injur’d bed repay ;
 Perhaps her patient temper can behold
 The rival of her love adorn’d with gold : [care,
 Powder’d with di’monds, free from thought and
 A husband’s sullen humours she can bear.

‘ Why are these sobs ? and why these streaming
 eyes ?
 Is love the cause ? No, I the sex despise :

I hate, I loathe his base perfidious name :
 Yet if he should but feign a rival flame ?
 But Chloe boasts and triumphs in my pains ;
 To her he's faithful, 'tis to me he feigns.'

Thus love-sick Lydia rav'd. Her maid appears ;
 A band-box in her steady hand she bears :
 'How well this ribband's gloss becomes your face !
 (She cries, in raptures) then, so sweet a lace !
 How charmingly you look ! so bright ! so fair !
 'Tis to your eyes the head-dress owes its air.'
 Straight Lydia smil'd ; the comb adjusts her locks,
 And at the play-house Harry keeps her box.

THE TEA-TABLE.

A TOWN ECLOGUE.

DORIS, MELANTHE.

SAINT James's noon-day bell for prayers had toll'd,
 And coaches to the patron's levee roll'd,
 When Doris rose : and now through all the room,
 From flowery tea exhales a fragrant fume.
 Cup after cup they sipt, and talk'd by fits,
 For Doris here, and there Melanthe sits.

Doris was young, a laughter-loving dame,
Nice of her own alike and others' fame :
Melanthe's tongue could well a tale advance,
And sooner gave than sunk a circumstance :
Lock'd in her memory secrets never died ;
Doris begun, Melanthe thus replied :

DORIS. Sylvia the vain fantastic fop admires,
The rake's loose gallantry her bosom fires.
Sylvia like that is vain, like this she roves,
In liking them, she but herself approves.

MELAN. Laura rails on at men, the sex reviles,
Their voice condemns, or at their folly smiles:
Why should her tongue in just resentment fail,
Since men at her with equal freedom rail?

DORIS. Last masquerade was Sylvia nymph-
like seen,
Her hand a crook sustain'd, her dress was green ;
An amorous shepherd led her through the crowd ;
The nymph was innocent, the shepherd vow'd ;
But nymphs their innocence with shepherds trust ;
So both withdrew, as nymph and shepherd must.

MELAN. Name but the license of the modern
stage,
Laura takes fire, and kindles into rage ;
The whining tragic love she scarce can bear,
But nauseous comedy ne'er shock'd her ear ;
Yet in the gallery mobb'd, she sits secure,
And laughs at jests that turn the box demure.

DORIS. Trust not, ye ladies ! to your beauty's
power.

For beauty withers like a shrivell'd flower ;
Yet those fair flowers that Sylvia's temples bind,
Fade not with sudden blights or winter's wind ;
Like those her face defies the rolling years,
For Art her roses and her charms repairs.

MELAN. Laura despises every outward grace,
The wanton sparkling eye, the blooming face ;
The beauties of the soul are all her pride,
For other beauties Nature has denied ;
If affectation shows a beauteous mind,
Lives there a man to Laura's merits blind ?

DORIS. Sylvia, be sure, defies the Town's
reproach,
Whose dishabille is soil'd in hackney-coach ;
What though the sash was clos'd ! must we conclude
That she was yielding when her fop was rude ?

MELAN. Laura learn'd caution at too dear a
cost:
What fair could e'er retrieve her honour lost?
Secret she loves; and who the nymph can blame,
Who durst not own a footman's vulgar flame?

DORIS. Though Laura's homely taste descends
so low,
Her footman well may vie with Sylvia's beau.

MELAN. Yet why should Laura think it a disgrace,
When proud Miranda's groom wears Flanders' lace?
[an ear?

DORIS. What though for music Cynthio boasts
Robin perhaps can hum an opera air.

Cynthio can bow, takes snuff, and dances well :
 Robin talks common sense ; can write and spell :
 Sylvia's vain fancy dress and show admires,
 But 'tis the man alone who Laura fires.

MELAN. Plato's wise morals Laura's soul im-
 prove,

And this, no doubt, must be Platonic love !
 Her soul to generous acts was still inclin'd ;
 What shows more virtue than an humble mind ?

DORIS. What though young Sylvia love the
 park's cool shade,
 And wander in the dusk the secret glade ?
 Mask'd and alone (by chance) she met her spark :
 That innocence is weak which shuns the dark.

MELAN. But Laura for her flame has no pre-
 Her footman is a footman too in sense. [tence ;
 All prudes I hate ; and those are rightly curst
 With scandal's double load who censure first.

DORIS. And what if Cynthio Sylvia's garter
 tied !

Who such a foot and such a leg would hide,
 When crook-knee'd Phillis can expose to view
 Her gold-clock'd stocking, and her tawdry shoe ?

MELAN. If pure devotion centre in the face,
 If censuring others show intrinsic grace,
 If guilt to public freedoms be confin'd,
 Prudes (all must own) are of the holy kind !

DORIS. Sylvia disdains reserve, and flies con-
 straint ;
 She neither is, nor would be thought a saint.

MELAN. Love is a trivial passion, Laura cries ;
 May I be blest with Friendship's stricter ties :
 To such a breast all secrets we commend ;
 Sure the whole drawing-room is Laura's friend.

DORIS. At marriage Sylvia rails ; who men
 would trust ?

Yet husbands' jealousies are sometimes just.
 Her favours Sylvia shares among mankind ;
 Such generous love should never be confin'd.

As thus alternate chat employ'd their tongue,
 With thundering raps the brazen knocker rung.
 Laura with Sylvia came ; the nymphs arise.
 'This unexpected visit, (Doris cries,)
 Is doubly kind !' Melanthe Laura led ;
 'Since I was last so blest, my dear, (she said,)
 Sure 'tis an age !' They sate ; the hour was set ;
 And all again that night at Ombre met.

THE FUNERAL.

A TOWN ECLOGUE.

SABINA, LUCY.

TWICE had the moon perform'd her monthly
 race,
 Since first the veil o'ercast Sabina's face :
 Then died the tender partner of her bed ;
 And lives Sabina when Fidelio's dead ?
 Fidelio's dead, and yet Sabina lives :
 But see, the tribute of her tears she gives

Their absent lord her rooms in sable mourn,
And all the day the glimmering tapers burn ;
Stretch'd on the couch of state she pensive lies,
While oft the snowy cambric wipes her eyes.
Now enter'd Lucy : trusty Lucy knew
To roll a sleeve, or bear a *billet-doux* :
Her ready tongue, in secret service tried,
With equal fluency spoke truth or lied :
She well could flush or humble a gallant,
And serve at once as maid and confidante.
A letter from her faithful stays she took ;
Sabina snatch'd it with an angry look,
And thus in hasty words her grief confest,
While Lucy strove to soothe her troubled breast :

SAB. What, still Myrtillo's hand ! his flame I
scorn ;

Give back his passion with the seal untorn.
To break our soft repose has man a right ?
And are we doom'd to read whate'er they write ?
Not all the sex my firm resolves shall move ;
My life's a life of sorrow, not of love.
May Lydia's wrinkles all my forehead trace,
And Celia's paleness sicken o'er my face ;
May fops of mine, as Flavia's favours, boast,
And coquettes triumph in my honour lost ;
May cards employ my nights, and never more
May these curst eyes behold a Matadore !
Break China, perish Shock, die paroquet !
When I Fidelio's dearer love forget.
Fidelio's judgment scorn'd the foppish train,
His air was easy, and his dress was plain ;

His words sincere, respect his presence drew,
And on his lips sweet conversation grew.
Where's Wit, where's Beauty, where is Virtue
fled?

Alas! they're now no more; Fidelio's dead!

LUCY. Yet when he liv'd he wanted every grace;
That easy air was then an awkward pace:
Have not your sighs in whispers often said,
His dress was slovenly, his speech ill-bred?
Have not I heard you, with a secret tear,
Call that sweet converse sullen and severe?
Think not I come to take Myrtillo's part,
Let Chloe, Daphne, Doris, share his heart:
Let Chloe's love in every ear express
His graceful person and genteel address.
All well may judge what shaft has Daphne hit,
Who can be silent to admire his wit.
His equipage and liveries Doris move,
But Chloe, Daphne, Doris fondly love.
Sooner shall cits in fashions guide the court,
And beaus upon the busy 'Change resort:
Sooner the nation shall from snuff be freed,
And fops' apartments smoke with India's weed;
Sooner I'd wish and sigh through nunnery grates,
Than recommend the flame Sabina hates,

SAB. Because some widows are in haste sub-
dued,

Shall every fop upon our tears intrude?
Can I forget my lov'd Fidelio's tongue,
Soft as the warbling of Italian song?

Did not his rosy lips breath forth perfume,
Fragrant as steams from tea's imperial bloom?

LUCY. Yet once you thought that tongue a
greater curse

Than squalls of children for an absent nurse:
Have you not fancied in his frequent kiss
The ungrateful leavings of a filthy miss?

SAB. Love! I thy power defy; no second
flame

Shall ever raze my dear Fidelio's name.
Fannia without a tear might lose her lord,
Who ne'er enjoy'd his presence but at board.
And why should sorrow sit on Lesbia's face?
Are there such comforts in a sot's embrace?
No friend, no lover, is to Lesbia dead,
For Lesbia long had known a separate bed.
Gush forth, ye tears! waste, waste, ye sighs! my
breast,

My days, my nights were by Fidelio blest!

LUCY. You cannot sure forget how oft you
said

His teasing fondness jealousy betray'd!
When at the play the neighbouring box he took,
Yet thought you read suspicion in his look;
When cards and counters flew around the board,
Have you not wish'd the absence of your lord?
His company was then a poor pretence
To check the freedoms of a wife's expense!

SAB. But why should I Myrtillo's passion blame,
Since love's a fierce involuntary flame?

LUCY. Could he the sallies of his heart withstand,

Why should he not to Chloe give his hand?
For Chloe's handsome; yet he slights her flame;
Last night she fainted at Sabina's name.
Why, Daphne, dost thou blame Sabina's charms?
Sabina keeps no lover from thy arms.
At crimp Myrtillo play'd; in kind regards
Doris threw love, unmindful of the cards:
Doris was touch'd with spleen; her fan he rent,
Flew from the table, and to tears gave vent.
Why, Doris! dost thou curse Sabina's eyes?
To her Myrtillo is a vulgar prize.

SAB. Yet say I lov'd; how loud would Censure rail,

So soon to quit the duties of the veil!
No, sooner plays and operas I'd forswear,
And change these China jars for Tunbridge ware,
Or trust my mother as a confidante,
Or fix a friendship with my maiden aunt,
Than till—to-morrow throw my weeds away.
Yet let me see him if he comes to-day!—

Hasty she snatch'd the letter, tore the seal;
She read, and blushes glow'd beneath the veil.

THE ESPOUSAL.

A SOBER ECLOGUE BETWEEN TWO OF THE PEOPLE CALLED
QUAKERS.

CALEB, TABITHA.

BENEATH the shadow of a beaver hat,
Meek Caleb at a silent meeting sat ;
His eyeballs oft forgot the holy trance,
While Tabitha demure return'd the glance.
The meeting ended, Caleb silence broke,
And Tabitha her inward yearnings spoke :

CALEB. Beloved ! see how all things follow love :
Lamb fondleth lamb, and dove disports with dove ;
Yet fondled lambs their innocence secure,
And none can call the turtle's bill impure.
O fairest of our sisters ! let me be
The billing dove, and fondling lamb, to thee.

TABIT. But, Caleb, know that birds of gentle
Elect a mate among the sober kind ; [mind
Not the macaws, all deck'd in scarlet pride,
Entice their mind and modest hearts aside ;
But thou, vain man ! beguil'd by popish shows,
Dotest on ribbands, flounces, furbelows.
If thy false heart be fond of tawdry dyes,
Go, wed the painted arch in summer skies ;
Such love will like the rainbow's hue decay,
Strong at the first, but passeth soon away.

CALEB. Name not the frailties of my youthful
days,
When Vice misled me through the harlot's ways ;
When I with wanton look thy sex beheld,
And nature with each wanton look rebell'd ;
Then party-colour'd pride my heart might move
With lace, the net to catch unhallow'd love.
All such-like love is fading as the flower,
Springs in a day, and withereth in an hour :
But now I feel the spousal love within,
And spousal love no sister holds a sin. [maid ;

TABIT. I know thou longest for the flaunting
Thy falsehood own, and say I am betray'd :
The tongue of man is blister'd o'er with lies,
But truth is ever read in woman's eyes :
O that my lip obey'd a tongue like thine !
Or that thine eye bewray'd a love like mine !

CALEB. How bitter are thy words ! forbear to
tease ;
I too might blame—but love delights to please.
Why should I tell thee, that when last the sun
Painted the downy peach of Newington,
Josiah led thee through the garden's walk,
And mingled melting kisses with his talk ?
Ah ! Jealousy ! turn, turn thine eyes aside,
How can I see that watch adorn thy side ?
For verily no gift the sisters take
For lust of gain, but for the giver's sake.

TABIT. I own Josiah gave the golden toy,
Which did the righteous hand of Quare employ :

When Caleb hath assign'd some happy day,
I look on this, and chide the hour's delay :
And when Josiah would his love pursue,
On this I look and shun his wanton view.
Man but in vain with trinkets tries to move ;
The only present love demands is love.

CALFB. Ah ! Tabitha ! to hear these words of
thine,

My pulse beats high, as if inflam'd with wine !
When to the brethren first, with fervent zeal,
The spirit mov'd thy yearnings to reveal,
How did I joy thy trembling lip to see
Red as the cherry from the Kentish tree ?
When ecstasy had warm'd thy look so meek,
Gardens of roses blushed on thy cheek.

With what sweet transport didst thou roll thine
eyes,

How did thy words provoke the brethren's sighs !
Words that with holy sighs might others move.
But, Tabitha ! my sighs were sighs of love.

TABIT. Is Tabitha beyond her wishes blest !
Does no proud worldly dame divide thy breast ?
Then hear me, Caleb ! witness what I speak,
This solemn promise death alone can break ;
Sooner I would bedeck my brow with lace,
And with immodest favourites shade my face :
Sooner, like Babylon's lewd whore, be drest
In flaring diamonds and a scarlet vest,
Or make a curtsy in cathedral pew,
Than prove inconstant while my Caleb's true.

CALEB. When I prove false and Tabitha
forsake,

Teachers shall dance a jig at country-wake ;
Brethren unbeaver'd then shall bow their head,
And with profane mince-pies our babes be fed.

TABIT. If that Josiah were with passion'd fir'd,
Warm as the zeal of youth when first inspir'd ;
In steady love though he might persevere,
Unchanging as the decent garb we wear,
And thou wert fickle as the wind that blows,
Light as the feather on the head of beaus ;
Yet I for thee would all thy sex resign,
Sisters ! take all the rest—be Caleb mine.

CALEB. Though I had all that sinful love
affords,
And all the concubines of all the lords,
Whose couches creak with whoredom's sinful
shame,
Whose velvet chairs are with adultery lame ;
Ev'n in the harlot's hall I would not sip
The dew of lewdness from her lying lip ;
I'd shun her paths, upon thy mouth to dwell,
More sweet than powder which the merchants
sell :

O solace me with kisses, pure like thine !
Enjoy, ye lords ! the wanton concubine.
The spring now calls us forth ; come, sister ! come,
To see the primrose and the daisy bloom :
Let ceremony bind the worldly pair,
Sisters esteem the brethren's word sincere.

TABIT. Espousals are but forms: O lead me
hence,

For secret love can never give offence.

Then hand in hand the loving mates withdraw—

‘ True love is nature unrestrain’d by law : ’

This tenet all the holy sect allows ;

So Tabitha took earnest of a spouse.

SONGS AND BALLADS.

SONGS AND BALLADS.

A BALLAD.

FROM THE "WHAT D'YE CALL IT."

I.

"TWAS when the seas were roaring
With hollow blasts of wind;
A damsel lay deploring,
All on a rock reclin'd,
Wide o'er the roaring billows
She cast a wistful look;
Her head was crown'd with willows,
That tremble o'er the brook.

II.

Twelve months are gone and over,
And nine long tedious days,
Why didst thou, vent'rous lover,
Why didst thou trust the seas?
Cease, cease, thou cruel ocean,
And let my lover rest:
Ah! what's thy troubled motion
To that within my breast?

III.

The merchant robb'd of pleasure,
Sees tempests in despair;
But what's the loss of treasure
To losing of my dear?
Should you some coast be laid on
Where gold and diamonds grow,
You'd find a richer maiden,
But none that loves you so.

IV.

How can they say that nature
Has nothing made in vain;
Why then beneath the water
Should hideous rocks remain?
No eyes the rocks discover,
That lurk beneath the deep,
To wreck the wandering lover,
And leave the maid to weep.

V.

All melancholy lying,
Thus wail'd she for her dear;
Repaid each blast with sighing,
Each billow with a tear;
When, o'er the white wave stooping,
His floating corpse she spied;
Then like a lily drooping,
She bow'd her head and died.

SWEET WILLIAM'S FAREWELL

TO BLACK-EY'D SUSAN.

ALL in the Downs the fleet was moor'd,
The streamers waving in the wind,
When black-ey'd Susan came aboard : —
‘Oh ! where shall I my true love find !
Tell me, ye jovial sailors ! tell me true,
If my sweet William sails among the crew.’

William, who high upon the yard
Rock'd with the billow to and fro,
Soon as her well-known voice he heard,
He sigh'd, and cast his eyes below :
The cord slides swiftly through his glowing hands,
And quick as lightning on the deck he stands.

So the sweet lark, high-pois'd in air,
Shuts close his pinions to his breast,
If chance his mate's shrill call he hear
And drops at once into her nest.
The noblest captain in the British fleet,
Might envy William's lip those kisses sweet.

‘O Susan ! Susan ! lovely dear,
My vows shall ever true remain ;
Let me kiss off that falling tear ;
We only part to meet again.

Change as ye list, ye winds ! my heart shall be
The faithful compass that still points to thee.

‘ Believe not what the landmen say,
Who tempt with doubts thy constant mind ;
They ’ll tell thee sailors, when away,
In every port a mistress find :
Yes, yes, believe them when they tell thee so,
For thou art present wheresoe’er I go.

‘ If to far India’s coast we sail,
Thy eyes are seen in diamonds bright,
Thy breath is Afric’s spicy gale,
Thy skin is ivory, so white :
Thus every beauteous object that I view,
Wakes in my soul some charm of lovely Sue.

‘ Though battle call me from thy arms,
Let not my pretty Susan mourn ;
Though cannons roar, yet, safe from harms,
William shall to his dear return :
Love turns aside the balls that round me fly,
Lest precious tears should drop from Susan’s eye.

The boatswain gave the dreadful word ;
The sails their swelling bosom spread ;
No longer must she stay aboard :
They kiss’d ; she sigh’d ; he hung his head :
Her lessening boat unwilling rows to land :
‘ Adieu ! ’ she cries, and wav’d her lily hand.

THE LADY'S LAMENTATION.

PHYLLIDA, that lov'd to dream
In the grove, or by the stream,
Sigh'd on velvet pillow :
What, alas ! should fill her head,
But a fountain or a mead,
Water and a willow ?

Love in cities never dwells,
He delights in rural cells
Which sweet woodbine covers :
What are your assemblies then ?
There, 'tis true, we see more men,
But much fewer lovers.

Oh ! how chang'd the prospect grows !
Flocks and herds to fops and beaus,
Coxcombs without number !
Moon and stars that shone so bright,
To the torch and waxen light,
And whole nights at ombre.

Pleasant as it is to hear
Scandal tickling in our ear,

Ev'n of our own mothers ;
In the chit-chat of the day,
To us is pay'd, when we're away,
What we lent to others.

Though the favourite toast I reign,
Wine, they say, that prompts the vain,
Heightens defamation.
Must I live 'twixt spite and fear,
Every day grow handsomer,
And lose my reputation ?

Thus the fair to sighs gave way,
Her empty purse beside her lay :
Nymph ! ah, cease thy sorrow.
Though curs'd Fortune frown to-night,
This odious town can give delight
If you win to-morrow.

DAMON AND CUPID

THE sun was now withdrawn,
The shepherds home were sped,
The moon wide o'er the lawn
Her silver mantle spread ;
When Damon stay'd behind,
And saunter'd in the grove.
' Will ne'er a nymph be kind,
And give me love for love ?

‘Oh! those were golden hours,
When love, devoid of cares,
In all Arcadia’s bowers
Lodg’d swains and nymphs by pairs :
But now from wood and plain
Flies every sprightly lass,
No joys for me remain,
In shades, or on the grass.’

The winged Boy draws near,
And thus the swain reproves :
‘While beauty revell’d here,
My game lay in the groves ;
At court I never fail
To scatter round my arrows,
Men fall as thick as hail,
And maidens love like sparrows.

‘Then, Swain! if me you need,
Straight lay your shephook down
Throw by your oaten reed,
And haste away to Town :
So well I’m known at court,
None asks where Cupid dwells,
But readily resort
To B——n’s or Lepell’s.’

DAPHNIS AND CHLOE.

DAPHNIS stood pensive in the shade,
With arms across and head reclin'd ;
Pale looks accus'd the cruel maid,
And sighs reliev'd his love-sick mind:
His tuneful pipe all broken lay,
Looks, sighs, and actions seem'd to say,
My Chloe is unkind.

' Why ring the woods with warbling throats?
Ye larks ! ye linnets ! cease your strains ;
I faintly hear in your sweet notes,
My Chloe's voice that wakes my pains :
Yet why should you your song forbear ?
Your mates delight your song to hear,
But Chloe mine disdains.'

As thus he melancholy stood,
Dejected as the lonely dove,
Sweet sounds broke gently through the wood ;
' I feel the sound, my heartstrings move :
'Twas not the nightingale that sung ;
No, 'tis my Chloe's sweeter tongue.
Hark, hark, what says my love !'

‘ How foolish is the nymph (she cries)
Who trifles with her lover’s pain !
Nature still speaks in woman’s eyes,
Our artful lips were made to feign.
O Daphnis ! Daphnis ! ’twas my pride,
’Twas not my heart thy love denied ;
Come back, dear youth ! again.

‘ As t’other day my hand he seiz’d,
My blood with thrilling motion flew ;
Sudden I put on looks displeas’d
And hasty from his hold withdrew :
’Twas fear alone, thou simple swain ;
Then hadst thou prest my hand again,
My heart had yielded too !

‘ ’Tis true thy tuneful reed I blam’d,
That swell’d thy lip and rosy cheek ;
Think not thy skill in song defam’d,
That lip should other pleasure seek :
Much, much thy music I approve ;
Yet brake thy pipe, for more I love,
Much more, to hear thee speak.

‘ My heart forebodes that I’m betray’d ;
Daphnis I fear is ever gone ;
Last night with Delia’s dog he play’d ;
Love by such trifles first comes on.
Now, now, dear shepherd ! come away,
My tongue would now my heart obey.
Ah ! Chloe ! thou art won.’

The youth stepp'd forth with hasty pace,
And found where wishing Chloe lay ;
Shame sudden lighten'd in her face,
Confus'd, she knew not what to say :
At last in broken words she cried,
' To-morrow you in vain had tried,
But I am lost to-day ! '

THE
COQUETTE MOTHER AND DAUGHTER

At the close of the day,
When the beanflower and hay
Breath'd odours in every wind ;
Love enliven'd the veins
Of the damsels and swains,
Each glance and each action was kind.

Molly, wanton and free,
Kiss'd, and sat on each knee,
Fond ecstasy swam in her eyes :
' See, thy mother is near,
Hark ! she calls thee to hear
What Age and Experience advise.

' Hast thou seen the blithe dove
Stretch her neck to her love,

All glossy with purple and gold ?
If a kiss he obtain,
She returns it again ;
What follows you need not be told.'

' Look ye, Mother ! (she cried)
You instruct me in pride,
And men by good manners are won :
She who trifles with all
Is less likely to fall
Than she who but trifles with one.'

' Prithee, Molly be wise,
Lest by sudden surprise
Love should tingle in every vein :
Take a shepherd for life,
And when once you're a wife,
You safely may trifle again.'

Molly smiling replied,
' Then I'll soon be a bride :
Old Roger has gold in his chest :
But I thought all you wives
Chose a man for your lives,
And trifled no more with the rest.'

MOLLY MOG:

OR THE FAIR MAID OF THE INN.¹

SAYS my uncle, 'I pray you discover
What hath been the cause of your woes,
That you pine and you whine like a lover?'
—'I have seen Molly Mog of the Rose.'

'O nephew! your grief is but folly,
In Town you may find better prog;
Half-a-crown there will get you a Molly,
A Molly much better than Mog.'

I know that by wits 'tis recited
That women at best are a clog;
But I'm not so easily frightened
From loving of sweet Molly Mog.

'The schoolboy's desire is a playday,
The schoolmaster's joy is to flog;
The milk-maid's delight is on May-day,
But mine is on sweet Molly Mog.

¹ This Ballad was written on an innkeeper's daughter at Oakingham, in Berkshire, who in her youth was a celebrated beauty and toast; she lived to a very advanced age, and until the month of March, 1766.

‘ Will-a-wisp leads the traveller gadding
Through ditch, and through quagmire, and bog ;
But no light can set me a madding
Like the eyes of my sweet Molly Mog.

‘ For guineas in other men’s breeches
Your gamesters will palm and will cog ;
But I envy them none of their riches,
So I may win sweet Molly Mog.

‘ The heart when half wounded is changing,
It here and there leaps like a frog ;
But my heart can never be ranging,
‘Tis so fix’d upon sweet Molly Mog.

Who follows all ladies of pleasure,
In pleasure is thought but a hog ;
All the sex cannot give so good measure
Of joys as my sweet Molly Mog.

‘ I feel I’m in love to distraction,
My senses all lost in a fog,
And nothing can give satisfaction
But thinking of sweet Molly Mog.

‘ A letter when I am inditing,
Comes Cupid and gives me a jog,
And I fill all the paper with writing
Of nothing but sweet Molly Mog.

‘If I would not give up the three Graces
I wish I were hang’d like a dog,
And at court all the drawing-room faces,
For a glance of my sweet Molly Mog.

‘Those faces want nature and spirit,
And seem as cut out of a log ;
Juno, Venus, and Pallas’ merit
Unite in my sweet Molly Mog.

‘Those who toast all the family royal,
In bumpers of Hogan and Nog,
Have hearts not more true or more loyal
Than mine to my sweet Molly Mog.

‘Were Virgil alive with his Phillis,
And writing another eclogue,
Both his Phillis and fair Amaryllis
He’d give up for sweet Molly Mog.

‘When she smiles on each guest, like her liquor,
Then jealousy sets me agog ;
To be sure she’s a bit for the Vicar,
And so I shall lose Molly Mog.’

BALLAD.

OF all the girls that e'er was seen,
There's none so fine as Nelly,
For charming face, and shape, and mien,
And what's not fit to tell ye.
Oh! the turn'd neck, and smooth white skin
Of lovely, dearest Nelly!
For many a swain it well had been
Had she ne'er been at Calai.

For when as Nelly came to France,
(Invited by her cousins,)
Across the Tuilleries each glance
Kill'd Frenchmen by whole dozens.
The king, as he at dinner sat,
Did beckon to his hussar,
And bid him bring his tappy cat,
For charming Nell to buss her.

The ladies were with rage provok'd,
To see her so respected;
The men look'd arch, as Nelly strok'd,
And puss her tail erected:
But not a man did look employ,
Except on pretty Nelly;

Then said the Duke de Villeroy,
'*Ah ! qu'elle est bien jolie !*'

But who's that great philosopher,
That carefully looks at her ?
By his concern it should appear,
The fair one is his daughter.
Ma foy ! (quoth then a courtier sly,)
He on his child does leer too ;
I wish he has no mind to try
What some papas will here do.

The courtiers all, with one accord,
Broke out in Nelly's praises,
Admir'd her rose, and *lys sans farde*,
(Which are your *termes Françaises*.)
Then might you see a painted ring
Of dames that stood by Nelly :
She like the pride of all the spring,
And they like *fleurs de palais*.

In Marli's gardens and St. Clou,
I saw this charming Nelly,
Where shameless nymphs, expos'd to view,
Stand naked in each alley :
But Venus had a brazen face
Both at Versailles and Meudon,
Or else she had resign'd her place,
And left the stone she stood on.

Were Nelly's figure mounted there,
'Twould put down all the Italian :
Lord ! how those foreigners would stare !
But I should turn Pygmalion ;
For spite of lips, and eyes, and mien,
Me nothing can delight so,
As does that part that lies between
Her left toe and her right toe.

ON QUADRILLE.

WHEN as Corruption hence did go,
And left the nation free ;
When Ay said ay, and No said no,
Without or place or fee ;
Then Satan, thinking things went ill,
Sent forth his spirit, call'd Quadrille.
Quadrille, Quadrille, &c.

Kings, queens, and knaves, made up his pack,
And four fair suits he wore :
His troops they were with red and black
All blotch'd and spotted o'er ;
And every house, go where you will,
Is haunted by this imp Quadrille, &c.

Sure cards he has for every thing,
Which well Court cards they name,
And statesman-like calls in the king,
To help out a bad game;
But if the parties manage ill,
The king is forc'd to lose Codille, &c.

When two and two were met of old,
Though they ne'er meant to marry,
They were in Cupid's books enroll'd,
And call'd a *Parti Quarrré*;
But now meet when and where you will,
A *Parti Quarrré* is Quadrille, &c.

The commoner, the knight, and peer,
Men of all ranks and fame,
Leave to their wives the only care
To propagate their name;
And well that duty they fulfil
When the good husband's at Quadrill, &c.

When patients lie in piteous case,
In comes the apothecary,
And to the doctor cries, 'Alas !
Non debes Quadrillare :
The patient dies without a pill,
For why ? the doctor's at Quadrille, &c.

Should France and Spain again grow loud,
The Muscovite grow louder,
Britain to curb her neighbours proud,

Would want both ball and powder ;
Must want both sword and gun to kill :
For why ? the general's at Quadrille, &c.

The king of late drew forth his sword,
(Thank God 'twas not in wrath)
And made of many a 'squire and lord,
An unwash'd knight of Bath :
What are their feats of arms and skill ?
They 're but nine parties at Quadrille, &c.

A party late at Cambray met,
Which drew all Europe's eyes ;
'Twas call'd in Post-boy and Gazette—
The Quadruple Allies ;
But somebody took something ill,
So broke this party at Quadrille, &c.

And now, God save this noble realm,
And God save eke Hanover ;
And God save those who hold the helm,
When as the king goes over ;
But let the king go where he will,
His subjects must play at Quadrille.
Quadrille, Quadrille, &c.

A NEW SONG

OF NEW SIMILES.

My passion is as mustard strong ;
I sit all sober sad ;
Drunk as a piper all day long,
Or like a March-hare mad.

Round as a hoop the bumpers flow ;
I drink, yet can't forget her ;
For though as drunk as David's sow,
I love her still the better.

Pert as a pear-monger I'd be,
If Molly were but kind ;
Cool as a cucumber could see
The rest of womankind.

Like a stuck pig I gaping stare,
And eye her o'er and o'er ;
Lean as a rake with sighs and care,
Sleek as a mouse before.

Plump as a partridge was I known,
And soft as silk my skin ;
My cheeks as fat as butter grown,
But as a goat now thin !

I melancholy as a cat,
Am kept awake to weep ;
But she, insensible of that,
Sound as a top can sleep.

Hard is her heart as flint or stone,
She laughs to see me pale ;
And merry as a grig is grown,
And brisk as bottled ale.

The god of Love at her approach
Is busy as a bee ;
Hearts sound as any bell or roach,
Are smit and sigh like me.

Ah me ! as thick as hops or hail
The fine men crowd about her ;
But soon as dead as a door-nail
Shall I be, if without her.

Straight as my leg her shape appears ;
O were we join'd together !
My heart would be scot-free from cares,
And lighter than a feather.

As fine as five-pence is her mien,
No drum was ever tighter ;
Her glance is as the razor keen,
And not the sun is brighter.

As soft as pap her kisses are,
Methinks I taste them yet
Brown as a berry is her hair,
Her eyes as black as jet.

As smooth as glass, as white as curds
Her pretty hand invites ;
Sharp as a needle are her words,
Her wit like pepper bites.

Brisk as a body-louse she trips,
Clean as a penny drest ;
Sweet as a rose her breath and lips,
Round as the globe her breast.

Full as an egg was I with glee,
And happy as a king :
Good Lord ! how all men envied me !
She lov'd like any thing.

But false as hell, she, like the wind,
Chang'd, as her sex must do ;
Though seeming as the turtle kind,
And like the gospel true.

If I and Molly could agree,
Let who would take Peru !
Great as an emperor should I be,
And richer than a Jew.

Till you grow tender as a chick,
I'm dull as any post ;
Let us like burs together stick,
And warm as any toast.

You'll know me truer than a die,
And wish me better sped ;
Flat as a flounder when I lie,
And as a herring dead.

Sure as a gun she'll drop a tear
And sigh, perhaps, and wish,
When I am rotten as a pear,
And mute as any fish.

NEWGATE'S GARLAND:

BEING A NEW BALLAD,

Showing how Mr. Jonathan Wild's throat was cut from ear to ear with a penknife by Mr. Blake, alias Blueskin, the bold highwayman, as he stood at his trial in the Old Bailey, 1725.
To the tune of 'The Cut-purse.'

YE gallants of Newgate, whose fingers are nice,
In diving in pockets or cogging of dice ;
Ye sharpers so rich, who can buy off the noose,
Ye honestest poor rogues, who die in your shoes ;
Attend and draw near,
Good news you shall hear,
How Jonathan's throat was cut from ear to ear ;
How Blueskin's sharp penknife hath set you at
ease,
And every man round me may rob if he please.

When to the Old Bailey this Blueskin was led,
He held up his hand, his indictment was read ;
Loud rattled his chains, near him Jonathan stood,
For full forty pounds was the price of his blood.

Then hopeless of life
He drew his penknife,
And made a sad widow of Jonathan's wife :
But forty pounds paid her, her grief shall appease,
And every man round me may rob if he please.

Some say there are courtiers of highest renown,
Who steal the king's gold, and leave him but a
crown ;
Some say there are peers, and some parliament-
men,
Who meet once a-year to rob courtiers again :
Let them all take their swing,
To pillage the king,
And get a blue ribbon instead of a string.
Now Blueskin's sharp penknife hath set you at
ease,
And every man round me may rob if he please.

Knaves of old, to hide guilt by their cunning
inventions,
Call'd briberies grants ; and plain robberies pen-
sions ;
Physicians and lawyers (who take their degrees
To be learn'd rogues) call their pilfering, fees ;
Since this happy day,
Now every man may
Rob (as safe as in office) upon the highway :
For Blueskin's sharp penknife hath set you at ease,
And every man round me may rob if he please.

Some cheat in the Customs, some rob the Excise,
But he who robs both is esteemed most wise.
Churchwardens, too prudent to hazard the halter,
As yet only venture to steal from the altar:

But now to get gold,
They may be more bold,
And rob on the highway since Jonathan's cold;
For Blueskin's sharp penknife hath set you at
ease,
And every man round me may rob if he please.

A BALLAD.

ON ALE.

WHILST some in epic strains delight,
Whilst others pastorals invite,
As taste or whim prevail;
Assist me all ye tuneful Nine;
Support me in the great design,
To sing of nappy Ale.

Some folks of cider make a rout,
And cider's well enough no doubt,
When better liquors fail;
But wine, that's richer, better still,

Ev'n wine itself, (deny 't who will)
Must yield to nappy Ale.

Rum, brandy, gin, with choicest smack,
From Holland brought, Batavia 'rack,
All these will nought avail
To cheer a truly British heart,
And lively spirits to impart,
Like humming, nappy Ale.

Oh! whether thee I closely hug
In honest can, or nut-brown jug,
Or in the tankard hail;
In barrel or in bottle pent,
I give the generous spirit vent,
Still may I feast on Ale.

But chief when to the cheerful glass,
From vessel pure, thy streamlets pass,
Then most thy charms prevail;
Then, then, I'll bet, and take the odds,
That nectar, drink of Heathen gods,
Was poor compar'd to Ale.

Give me a bumper, fill it up:
See how it sparkles in the cup
O how shall I regale!
Can any taste this drink divine,
And then compare rum, brandy, wine,
Or aught with nappy Ale?

Inspir'd by thee the warrior fights,
The lover wooes, the poet writes,
And pens the pleasing tale ;
And still in Britain's isle confest,
Nought animates the patriot's breast
Like generous nappy Ale.

High church and low oft raise a strife,
And oft endanger limb and life,
Each studious to prevail ;
Yet Whig and Tory, opposite
In all things else, do both unite
In praise of nappy Ale.

Inspir'd by thee, shall Crispin sing,
Or talk of freedom, church, and king,
And balance Europe's scale ;
While his rich landlord lays out schemes
Of wealth in golden South-sea dreams,
The effects of nappy Ale.

O blest potation ! still by thee,
And thy companion, Liberty,
Do health and mirth prevail ;
Then let us crown the can, the glass,
And sportive bid the minutes pass
In quaffing nappy Ale.

Ev'n while these stanzas I indite,
The bar-bell's grateful sounds invite

Where joy can never fail.
Adieu, my Muse! adieu, I haste
To gratify my longing taste
With copious draughts of Ale.

THE HISTORY OF THE

THE HISTORY OF THE

THE HISTORY OF THE

THE HISTORY OF THE

THE HISTORY OF THE

THE HISTORY OF THE

THE HISTORY OF THE

THE HISTORY OF THE

THE HISTORY OF THE

THE HISTORY OF THE

THE HISTORY OF THE

THE HISTORY OF THE

THE HISTORY OF THE

THE HISTORY OF THE

THE HISTORY OF THE

THE HISTORY OF THE

THE HISTORY OF THE

THE HISTORY OF THE

THE HISTORY OF THE

THE HISTORY OF THE

THE HISTORY OF THE

THE HISTORY OF THE

THE HISTORY OF THE

THE HISTORY OF THE

THE HISTORY OF THE

THE HISTORY OF THE

THE HISTORY OF THE

THE HISTORY OF THE

THE HISTORY OF THE

THE HISTORY OF THE

THE HISTORY OF THE

THE HISTORY OF THE

THE HISTORY OF THE

THE HISTORY OF THE

THE HISTORY OF THE

THE HISTORY OF THE

THE HISTORY OF THE

THE HISTORY OF THE

ELEGIES.

291043

ELEGIES.

PANTHEA.

LONG had Panthea felt love's secret smart,
And hope and fear alternate rul'd her heart;
Consenting glances had her flame confest,
(In woman's eyes her very soul's exprest)
Perjur'd Alexis saw the blushing maid,
He saw, he swore, he conquer'd, and betray'd.
Another love now calls him from her arms,
His fickle heart another beauty warms;
Those oaths oft whisper'd in Panthea's ears,
He now again to Galatea swears.
Beneath a beech the abandon'd virgin laid,
In grateful solitude enjoys the shade;
There with faint voice she breath'd these moving
 strains,
While sighing zephyrs shar'd her amorous pains:
'Pale settled sorrow hangs upon my brow,
Dead are my charms, Alexis breaks his vow!
Think, think, dear shepherd! on the days you
 knew,
When I was happy, when my swain was true;
Think how thy looks and tongue are form'd to move,
And think yet more—that all my fault was love.

Ah! could you view me in this wretched state!
You might not love me, but you could not hate:
Could you behold me in this conscious shade,
Where first thy vows, where first my love, was
paid;

Worn out with watching, sullen with despair,
And see each eye swell with a gushing tear?
Could you behold me on this mossy bed,
From my pale check the lively crimson fled,
Which, in my softer hours you oft have sworn,
With rosy beauty far out-blush'd the morn;
Could you, untouch'd, this wretched object bear,
And would not lost Panthea claim a tear?
You could not, sure—tears from your eyes would
steal,

And unawares thy tender soul reveal.

Ah! no;—thy soul with cruelty is fraught,
No tenderness disturbs thy savage thought;
Sooner shall tigers spare the trembling lambs,
And wolves with pity hear their bleating dams;
Sooner shall vultures from their quarry fly,
Than false Alexis for Panthea sigh.

Thy bosom ne'er a tender thought confest;
Sure stubborn flint has arm'd thy cruel breast;
But hardest flints are worn by frequent rains,
And the soft drops dissolve their solid veins,
While thy relentless heart more hard appears,
And is not soften'd by a flood of tears.

'Ah! what is love? Panthea's joys are gone,
Her liberty, her peace, her reason flown!

And when I view me in the wat'ry glass,
I find Panthea now not what she was.
As northern winds the new-blown roses blast,
And on the ground their fading ruins cast;
As sudden blights corrupt the ripen'd grain,
And of its verdure spoil the mournful plain;
So hapless love on blooming features preys,
So hapless love destroys our peaceful days.

‘Come, gentle Sleep! relieve these wearied eyes,
All sorrow in thy soft embraces dies:
There, spite of all thy perjur'd vows, I find
Faithless Alexis languishingly kind:
Sometimes he leads me by the mazy stream,
And pleasingly deludes me in my dream;
Sometimes he guides me to the secret grove,
Where all our looks, and all our talk, is love.
Oh could I thus consume each tedious day,
And in sweet slumbers dream my life away!
But sleep, which now no more relieves these eyes,
To my sad soul the dear deceit denies.

‘Why does the sun dart forth his cheerful rays?
Why do the woods resound with warbling lays?
Why does the rose her grateful fragrance yield,
And yellow cowslips paint the smiling field?
Why do the streams with murmuring music flow?
And why do groves their friendly shade bestow?
Let sable clouds the cheerful sun deface,
Let mournful silence seize the feather'd race;
No more, ye roses! grateful fragrance yield;
Droop, droop, ye cowslips! in the blasted field;

No more, ye streams ! with murmuring music flow,
And let not groves a friendly shade bestow :
With sympathizing grief let Nature mourn,
And never know the youthful Spring's return :
And shall I never more Alexis see ?

Then what is spring, or grove, or stream, to me ?

‘ Why sport the skipping lambs on yonder plain ?
Why do the birds their tuneful voices strain ?
Why frisk those heifers in the cooling grove ?
Their happier life is ignorant of love.

‘ Oh ! lead me to some melancholy cave,
To lull my sorrows in a living grave ;
From the dark rock where dashing waters fall,
And creeping ivy hangs the craggy wall,
Where I may waste in tears my hours away,
And never know the seasons or the day.
Die, die, Panthea !—fly this hateful grove,
For what is life without the swain I love ?’

ARAMINTA.

Now Phœbus rose, and with his early beams
Wak'd slumbering Delia from her pleasing dreams :
Her wishes by her fancy were supplied,
And in her sleep the nuptial knot was tied.
With secret joy she saw the morning ray
Chequer the floor, and through the curtains play ;

The happy morn that shall her bliss complete,
And all her rivals' envious hopes defeat.
In haste she rose, forgetful of her prayers,
Flew to the glass, and practis'd o'er her airs;
Her new-set jewels round her robe are plac'd,
Some in a brilliant buckle bind her waist,
Some round her neck a circling light display,
Some in her hair diffuse a trembling ray;
The silver knot o'erlooks the Mechlin lace,
And adds becoming beauties to her face;
Brocaded flowers o'er the gay mantua shine,
And the rich stays her taper shape confine:
Thus all her dress exerts a graceful pride,
And sporting Loves surround the expecting bride,
For Daphnis now attends the blushing maid,
Before the priest their solemn vows are paid;
This day, which ends at once all Delia's cares,
Shall swell a thousand eyes with secret tears.
Cease, Araminta! 'tis in vain to grieve,
Canst thou from Hymen's bonds the youth retrieve?
Disdain his perjuries, and no longer mourn;
Recall my love, and find a sure return.

But still the wretched maid no comfort knows,
And with resentment cherishes her woes;
Alone she pines, and, in these mournful strains,
Of Daphnis' vows and her own fate complains:
' Was it for this I sparkled at the play,
And loiter'd in the ring whole hours away?
When if thy chariot in the circle shone,
Our mutual passion by our looks was known;

Through the gay crowd my watchful glances flew,
Where'er I pass thy grateful eyes pursue.

Ah! faithless youth! too well you saw my pain,
For eyes the language of the soul explain.

‘Think, Daphnis! think that scarce five days
are fled,

Since (O false tongue!) those treacherous things
you said;

How did you praise my shape and graceful air!
And woman thinks all compliments sincere.

Didst thou not then in rapture speak thy flame,
And in soft sighs breathe Araminta's name?

Didst thou not then with oaths thy passion prove,
And with an awful trembling say—I love?

Ah! faithless youth! too well you saw my pain,
For eyes the language of the soul explain.

‘How couldst thou thus, ungrateful youth! de-
ceive?

How could I thus, unguarded maid! believe?

Sure thou canst well recall that fatal night,

When subtle love first enter'd at my sight:

When in the dance I was thy partner chose,

Gods! what a rapture in my bosom rose!

My trembling hand my sudden joy confess'd,

My glowing cheeks a wounded heart express'd;

My looks spoke love; while you, with answering

In killing glances made as kind replies. [eyes,

Think, Daphnis! think what tender things you
said,

Think what confusion all my soul betray'd.

You call'd my graceful presence Cynthia's air,
And when I sung, the Syrens charm'd your ear:
My flame, blown up by flattery, stronger grew,
A gale of love in every whisper flew.

Ah! faithless youth! too well you saw my pain,
For eyes the language of the soul explain.

‘Whene’er I dress’d, my maid, who knew my
flame,

Cherish’d my passion with thy lovely name;
Thy picture in her talk so lively grew,
That thy dear image rose before my view:
She dwelt whole hours upon thy shape and mien,
And wounded Delia’s fame to soothe my spleen:
When she beheld me at the name grow pale,
Straight to thy charms she chang’d her artful tale;
And when thy matchless charms were quite run
o’er,

I bid her tell the pleasing tale once more.

Oh! Daphnis! from thy Araminta fled!

Oh! to my love for ever, ever dead!

Like death, his nuptials all my hope remove,

And ever part me from the man I love.

Ah! faithless youth! too well you saw my pain,
For eyes the language of the soul explain.

‘O might I by my cruel fate be thrown
In some retreat, far from this hateful Town!
Vain dress and glaring equipage! adieu;
Let happier nymphs those empty shows pursue.
Me let some melancholy shade surround,
Where not the print of human step is found.

In the gay dance my feet no more shall move,
 But bear me faintly through the lonely grove ;
 No more these hands shall o'er the spinnet bound
 And from the sleeping strings call forth the sound
 Music ! adieu ; farewell, Italian airs !
 The croaking raven now shall soothe my cares.
 On some old ruin, lost in thought, I rest,
 And think how Araminta once was blest ;
 There, o'er and o'er thy letters I peruse,
 And all my grief in one kind sentence lose :
 Some tender line by chance my woe beguiles,
 And on my cheek a short-liv'd pleasure smiles.
 Why is this dawn of joy ! flow, tears, again ;
 Vain are these oaths, and all these vows are vain.
 Daphnis, alas ! the gordian knot has tied,
 Nor force nor cunning can the band divide.
 Ah ! faithless youth ! since eyes the soul explain,
 Why knew I not that artful tongue could feign ?

ON A LAPDOG.

SHOCK's fate I mourn ; poor Shock is now no
 more :
 Ye Muses ! mourn ; ye Chambermaids ! deplore
 Unhappy Shock ! yet more unhappy fair,
 Doom'd to survive thy joy and only care.
 Thy wretched fingers now no more shall deck,
 And tie the favourite ribband round his neck ;

No more thy hand shall smooth his glossy hair,
And comb the wavings of his pendent ear.
Yet cease thy flowing grief, forsaken maid!
All mortal pleasures in a moment fade:
Our surest hope is in an hour destroy'd,
And love, best gift of Heaven, not long enjoy'd.

Methinks I see her frantic with despair,
Her streaming eyes, wrung hands, and flowing
hair;

Her Mechlin pinnars, rent, the floor bestrow,
And her torn fan gives real signs of woe.
Hence, Superstition! that tormenting guest,
That haunts with fancied fears the coward breast;
No dread events upon this fate attend,
Stream eyes no more, no more thy tresses rend.
Though certain omens oft forewarn a state,
And dying lions show the monarch's fate,
Why should such fears bid Celia's sorrow rise?
For when a lapdog falls, no lover dies.

Cease, Celia, cease; restrain thy flowing tears,
Some warmer passion will dispel thy cares.
In man you'll find a more substantial bliss,
More grateful toying, and a sweeter kiss.

He's dead. Oh! lay him gently in the ground!
And may his tomb be by this verse renown'd:
'Here Shock, the pride of all his kind, is laid,
Who fawn'd like man, but ne'er like man betray'd.'

TALES.

TALES.

AN ANSWER TO THE SOMPNER'S PROLOGUE OF CHAUCER.

IN IMITATION OF CHAUCER'S STYLE.

THE Sompner leudly hath his prologue told,
And saine on the freers his tale japing and bold,
How that in hell they searchen near and wide,
And ne one freer in all thilke place espyde ;
But lo ! the devil turn'd his erse about,
And twenty thousand freers wend in and out ;
By which in Geoffry's rhyming it appears,
The devil's belly is the hive of freers.

Now listneth, lordings ! forthwith ye shall hear,
What happen'd at a house in Lancashire.
A misere that had londs and tenement,
Who raketh from his villaines taxes and rent,
Owned a house which emptye long ystood,
Full deeply sited in a derkning wood ;
Murmring a shallow brook runneth along,
'Mong the round stones it maken doleful song.

Now there spreaden a rumour that everich night
The rooms yhaunted been by many a sprite,

The miller avoucheth, and all there about,
That they full oft hearen the hellish rout ;
Some saine they hear the jingling of chains,
And some hath yheard the psautries straines :
At midnight some the headless horse ymeet,
And some espie a corse in a white sheet,
And oother things, faye, elfin, and elfe,
And shapes that fear createn to it selfe.

Now it so hapt, there was not ferre away,
Of grey freers a fair and rich abbaye,
Where liven a freer ycleped Pere Thomas,
Who daren alone in derke through church-yerds^e
pass.

This freer would lye in thilke house all night,
In hope he might espyen a dreadful sprite.
He taketh candle, beades, and holy watere,
And legends eke of saintes, and bookes of prayere :
He entereth the room, and looketh round about,
And haspen the door to haspen the goblin out.
The candle hath he put close by the bed,
And in low tone his Ave Marye said :
With water now besprinkled hath the floore,
And maken cross on key-hole of the doore.
Ne was there not a mouse-hole in thilke place,
But he y-crossed hath by God his grace :
He crossed hath this, and eke he crossed that,
With Benedicite, and God knows what.

Now he goeth to bed and lieth adown,
When the clock had just stricken the twelfth
soun.

Bethinketh him now what the cause had ybeen,
Why many sprites by mortals have been seen.
Hem remembreth how Dan Plutarch had ysed
That Cæsar's sprite came to Brute his bed;
Of chains that frighten erst Artemidore,
The tales of Plinie, Valere, and many more.
Hem thinketh that some murdere here been done,
And he mought see some bloodye ghost anone,
Or that some orphlines writings here be stor'd,
Or pot of gold laine deep beneath a board:
Or thinketh hem, if he might see no sprite,
The abbaye mought buy this house cheap outright.

As hem thus thinketh, anone asleep he lies,
Up starten Sathanas with saucer eyes:
He turned the freer upon his face downright,
Displaying his nether cheeks full broad and white.
Then quoth Dan Sathanas as he thwacked him sore,
'Thou didst forget to guard thy postern-door;
There is an hole which hath not crossed been:
Farewell, from whence I came I creepen in.'

Now plain it is ytellen in my verse,
If devils in hell bear freers in their erse,
On earth the devil in freers doth ydwell;
Were there no freers, the devil mought keep in hell

WORK FOR A COOPER.

A MAN may lead a happy life,
Without that needful thing a wife;
This long have lusty abbots known,
Who ne'er knew spouses—of their own.

What though your house be clean and neat,
With couches, chairs, and beds complete;
Though you each day invite a friend,
Though he should every dish commend,
On Bagshot-Heath your mutton fed,
Your fowls at Brentford born and bred;
Though purest wine your cellars boast,
Wine, worthy of the fairest toast!
Yet there are other things requir'd;
Ring, and let's see the maid you hir'd—
Bless me! those hands might hold a broom,
Twirl round a mop, and wash a room.
A bachelor his maid should keep,
Not for that servile use to sweep,
Let her his humour understand,
And turn to every thing her hand.
Get you a lass that's young and tight,
Whose arms are, like her apron, white;
What though her shift be seldom seen?
Let that, though coarse, be always clean;

She might each morn your tea attend,
And on your wrist your ruffle mend ;
Then if you break a roguish jest,
Or squeeze her hand, or pat her breast,
She cries, ' Oh dear, sir, don't be naught !'
And blushes speak her last night's fault.
To you her household cares confide,
Let your keys jingle at her side ;
A footman's blunders tease and fret ye,
Ev'n while you chide, you smile on Betty.
Discharge him then, if he's too spruce,
For Betty's for his master's use.

Will you your amorous fancy balk,
For fear some prudish neighbour talk ?
But you'll object, that you're afraid
Of the pert freedoms of a maid ;
Besides, your wiser heads will say,
That she who turns her hand this way,
From one vice to another drawn,
Will lodge your silver spoons in pawn.
Has not the homely wrinkled jade
More need to learn the pilfering trade ?
For love all Betty's wants supplies,
Laces her shoes, her manteau dyes.
All her stuff suits she flings away,
And wears thread satin every day.

Who then a dirty drab would hire,
Brown as the hearth of kitchen fire !
When all must own, were Betty put
To the black duties of the slut,

As well she scours or scrubs a floor,
And still is good for something more.

Thus to avoid the greater vice,
I knew a priest of conscience nice,
To quell his lust for neighbour's spouse,
Keep fornication in his house.

But you're impatient all this time,
Fret at my counsel, curse my rhyme.
Be satisfied: I'll talk no more,
For thus my tale begins.—Of yore
There dwelt at Blois a priest full fair,
With rolling eye and crisped hair,
His chin hung low, his brow was sleek,
Plenty lay basking on his cheek;
Whole days at cloister grates he sat,
Ogled, and talk'd of this and that
So feelingly, the nuns lamented
That double bars were e'er invented.
If he the wanton wife confest,
With downcast eye and heaving breast,
He strok'd her cheek to still her fear,
And talk'd of sins *en cavalier*:
Each time enjoin'd her penance mild,
And fondled on her like his child:
At every jovial gossip's feast
Pere Bernard was a welcome guest;
Mirth suffer'd not the least restraint;
He could at will shake off the saint;
Nor frown'd he when they freely spoke,
But shook his sides, and took the joke;

Nor fail'd he to promote the jest,
And shar'd the sins which they confest.

Yet that he might not always roam,
He kept conveniences at home.
His maid was in the bloom of beauty,
Well-limb'd for every social duty :
He meddled with no household cares,
To her consign'd his whole affairs ;
She of his study kept the keys,
For he was studious—of his ease ;
She had the power of all his locks,
Could rummage every chest and box ;
Her honesty such credit gain'd,
Not ev'n the cellar was restrain'd.

In troth, it was a goodly show,
Lin'd with full hogsheads all a-row ;
One vessel from the rank remov'd,
Far dearer than the rest he lov'd.
Pour faire bonne bouche 'twas set aside,
To all but choicest friends denied.
He now and then would send a quart,
To warm some wife's retentive heart
Against confession's sullen hour ;
Wine has all secrets in its power.
At common feasts it had been waste,
Nor was it fit for layman's taste.
If monk or friar were his guest,
They drank it, for they know the best.
Nay, he at length so fond was grown,
He always drank it when—alone.

Who shall recount his civil labours,
In pious visits to his neighbours?
Whene'er weak husbands went astray,
He guess'd their wives were in the way :
'Twas then his charity was shown,
He chose to see them when alone.

Now was he bent on cuckoldom :
He knew Friend Dennis was from home :
His wife (a poor neglected beauty,
Defrauded of a husband's duty)
Had often told him at confession,
How hard she struggled 'gainst transgression.
He now resolves, in heat of blood,
To try how firm her virtue stood.
He knew that wine (to love best aid)
Has oft made bold the shame-fac'd maid,
Taught her to romp and take more freedoms,
Than nymphs train'd up at Smith's or Need-
ham's.

A mighty bottle straight he chose,
Such as might give two friars their dose :
Nannette he call'd : the cellar-door
She straight unlocks, descends before ;
He follow'd close : but when he spies
His favourite cask, with lifted eyes
And lifted hands aloud he cries,
'Heigh-day ! my darling wine a-stoop !
It must, alas ! have sprung a hoop.'
'That there's a leak is past all doubt,
(Replied the maid)——I'll find it out.'

She sets the candle down in haste,
Tucks her white apron round her waist,
The hogshead's mouldy side ascends,
She straddles wide, and downward bends ;
So low she stoops to seek the flaw,
Her coats rose high, her master saw——
'I see—he cries—(then clasp'd her fast)
The leak through which my wine has past.'

Then all in haste the maid descended,
And in a trice the leak was mended :
He found in Nannette all he wanted,
So Dennis' brows remain'd unplanted.

Ere since this time all lusty friars
(Warm'd with predominant desires,
Whene'er the flesh with spirit quarrels)
Look on the sex as leaky barrels.
Beware of these, ye jealous spouses,
From such-like coopers guard your houses ;
For if they find not work at home,
For jobs through all the town they roam.

THE EQUIVOCATION.

AN abbot rich (whose taste was good
Alike in science and in food)
His bishop had resolved to treat ;
The bishop came, the bishop eat.
'Twas silence till their stomachs fail'd,
And now at heretics they rail'd :

‘What heresy (the prelate said)
Is in that church where priests may wed!
Do not we take the church for life?
But those divorce her for a wife;
Like laymen keep her in their houses,
And own the children of their spouses.’

‘Vile practices! (the abbot cried)
For pious use we’re set aside!
Shall we take wives; marriage at best
Is but carnality profest.’
Now as the bishop took his glass,
He spied our abbot’s buxom lass,
Who cross’d the room: he mark’d her eye
That glow’d with love; his pulse beat high.

‘Fie, father, fie, (the prelate cries)
A maid so young! for shame! be wise:
These indiscretions lend a handle
To lewd lay-tongues to give us scandal;
For your vow’s sake, this rule I give t’ ye,
Let all your maids be turn’d of fifty.’
The priest replied, I have not swerv’d,
But your chaste precept well observ’d;
That lass full twenty-five has told,
I’ve yet another who’s as old;
Into one sum their ages cast,
So both my maids have fifty past.’

The prelate smil’d, but durst not blame;
For why? his lordship did the same.

Let those who reprimand their brothers,
First mend the faults they find in others.

A TRUE STORY OF AN APPARITION.

SCEPTICS (whose strength of argument makes out
That wisdom's deep inquiries end in doubt)
Hold this assertion positive and clear,
That sprites are pure delusions rais'd by fear.
Not that fam'd ghost, which in presaging sound
Call'd Brutus to Philippi's fatal ground,
Nor can Tiberius Gracchus' gory shade
These ever-doubting disputants persuade.
Straight they with smiles reply, ' Those tales of old
By visionary priests were made and told.'
Oh ! might some ghost at dead of night appear,
And make you own conviction by your fear !
I know your sneers my easy faith accuse,
That with such idle legends scares the Muse ;
But think not that I tell those vulgar sprites
Which frightened boys relate on winter nights,
How cleanly milkmaids meet the fairy train,
How headless horses drag the clinking chain,
Night-roaming ghosts, by saucer eye-balls known,
The common spectres of each country town :
No : I such fables can like you despise,
And laugh to hear these nurse-invented lies :
Yet has not oft the fraudulent guardian's fright
Compell'd him to restore an orphan's right ?

And can we doubt that horrid ghosts ascend,
Which on the conscious murderer's steps attend?
Hear, then, and let attested truth prevail;
From faithful lips I learnt the dreadful tale.

Where Arden's forest spreads its limits wide,
Whose branching paths the doubtful road divide,
A traveller took his solitary way,
When low beneath the hills was sunk the day.
And now the skies with gathering darkness lower,
The branches rustle with the threaten'd show'r;
With sudden blasts the forest murmurs loud,
Indented lightnings cleave the sable cloud;
Thunder on thunder breaks, the tempest roars,
And heav'n discharges all its watery stores.
The wandering trav'ler shelter seeks in vain,
And shrinks and shivers with the beating rain:
On his steed's neck the slacken'd bridle lay,
Who chose with cautious step the uncertain way;
And now he checks the rein, and halts to hear
If any noise foretold a village near:
At length from far a stream of light he sees
Extend its level ray between the trees;
Thither he speeds, and as he nearer came,
Joyful he knew the lamp's domestic flame
That trembled through the window; cross the way
Darts forth the barking cur, and stands at bay.

It was an ancient lonely house, that stood
Upon the borders of the spacious wood;
Here towers and antique battlements arise,
And there in heaps the moulder'd ruin lies:

Some lord this mansion held in days of yore,
To chase the wolf, and pierce the foaming boar :
How chang'd, alas ! from what it once had been ;
'Tis now degraded to a public inn.

Straight he dismounts, repeats his loud commands ;

Swift at the gate the ready landlord stands ;
With frequent cringe he bows, and begs excuse,
His house was full, and every bed in use.

'What, not a garret, and no straw to spare ?

Why, then, the kitchen fire and elbow-chair
Shall serve for once to nod away the night.'

'The kitchen ever is the servants' right,'

Replies the host ; 'there, all the fire around,

The Count's tir'd footmen snore upon the ground.'

The maid, who listen'd to this whole debate,
With pity learn'd the weary stranger's fate :

'Be brave, (she cries) you still may be our guest,
Our haunted room was ever held the best ;

If then your valour can the fright sustain,

Of rattling curtains and the clinking chain ;

If your courageous tongue have power to talk,

When round your bed the horrid ghost shall
walk ;

If you dare ask it why it leaves its tomb,

I'll see your sheets well air'd, and show the room.'

Soon as the frightened maid her tale had told,

The stranger enter'd, for his heart was bold.

The damsel led him through a spacious hall,
Where ivy hung the half-demolish'd wall ;

She frequent look'd behind, and chang'd her hue,
While fancy tipt the candles' flame with blue:
And now they gain'd the winding stairs' ascent,
And to the lonesome room of terrors went,
When all was ready, swift retir'd the maid,
The watch-lights burn; tuck't warm in bed was
laid

The hardy stranger, and attends the sprite
Till his accustom'd walk at dead of night.

At first he hears the wind with hollow roar
Shake the loose lock, and swing the creaking
door;

Nearer and nearer draws the dreadful sound
Of rattling chains, that dragg'd upon the ground;
When, lo! the spectre came with horrid stride,
Approach'd the bed, and drew the curtains wide!
In human form the ghastful phantom stood,
Expos'd his mangled bosom dy'd with blood;
Then silent pointing to his wounded breast,
Thrice wav'd his hand. Beneath the frightened
guest

The bed-cords trembled, and with shuddering fear,
Sweat chill'd his limbs, high rose his bristled hair;
Then muttering hasty pray'rs, he mann'd his
heart,

And cried aloud, 'Say whence and who thou art?'
The stalking ghost with hollow voice replies,
'Three years are counted since with mortal eyes
I saw the sun, and vital air respir'd:
Like thee benighted, and with travel tir'd,

Within these walls I slept. O thirst of gain!
See, still the planks the bloody marks retain;
Stretch'd on this very bed, from sleep I start,
And see the steel impending o'er my heart;
The barbarous hostess held the lifted knife,
The floor ran purple with my gushing life.
My treasure now they seize: the golden spoil
They bury deep beneath the grass-grown soil,
Far in the common field. Be bold, arise,
My steps shall lead thee to the secret prize;
There dig and find; let that thy care reward:
Call loud on Justice, bid her not retard
To punish murder; lay my ghost at rest,
So shall with peace secure thy nights be blest;
And when beneath these boards my bones are
found,
Decent inter them in some sacred ground.'

Here ceas'd the ghost. The stranger springs
from bed,
And boldly follows where the phantom led.
The half-worn stony stairs they now descend,
Where passages obscure their arches bend.
Silent they walk; and now through groves they
pass,
Now through wet meads their steps imprint the
grass;
At length amidst a spacious field they came;
There stops the spectre, and ascends in flame.
Amaz'd he stood; no bush or brier was found,
To teach his morning search to find the ground;

What could he do ? the night was hideous dark,
Fear shook his joints, and nature dropt the mark :
With that he starting wak'd, and rais'd his head,
But found the golden mark was left in bed.

What is the statesman's vast ambitious scheme,
But a short vision and a golden dream ?
Power, wealth, and title, elevate his hope ;
He wakes ; but for a garter finds a rope.

THE MAD DOG.

A PRUDE, at morn and evening prayer,
Had worn her velvet cushion bare ;
Upward she taught her eyes to roll,
As if she watch'd her soaring soul ;
And when devotion warm'd the crowd,
None sung or smote their breast so loud :
Pale penitence had mark'd her face
With all the meagre signs of grace.
Her mass-book was completely lin'd
With painted saints of various kind ;
But when in every page she view'd
Fine ladies who the flesh subdued,
As quick her beads she counted o'er,
She cried—' Such wonders are no more !'

She chose not to delay confession,
To bear at once a year's transgression,
But every week set all things even,
And balanc'd her accounts with Heav'n.

Behold her now, in humble guise,
Upon her knees with downcast eyes
Before the priest: she thus begins,
And sobbing, blubbers forth her sins:

‘ Who could that tempting man resist?
My virtue languish'd as he kiss'd;
I strove,—till I could strive no longer;
How can the weak subdue the stronger?’

The Father ask'd her where and when?
How many? and what sort of men?
By what degrees her blood was heated?
How oft the frailty was repeated?
Thus have I seen a pregnant wench
All flushed with guilt before the bench,
The judges (wak'd by wanton thought)
Dive to the bottom of her fault;
They leer, they simper at her shame,
And make her call all things by name.

And now to sentence he proceeds,
Prescribes how oft to tell her beads;
Shows her what saints could do her good,
Doubles her fasts to cool her blood.
Eas'd of her sins, and light as air,
Away she trips, perhaps to prayer.
'Twas no such thing. Why then this haste?
The clock has struck, the hour is past,

And on the spur of inclination,
She scorn'd to bilk her assignation.

Whate'er she did, next week she came,
And piously confest the same :
The priest, who female frailties pitied,
First chid her, then her sins remitted.

But did she now her crime bemoan
In penitential sheets alone ?
And was no bold, no beastly fellow,
The nightly partner of her pillow ?
No, none : for next time in the grove
A bank was conscious of her love.

Confession-day was come about,
And now again it all must out :
She seems to wipe her twinkling eyes ;
'What now ? my child !' the Father cries.
'Again !' says she—With threatening looks
He thus the prostrate dame rebukes.

'Madam, I grant there's something in it,
That virtue has the unguarded minute ;
But pray now tell me what are whores,
But women of unguarded hours ?
Then you must sure have lost all shame.
What, every day, and still the same,
And no fault else ! 'tis strange to find
A woman to one sin confin'd !
Pride is this day her darling passion,
The next day slander is in fashion ;
Gaming succeeds ; if fortune crosses,
Then virtue's mortgag'd for her losses ;

By use her favourite vice she loathes,
And loves new follies like new clothes ;
But you, beyond all thought unchaste,
Have all sin centred near your waist !
Whence is this appetite so strong ?
Say, Madam, did your mother long ?
Or is it luxury and high diet
That won't let virtue sleep in quiet ?
She tells him now with meekest voice,
That she had never err'd by choice,
Nor was there known a virgin chaster,
Till ruin'd by a sad disaster.

That she a favourite lap-dog had,
Which (as she strok'd and kiss'd) grew mad ;
And on her lip a wound indenting,
First set her youthful blood fermenting.

The priest replied with zealous fury,
' You should have sought the means to cure ye.
Doctors by various ways, we find,
Treat these distempers of the mind.
Let gaudy ribbands be denied
To her who raves with scornful pride ;
And if religion crack her notions,
Lock up her volumes of devotions ;
But if for man her rage prevail,
Bar her the sight of creatures male.
Or else to cure some venom'd bites,
And set the shatter'd thoughts arights,
' They send you to the ocean's shore,
And plunge the patient o'er and o'er.

The dame replied, 'Alas ! in vain
My kindred forc'd me to the main,
Naked, and in the face of day ;
Look not, ye fishermen ! this way :
What virgin had not done as I did ?
My modest hand, by nature guided,
Debarr'd at once from human eyes
The seat where female honour lies,
And though thrice dipt from top to toe,
I still secur'd the post below,
And guarded it with grasp so fast,
Not one drop through my fingers past ;
Thus owe I to my bashful care,
That all the rage is settled there.'

Weigh well the projects of mankind,
Then tell me, reader ! canst thou find
The man from madness wholly free ?
They all are mad—save you and me.
Do not the statesman, fop and wit,
By daily follies prove they're bit,
And when the briny cure they tried,
Some part still kept above the tide ?

Some men (when drench'd beneath the wave)
High o'er their heads their fingers save :
Those hands by mean extortion thrive,
Or in the pocket lightly dive ;
Or more expert in pilfering vice,
They burn and itch to cog the dice.

Plunge in a courtier, straight his fears
Direct his hands to stop his ears :

And now truth seems a grating noise,
He loves the slanderer's whispering voice :
He hangs on flattery with delight,
And thinks all fulsome praise is right.
All women dread a watry death ;
They shut their lips to hold their breath,
And though you duck them ne'er so long,
Not one salt drop e'er wets their tongue :
'Tis hence they scandal have at will,
And that this member ne'er lies still.

GONDIBERT.

GONDIBERT.

A POEM.¹

CONTINUED FROM SIR WILLIAM DAVENANT.

BOOK III. CANTO VII.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Duke to solitude and shades retires:
Young Goltho burns with lewd unhallow'd fires:
The priests the nuptial rites prepare in vain,
Bad news arriving from the Brescian plain.

AND now the gentle Duke, with all his train,
And Rhodalind, to splendid courts repair,
Where Aribert designs a son to gain,
Whose worth the greatest of his peers declare.

¹ 'Though we do not pretend to give the following as the entire production of Mr. Gay, yet as we had them from a person of undoubted veracity, who assures us that they were found among his papers after his decease; and as many marks of correction were made in them, so there is little doubt that they have undergone the occasional inspection of that celebrated author.' — Gay's *Works*, vol. iv. edit. 1773.

He gives him honours won by merit true,
And praise, (most grateful food of worthy minds)
And promise still of empire doth renew,
With vows dispers'd in air by envious winds.

Him Gondibert with duteous speech addrest,
In loyal reverence to the kingly power:—
But cares corrode his sad and tortur'd breast,
Which every blossom of his hopes devour.

The wounds of love deep in his bosom fix'd:
Immortal love, that triumphs over all,
With conscious worth and tenderness commix'd,
For high-born Rhodalind his mind enthrall:

He thinks on bloody battles vainly fought,
(For vain is honour gain'd where peace is
lost,)
And rues the ills which blind Ambition wrought,
And lovers in their dearest wishes crost.

Yet deems he Arnold's fate, untimely slain,
And Hugo's, resting in the silent tomb,
A happier chance than theirs who live in vain,
And hopeless wither in their early bloom.

And oft he wishes that his partial lot
Had plac'd him on some unfrequented shore,
Or given him, tranquil, in the rural cot,
To her whose charms he did with zeal adore.

Birtha—whom far beyond ambition's flame
He priz'd;—whose love by him alone possest,
Beyond the thirst of glory or of fame
Inspires his soul, and animates his breast.

Each object now a splendid grace assumes,
And strives to tempt him with the pleasing glare:
Deck'd in their costliest robes and richest plumes,
The supple courtiers flattering strains prepare.

All gay and rich,—but far above the rest
Imperial Rhodalind in beauty shone,
As the fair moon that, brightening in the east,
Outshines the stars which deck her evening
throne.

On Gondibert she fix'd her ardent eye;
On him her thought, on him her soul, was bent;
Yet oft her bosom heav'd an anxious sigh,
And oft her mind presag'd some sad event.

But he, ere yet his solemn troth he plights,
Asks a short space to leave Verona's wall,
And while the priests prepare the nuptial rites,
To go where vows and pious duties call.

A pilgrimage he feigns, (with ease believ'd,)
As vow'd in youth to a peculiar shrine;
The easy king, thus piously deceiv'd,
Grants his request, and lauds the just design.

But he, to Birtha constant, soon withdrew
To where thick woods a lone recess afford :
A rural mansion rising to the view,
Receives him there, and hails its ancient lord.

'Twas where in early youth he wont retire,
To woo sweet Solitude, and taste her charms,
Ere yet his bosom caught the martial fire,
Ere yet his name was great in deeds of arms.

From hence he soon despatch'd a trusty slave
To proud Verona, and the neighbouring plain,
To summon all his tried companions brave,
Who in the city or the camp remain.

To Hurgonil, his sister Orna's knight,
To Tybalt, great of soul, and fam'd afar
For prudent youth ; — to Goltho, fierce in fight,
Friends of his house, and partners of the war.

Among the rest, a chief there was who late
Return'd from northern climes, with glory
crown'd ;
Who the rough Vandals follow'd like their fate,
And bore the mark of many an honest wound.

He once aspir'd to Rhodalinda's charms,
But, early slighted, left the cruel fair,
And sought in fighting fields, by glorious arms,
To woo a kinder mistress in the war.

He came with Hurgonil; — the rest in vain
Were summon'd; save the loyal youthful page,
Who sped directly from the Brescian plain,
With news of ill import and hostile rage.

But leave we Gondibert consulting these,
And what befell the youthful chiefs declare;
What foes did Ulfimore and Goltho seize,
Caught in the wiles of a deceitful fair.

Goltho, who late had to the palace come,
Revolving Dalga's beauties in his mind,
Perceiv'd his heart had stray'd too far from home,
To follow which his body soon inclin'd.

And when he heard the prince's will declar'd
To quit the court, full glad the news to know,
He vows no motive shall his course retard,
On a more luckless errand bent to go.

Black Dalga's house he sought, nor sought in
vain,
Nor could he long her wish'd appearance wait;
So ready did the fair deceiver deign
To give him welcome at her open gate.

And much inquir'd she of his health and weal,
And much rejoic'd for his unhop'd return;
Feigning such joys as youthful lovers feel,
And flames which in most constant bosoms burn:

Nor wanted fit excuse for that same flaw
Which Ulfimore had in her story found ;
But blames the rigid sentence of the law,
Which (as she pleads) her tongue from truth
had bound :

I own,' said she, (and tears her words succeed,)
'That not my mother, but a wealthy youth
Found entrance here whose acts my anguish breed,
And for whose sake you must suspect my truth.

'The wretch once sought me for his wedded wife,
My brother still his forward suit withstood ;
But since in fighting fields he lost his life,
This hated suitor hath his siege renew'd.

'Sprung from one stock, he bears our ancient name,
And since by vile devices hath he wrought
To our paternal fiefs to lay his claim,
And by his bribes a cruel sentence bought.

'All that my mother or myself did hold,
The cruel law hath to this fiend convey'd,
And thence his desperate suit hath render'd bold,
Against a widow and an artless maid.

'So if his visits I refuse, he swears
To chase us from our ancient lov'd abode,
To give us up to poverty and fears,
And seize on all that Fortune hath bestow'd.

‘No other way, alas ! for me remains,
But him to wed whom from my soul I hate,
Or quit at once my rich and fair domains,
And rove, abandon’d to my evil fate.’

Golto is touch’d ; — he swears to plead her cause
With royal Aribert, whose just award
Might stand between her and the rigid laws,
And prove her injur’d virtue’s surest guard.

And now they hasten from the crowded town
To rural seats, with Nature’s bounty fair
Bedeck’d, where Dalga swears his wish to crown,
And leads him heedless to a fatal snare.

But that the good and virtuous Ulfinoe,
(Friend of his heart, though rival of his love,)
Disguis’d, attends him at the fatal door,
Their parting sees, and follows where they
move.

But turn we where the royal bride awaits,
And, long-expectant, courts the slow-pa’'d hours,
While Aribert, unknowing of the Fates,
Bids constant watch attend Verona’s towers :

And these, at length, the Duke’s approach declare,
Seen from afar as moving to the gates,
With purple streamers waving in the air,
And all the pomp that noble bridegrooms waits.

Straight to the temple haste the busy throng ;
Some Hymen call, and some the god of Love,
While the grave priests, in far more sacred song,
Address the mighty Power that reigns above.

Now sunk the sun ; — with solemn pace and slow
Dim night advanc'd ; but not her deepest shade
Eclips'd the fires which through the city glow,
And second day by gleaming torches made.

These through the gloom fling forth a lengthened
blaze,
And on the distant walls and turrets bright
Shine like the new-ris'n moon, with trembling rays,
Piercing the sable veil of dusky night.

The trumpets speak ; the minstrelsy reply ;
And mingled crowds the clamorous joy resound ;
The notes ascending to the heavens high,
Through vaulted ether spread the pealing sound.

And still on Gondibert the people call ;
His name, the burden of their grateful song,
To him whose valour wrought proud Oswald's fall,
A warlike band the echoing strains prolong.

While he, far distant, in unhappy plight,
By friends deserted, and by foes oppress'd,
Counts the long hours of that disastrous night,
Which now appear'd in fearful horrors dress'd.

Ev'n where joy revell'd high without control,
Rag'd the loud tempest, which their clamours
drown'd,
The livid lightnings flash from either pole,
And roaring thunders rend the blue profound.

Amid this storm, which prodigies enhanc'd,
Seen by the dreadful meteors' bloody glare,
A wounded soldier to the walls advanc'd,
Whose looks the import of his speech declare.

Of dreadful deeds he told, and dangers near,
No less than threat the ancient city's harm,
And fill fair Rhodalind with pallid fear,
Such as of old did Perseus' bride alarm,

When desperate Phineus, rushing on his fate,
Claim'd fair Andromeda, for whom he burn'd,
And entering where the bidden guests were sate,
The marriage-feast to scenes of slaughter turn'd.

By him the fair, deserted at her need,
From a dread monster valiant Perseus won ;
He claim'd the bride who durst not claim the deed,
And for the unjust attempt was turn'd to stone.

So vain is joy, a quickly fading flower,
A cloud still passing with each wind away,
A fleeting dream, the pageant of an hour,
A transient beam of visionary day.

Far, far from Gondibert the phantom hied,
Far from the crowd, whose shouts resound his
name,
Far from the monarch and the promis'd bride,
To whom too soon the fatal message came.

But now the city and her train we leave,
To seek the Duke, and make his fortunes known;
And how the rest the dreadful news receive,
Shall be in the succeeding Cantos shown.

BOOK III. CANTO VIII.

THE ARGUMENT.

Rhodolpho's character; his high desert,
And league concluded with Duke Gondibert,
Whose enemies a quick revenge prepare,
Which he prevents by Orgo's friendly care.
The secret ambush of the treacherous foe
The Duke eludes, and reaches Bergamo.

IN awful solitude of woodland shade
The Duke the issue of his charge attends,
And blames the counsel now too long delay'd,
And the long absence of his tardy friends.

At length his lov'd Count Hurgonil he spied,
Who from the lofty city bent his course,
With young Rhodolpho journeying by his side,
Whose ardent mind outwent his steed's swift
course.

A youth he was of high and noble race,
Portly and tall, of inborn worth possest;
But tempering dignity with such a grace,
As might have warm'd the tenderest female
breast.

And on his brow such awe majestic sate,
As seem'd to speak him born for high command;
Though now, for many a moon the sport of fate,
A willing exile from his native land.

The fair Italian fields and regions bright,
Where Adicé flows swiftly to the main,
He left to climb the rugged Alpine height,
And chase the Vandals on the barren plain

Return'd with conquest from the foe subdued,
The youthful victor sought his ancient seat,
And Rhodalind again he had pursued,
And laid his spoils and trophies at her feet:

But that he heard Duke Gondibert had won
The peerless princess, bright in blooming
charms;
Saw sumptuous feasts prepar'd, and rites begun,
To give his mistress to the hero's arms.

And common fame reported, for her love
How Gondibert had mighty Oswald slain,
And stain'd with noble blood the peaceful grove,
Bestrew'd with heroes from the Brescian plain.

But Gondibert full soon his fears dispels,
And ancient leagues of amity renewed,
His own strange tale the generous hero tells,
And what ill fate his constant love pursued.

And then by solemn pacts the warriors bind
Their mutual vows each other's cause to aid,
Till the young chief possess his Rhodalind,
And Gondibert espouse his favourite maid.

Meanwhile the Duke for other aid delays
The fleeting hours, as fully he intends
All intercessors he can move to raise,
And try the interest of his ancient friends.

For as he knew the grief and inly rage
Which would his prince and Rhodalind inflame ;
He sought all means that might the storm assuage,
And still preserve his loyalty and fame.

And now the prey of anxious thoughts he lies,
Contending passions labouring in his breast,
While tow'rd the shade the youthful Orgo hies,
Whose looks the tenor of his news express'd.

He tells how Hubert thither bends his course,
With furious Borgio, and a desperate train,
All chosen warriors of experienc'd force,
Drawn from the squadrons on the Brescian plain.

Ev'n while he spoke, loud-bursting shouts from far,
Mix'd with the shrill-ton'd trumpets' dreadful
sound,
Pronounc'd the presage of approaching war,
Which mov'd on different sides to hem them
round.

And first to flight the faithful Orgo mov'd
His honour'd lord : but he the thought disdain'd,
And brave Rodolpho the advice reprov'd, [main'd :
And other counsel taught, whilst other hope re-

‘ Not far from hence,’ said he, ‘ a chosen few
Lie camp'd, my trusty followers in the field ;
If these the present need and danger knew,
They would a sure and speedy succour yield :

‘ To them let swift-pac'd Orgo instant go,
Where by yon grove encamp'd the warriors lie,
Ere yet the approaches of the circling foe
Cut off that hope, and all access deny.’

This counsel pleas'd ; and swift as fly the darts,
When with full strength is strain'd the crooked
yew, [parts,
Hastes the brave youth, whose love such speed im-
As from the bending grass scarce strikes the
pearly dew.

Meanwhile the heroes scan, with cautious eye,
All measures and advantage of the ground,
And every posture of the troops descry,
Whose crescent form grew verging to a round.

Ah ! now,’ cry'd Hurgonil, ‘ we want the might
Of Tybalt, dreaded chief, and many more,
Who in yon city wait the approach of night,
With Goltho brave, and prudent Ulfimore.

‘I deem’d,’ said Gondibert, ‘these should have
grac’d

My rural mansion, and our counsels shar’d ;
But where my strongest confidence was plac’d,
My stronger destiny the hope has marr’d.

‘ But you, brave Chiefs ! who in this dangerous hour
To my uncertain fates have link’d your own,
Be witness you if valour yield to power,
Or if your friend deserve to fall alone.

‘ Ev’n here will we the coming foe abide,
Till faithful Orgo bring the promis’d aid,
Then shall our fortune in fair field be tried,
And wounds with wounds be plenteously repaid.’

Thus while he speaks, the deafening shouts increase,
Till from the foe an embassy there came,
Borne by a comely youth, in robes of peace
Array’d—and Sibert was the warrior’s name.

Of late aspiring Oswald’s favour’d friend,
While Oswald fortune’s lucky ensigns wore,
He now on Hubert’s person did attend,
And to Duke Gondibert his message bore.

Coop’d in a narrow space the Duke he found,
Unlike those proud pavilions where of late
He sat sublime, with victor laurels crown’d,
And thence to captive chiefs dispens’d their fate

Prince,' said the youth, 'Lord Hubert now demands

That you surrender up to his dispose
Yourself and these, and wait what new commands
He shall from high Verona's towers impose :

'For to the city next he bends his way,
Whither his Brescians are already gone,
And there presumes, before the rising day,
To be declar'd the king's adopted son.

'For you, your life is safe ; and these your train,
If they submit, shall gracious treatment find :
Our force is such as makes resistance vain,
And yours, like chaff, must scatter in the wind.'

'Tis well,' said Gondibert, 'your speech you frame
In artful guise ; but for the terms you bear
Go, tell Lord Hubert, that my valued fame
Makes me reject them, and prefer the war.

'Successless Prince ! when from his eagle-flight
His ill-starr'd brother fell, who soar'd in vain,
Thinks he to match his more unequal might,
And win those honours Oswald could not gain?

'Bid him revolve that chief's untimely fate,
And his own foil, twice conquer'd in the field ;
The train of evils which on war await,
And bitter fruits that wild ambition yield.

That we are few, it is our pride and boast, [arms ;
Though more than these perhaps shall meet his
A worthy conquest for as great an host,
All train'd to war, and bred amidst alarms.

‘And know, whate’er betide, whoever here
Should us assault, whoe’er wish’d aid deny ;
We scorn to yield through base unmanly fear ;
Too few to conquer, we’re enough to die.’

Thus answered, Sibert from the spot withdrew,
(His terms rejected) and a sign display’d,
On which the hostile squadrons came in view,
And march’d, far-stretching from the sylvan
shade.

But as their troops advanc’d in loose array,
Deeming the rural mansion to invest,
Lo ! from the point where glows the setting day,
Young Orgo speedily his pace address’d ;

And close behind, in well rang’d files, were seen
Rhodolpho’s train, a small but faithful band,
With measur’d steps swift gliding o’er the green,
To aid their general, and his foes withstand.

No longer Gondibert nor he remain
Within the limits of their narrow bound,
But pass the wood, swift issuing on the plain,
And leave behind, with scorn, the rural mound.

Close follows Hurgonil with steady pace,
Who gladly mixes with those leaders brave,
That young Rhodolpho's warlike legions grace,
And on their shoulders wore the scarfs he
gave.

Among those chiefs stood Adelmar the sage,
Cherbert and Rollo, not unknown to fame,
With many a knight, the flower of all that age,
The pride and glory of the Lombard name.

On these Prince Hubert pour'd his warriors down,
Outnumbering by the half their scanty band,
But the stout few, whom dear-bought laurels
crown'd,
Abide their fury, and the shock withstand:

Till raging Borgio, barbarous, fierce and bold,
Gualthierus, and gigantic Melador,
Through opening lines their course resistless
hold,
And mark the road they pass with streams of
gore.

First fell two youths, with honest wounds o'er-
spread,
Whom late from Gaul the great Rhodolpho
brought,
But now the Tuscan land receives them dead,
And gives that honour which in life they sought.

Cherbert the next a dangerous wound receiv'd,
Full on his breast, and there had sunk to night,
But that Rhodolpho's timely aid reliev'd, [fight.
Who straight rush'd dreadful to the scene of

And near him Gondibert with Orgo stood,
Who yet in war ne'er flesh'd his maiden sword,
This hour he dy'd it deep in warrior's blood,
And then fell bravely fighting by his lord :

For now as Melador's and Borgio's force
Were join'd, at Gondibert to strike amain,
The youth oppos'd his breast to Borgio's force,
While by his lord bold Melador was slain.

The giant sunk untimely to his grave,
Like some tall pine, struck by celestial fires,
While Borgio curs'd the erring blow he gave,
As from the Duke he sullenly retires.

And but Gualthierus' ready aid was near,
His father's offspring by a foreign bed,
Here he had run his last of life's career,
And swell'd the growing number of the dead.

But now so variously the combat bleeds,
That Fame, though all her tongues should give
them breath,
Could not express the bold and warlike deeds
Of warriors ranging through this field of death.

At length, while yet the sun's revolving ray
Wheel'd round the ocean's brim with trembling
light,
The battle swerv'd with the declining day,
When Gondibert succeeded in the fight.

And perfect victor had the Duke remain'd,
But that Prince Hubert privately retir'd,
And long before the camp at Brescia gain'd,
Whence he return'd with double fury fir'd.

By secret ways his chosen band he draws,
Till in a snare their enemies they thrall,
Who feel the effect, discerning not the cause,
And die, unknowing by what hands they fall.

But soon Rhodolpho and the Duke could tell
The fatal guile, and found their struggle vain,
Yet by the first of them had Hubert fell,
But that he fenc'd him with a heap of slain.

As thus the chiefs contend, a veil of clouds [scend)
(While thunders roll, and gathering showers de-
Alike the vanquish'd and the victor shrouds,
Yet in the storm the eager troops contend.

But now a chosen few the Duke selects,
With whom he pierces Hubert's thick array,
And while the favouring storm his rear protects,
Through all the fighting ranks he wins his way.

Nor stops, till Bergamo's white tents he spies,
Deck'd with the radiance of ascending morn,
And enters there, what time the shepherds rise,
And early huntsmen wind the shrill-ton'd horn.

BOOK III. CANTO IX.

THE ARGUMENT.

Black Dalga's wiles full timely do explore
Brave Sigebert and prudent Ulfino; ;
Them Goltho loses in a winding way,
And falls to barbarous Borgio's troops a prey.
Hubert's design upon Verona's towers
Disclos'd with horror in the gloomy hours:
Sage Aribert in vain consults his peers,
The council broken amidst panic fears.

ALAS ! that man, creation's glorious lord,
And bless'd with sway supreme o'er sea and
land,
With wisdom's wealth should be so thinly stor'd,
As by an harlot's smiles to be trepann'd.

In vain he boasts him of his strength and power,
In vain the image of his Maker wears,
If prone to evil in the dangerous hour,
He falls a prey to penitence and tears.

Who that had seen young Goltho's force in fight,
Who that had known the virtues of his youth,
Had thought he held them both so cheap and light,
To risk his safety on a harlot's truth?

To sacrifice his worth at such a shrine,
To waste his hours in dalliance at her side,
To call her angel goddess most divine,
Whom hell's black monarch had so deeply dy'd?

Yet he, forgetful of the counsel sage
Which Ulfinoe so generously had given,
Attends on Dalga, through an unknown road,
While the broad sun declin'd the steep of heaven.

Through winding mazy paths sometimes they
pass'd,
Sometimes o'er forests wild they held their way;
A spacious dome receives them at the last,
Where all was deck'd for joy and amorous play.

Blithe as a bridegroom rushing to his love,
Young Goltho hastes to quench his wanton fires,
Whilst other thoughts black Dalga's bosom move,
Intent on other schemes than fostering fond de-
sires.

The youth whom Ulfinoe had first descried
Resort with welcome to her open gate,
That self-same youth had Goltho strictly eyed,
And sought to work him an untimely fate.

Friend to Prince Oswald, mortal hate he bore
To all that sought Duke Gondibert to aid,
And on his brow a dreadful frown he wore,
Till Dalga all her wily tale display'd.

Think not, my love,' said she, 'that hated race
Who with your house hold enmity so great,
Shall e'er with me find favour, love, or grace,
But rather death and sure destruction meet.

'Yet let him hither come, and bring his gold,
And jewels store, to purchase evil chance,
No back-returning steps shall you behold,
If to my wish the headlong youth advance.

'For when again he hither bends his course,
With him will I to lonely seats repair,
So may you him entrap with guile or force,
And take him heedless in an easy snare.'

The counsel pleas'd; and when young Goltho
came,
With eager haste, to sate his amorous fire,
Straight to her paramour the fraudulent dame
Despatch'd the tidings, which his haste require.

And he as soon, by Jealousy and Hate
Inspir'd, and Malice, eldest-born of Hell,
With two bold squires that on his fortune wait,
Rush'd on to meet the stroke by which he fell.

They leave Verona's lofty towers behind,
And follow eagerly their evil game [wind,
With speed that seems to outstrip the passing
And leave behind them honour, truth, and fame.

Now had they pass'd the forest's awful shade,
And now in view upon the open plain
Beheld the dome where Goltho, twice betray'd,
Was doom'd black Dalga's captive to remain :

But ere they yet attain'd their destin'd place,
From a deep dell, all clad in green array,
Two knights came issuing forth with eager pace,
Then check'd their haste, and stood across the
way.

Astolpho (so the treacherous youth we name)
Who Goltho's glories sought to eclipse ere
noon, [shame,
Stopp'd short, starts backward with surprise and
To find his early progress check'd so soon.

Yet questions with himself if these be foes,
Or how his deep design they e'er could scan,
Of which to learn, straight onward still he goes,
And soon a fierce and cruel fight began.

Him Ulfinore well knowing, nothing spoke,
But at him aim'd aloft his gothic lance,
Which through a faithful servant's harness broke,
That did in luckless hour his aid advance.

Stretch'd on the ground when lewd Astolpho view'd
His trusty squire, he chaf'd with double rage,
And made his steel drink deep his rival's blood,
And by his fall his anger sought to assuage.

But Ulfinore not wounds or blood could tame ;
In such a cause resolv'd to spend his breath,
To save his friend, to purchase honest fame,
And live victorious, or be great in death.

And Sigebert his friend, with courage warm'd,
That other squire whom false Astolpho brought
Had overpower'd, and on the ground disarm'd,
His death deserv'd had with his poniard wrought.

When at that instant Ulfinore wav'd high
His shining blade, which on Astolpho fell,
And ere brave Sigebert approach'd him nigh,
Had sent his treacherous soul to deepest hell.

These slain, the knights hold straight their onward
road [found,
To Dalga's mansion, where their friend they
Lost in the seas of joy which round him flow'd,
And rapt in music's soul-dissolving sound.

Fast on a couch beside him Dalga sate,
Her artful head reclining on his breast,
And round about the neat-hand damsels wait,
Whom now she bids prepare the sumptuous feast.

For gray-ey'd Twilight o'er the world had spread
Her dusky curtain, and the heavens high
Had lost their last remains of parting red,
And dipp'd their mantle in a deeper dye.

Straight in the hall a thousand glittering fires
Shoot forth like meteors to adorn the night,
And bring new day, when Phœbus' car retires,
On western shores to dart his welcome light.

Ev'n now the sorceress rears a massy bowl,
Replete with juices of the purple vine,
Which hides beneath fell drugs and poisons foul,
Mix'd with the spirit of the generous wine.

Unheeding Goltho to his lips had rear'd
The dreadful potion, with a gentle smile,
When Ulfinoe and Sigebert appear'd,
Seiz'd the fell Dalga, and disclos'd her guile.

The bowl they wrested from their wondering friend,
To his vile mistress instant they preferr'd,
Who tells them death does on the draught attend,
And owns that death she has herself incurr'd.

For long Astolpho's coming did she wait,
On Goltho's head who should have wreak'd
his ire,
But when no such approach'd her open gate,
She doom'd the youth by poison to expire.

And by that draught (so Heav'n divinely wrought)
Which for her guest she foully did intend,
By that same draught her own fall now is wrought,
Which brings her soon to an unpitied end.

Her wicked damsels straightway fled amain,
And the rich house, and all its bravest store,
The spoils of nymphs decoy'd and heroes slain,
Remain'd to Goltho and to Ulfimore.

But no such baubles charm their longing eyes ;
Not wealth they seek, but quit the house of guile,
Nor wish to make the golden hoards their prize,
Gain'd by the triumphs of an harlot's smile.

With haste the hated mansion did they leave,
And o'er the lawn, and through the forest sped,
Where mazy paths their wandering steps deceive,
By the faint glimmering of the star-light led.

While thus perplex'd and unresolv'd they stood,
Seeking in vain some human track to explore,
The south winds whistled wildly through the wood,
And distant thunders roll'd with solemn roar.

Meteors, foreboding storms, with horrid glare
Gilt the dun horrors of approaching night,
A dismal radiance darting through the air,
A dire effulgence and unwelcome light.

And nearer still as the rude tempest drew,
Still farther tow'rd the forest's chequer'd shade
The youths approach, while at each step they
view,
The horrors of the awful scene display'd :

‘ Yet here,’ said Ulfimore, ‘ let not our hearts
Sink in despair, which erst amidst alarms
Have never fail’d, while showers of hostile darts
Pour’d like this tempest on our shatter’d arms.’

Thus while he spoke, thick globes of hail descend,
And all the winds of heaven their forces try ;
Vast dreadful sheets of livid fire extend
From either pole, and blaze along the sky.

To the loud winds the louder thunders roar,
Responsive, while the hail’s continued sound,
With all the storms that from the heavens pour,
The rattling branches through the wood resound :

And swelling waters, bursting from each rill,
In flowing torrents coursing through the shade,
With murmurings hoarse, the troubled welkin fill,
And the vext ear with deafening sounds invade.

‘ Methinks the Powers above,’ said Goltho, then,
‘ Resolve to shake this globe’s substantial base,
And hurl swift ruin on the sons of men,
Long tried an impious and ungodly race :

‘ Else why these pealing sounds, these sheets of
flame,
And heaven’s eternal sluices open’d round ?
This heavy gloom that wraps the ethereal frame,
And these rude shocks that shake the solid
ground ?’

For as he spoke the rending glebe gave way,
And fires infernal from beneath broke forth,
Disclosing horrid caves unknown to day,
Deep in the bowels of the groaning earth.

‘ Brave Goltho,’ then said Ulfinoe the sage,
Ev’n midst the horrors of this dreadful scene,
‘ This boist’rous strife of elemental rage,
The philosophic soul may sit serene.

‘ What if the jarring seeds of nature, pent
In hollow caves, these dreadful shocks supply,
And bursting vapours struggling for a vent,
Blaze in the upper and the nether sky?

‘ Or what if Heaven’s high Pow’r in vengeance rise,
To hurl these bolts that set the skies on fire?
What if the Almighty Mind these strokes devise,
And groaning nations in the shock expire?

‘ Think’st thou not Virtue can maintain her seat,
Offspring belov’d of Heaven’s eternal King?
Think’st thou such shocks can reach her blest
retreat,
Shelter’d behind the cherub Mercy’s wing.

‘ No ! let the coward guilty only fear, [within ;
Whose conscious hearts reproach them from
It is their place alone to tremble here,
Who sink oppress’d beneath a load of sin.

‘ Believe me, Goltho, not the roaring war
Of yonder fiery cope, though mov’d eterne,
Can with the dreadful passions ere compare,
That raging in unhallow’d bosoms burn.

‘ For these all in their place the lot fulfil,
Which Heav’n to each most wisely hath assign’d,
Whilst those tempestuous passions thwart the will,
And cross the mandates of the Almighty Mind.’

Touch’d with the words of one so wise and young,
Regardless of the storm brave Goltho walks,
Hangs on the accents falling from his tongue,
And ev’n, when silent, thinks that still he talks.

But now two paths full opening to the view,
To right and left, perplex’d the travellers stand,
Nor know which road to leave nor which pursue,
Alike they doubt to turn to either hand.

One track led winding down a shelving dale,
All arch’d with bending branches over-head,
The other opening to the northern gale,
Wide and more wide its greenwood carpet
spread.

Goltho and Sigebert now first descend
The darkling dell, and its recess explore, [tend,
Whilst where the widening shades more free ex-
With prudent step advanc’d brave Ulfinoe.

This done, they all appointed to return [meet,
To that same place where both the ways did
And Ulfimore, who early did discern
The open plain, turn'd back, his friends to greet.

But when the spot he gain'd, in vain he sought
Those friends, for whom awhile he patient waits,
Revolving over in his anxious thought
The various perils of uncertain fates.

But, tir'd at length, he down the darkling dale
Moves with swift pace, and prudent eye askance,
Measuring the track where scoops the hollow vale,
And his firm steps supporting on his lance.

So steers some vessel through the boiling deep,
While rocks, and shoals, and quicksands, are in
Such cautious watch the steady pilots keep, [view,
And guide what course to shun and what
pursue ;

And ever and anon the boisterous surge,
That swells to meet them, carefully avoid,
Then with quick helm the answering vessel urge
To shun its rage on other billows buoy'd.

And now had Ulfimore, with weary pace,
Trac'd many a rood of that same winding way,
Exploring as he went each secret place,
Each dell, impervious e'en to brightest day.

At length, emerging from the opening glade,
He reach'd the margin of a rising hill,
Whose verdant top was crown'd with leafy shade.
And at its foot there ran a murmuring rill.

The winds were hush'd, and the loud thunder's
 roar

In feeble distant mutterings died away,
The livid lightnings flashing now no more,
And night retir'd, pierc'd by Aurora's ray.

On the hill-top the gray dawn rested high,
Which many a wreath of purple did adorn,
Sol's sloping beams shot upward to the sky,
And the lark sang, the herald of the morn.

Glad Earth reviv'd, and o'er her face was spread,
The cheerful mantle of reviving green ;
The leafy trees, each from his lofty head,
Distill'd big drops, which glittering fell serene.

Nature rejoic'd ; but still with downcast eye,
And heavy heart, foreboding future woe,
The prudent youth heaves fast the mournful sigh,
While half suppress'd the bursting sorrows flow.

Goltho he calls ; his manly voice he rears,
Oft to its pitch, which hill and dale rebound,
The much-lov'd name each grot and cavern hears,
And Goltho echoes through the sylvan bound.

But Goltho hears not, distant from his friend,
In evil plight he counts the lonely hours,
Doom'd long his fate uncertain to attend,
Coop'd in the duress of unfriendly towers.

Far had he stray'd adown the winding track,
Resolv'd some outlet from its maze to find,
Then mounts the hill, but hasty turning back,
He saw, surpris'd, an armed band behind.

These by the bloody Borgio's captains led,
Rush'd bold and sudden from the opening glade;
And now so well their evil business sped,
The youths must perish, or be captive made.

And they had perish'd, while with desperate
force

They strove to penetrate the thick-rank'd foe,
But that they sunk beneath the trampling horse,
And thus were taken ev'n without a blow.

These to the Brescian camp the chiefs convey'd,
Resolv'd to keep them as a pledge secure,
Where they in heavy chains were instant laid,
And must long pain and tedious bonds endure.

But turn we now where Aribert awaits
The uncertain issue of disastrous war,
And in Verona's towers the assembled states
Debating sage with senatorial care.

For on that dreadful night the news was spread,
That not the train of Gondibert drew near,
But Hubert's troops, by desperate Morcar led,
Which fill'd each bosom with a panic fear.

For through all Lombardy was Morcar known
Of fiercest guise, disdaining still to yield,
And oft his dreadful prowess had he shown,
In death and ruin on the foughten field.

But still more oft the town's beleagur'd wall
Had seen him victor in remotest lands ;
Nought joy'd him more than some rich city's fall,
With whose sack'd wealth to pay his savage
bands.

Nor age nor sex their boiling rage would spare,
But still their steps were mark'd with seas of
Hence every foe must conquer or despair [blood ;
Where desperate Morcar's haughty ensigns stood.

Now well dissembling with a chosen few,
Who wav'd their purple ensigns to the sky,
He to Verona's lofty turrets drew,
Advancing Gondibert's rich standard high.

For this he deem'd would soon admittance gain,
At such a time when festal mirth went round ;
Thus stratagem for once might force supply,
And Hubert's hopes with wish'd success be
crown'd.

The chief once enter'd 'midst the busy throng,
Soon might the rest effect their bold design;
Then should grim war succeed to mirthful song,
And Mars' dread feats take place of rites divine.

But while he thus insidious wiles prepares,
A straggling soldier, roving o'er the plain,
Is caught unheeding in their hidden snares,
By such a force as make resistance vain.

Yet the wise captive, meeting art with art,
Pretends great love to princely Hubert's side,
And offers many a secret to impart [provide:
Which may against his foes' strong arms

For this too carelessly the guards attend,
On one devoted to their master's cause,
And while they slightly watch this new-made
friend,
He tow'rds the city suddenly withdraws.

Though not so safe he took his speedy flight,
But that the foe his sly desertion found, [night,
Whose troops pursued him through the shades of
And mark'd him o'er with many a ghastly wound.

But yet the fugitive the city gains,
Tells all the snares the wily foe had laid,
Then spent with toil and agonizing pains,
He sinks at once, and mingles with the dead.

Now the scar'd priests the rites prepar'd surcease ;
To the loud trumpets' sound the timbrels yield ;
The youths straight lay aside their weeds of peace
And arm them quickly for the martial field.

While the grave old, and those whose reverend place
Ranks them in council with Verona's peers,
In their long robes repair with slower pace,
To where its head the lofty palace rears ;

There awful met beneath their monarch's eye,
With prudent care they scan the sum of things ;
In state sublime, sage Aribert on high, [springs.
Weighs all advice that from their counsel

Thus in Verona pass the gloomy hours,
While tempests roar, and thunders rend the sky,
While dreaded earthquakes shake the nodding
towers,
And all the bulwarks tremble from on high.

At length, while in debate the senate sate,
A shout so loud came echoing from afar,
That seem'd as if Verona's final fate
Hung on the peal that rent the wounded air.

A peal so loud, that the rude tempest's noise
Was lost and drowned in its louder sound,
And such the swell of the sonorous voice,
As congregated waters' murmuring sound.

Straight rise the peers, confusion fills the hall,
A thousand tongues at once rude clamour raise,
A thousand fears do every heart appall,
While each to learn the dreadful news essays.

Of these strange tidings, and the stranger deeds
Of many a chief, Verona's boast and pride,
And still what further change to all succeeds,
And what grave words or bloody swords decide;

These in another Canto shall be shown ;
But here our steeds awhile we mean to rein,
Like those of Sol, who leave his evening throne,
And sleep with Thetis in the western main.

MISCELLANIES.

MISCELLANIES.

WINE.¹

Nulla placere diu, nec vivere carmina possunt,
Quæ scribuntur aquæ potoribus. *Hor.*

OF happiness terrestrial, and the source
Whence human pleasures flow, sing, heavenly
Muse!

Of sparkling juices, of the enlivening grape,
Whose quickening taste adds vigour to the soul,
Whose sovereign power revives decaying nature,
And thaws the frozen blood of hoary Age,
A kindly warmth diffusing;—youthful fires
Gild his dim eyes, and paint with ruddy hue
His wrinkled visage, ghastly wan before:
Cordial restorative to mortal man,
With copious hand by bounteous gods bestow'd!
Bacchus divine! aid my adventurous song,
'That with no middle flight intends to soar:'

¹ In a letter from Aaron Hill to Mr. Savage, published in the Works of the former, Vol. I. p. 339, speaking of Mr. Gay, he has these words:—'That Poem you speak of, called *Wine*, he printed in the year 1710, as I remember. I am sure I have one among my pamphlets. I will look for it and send it you, if it will be of use or satisfaction to any gentleman of your acquaintance.' This is the piece Mr. Hill mentions.

Inspir'd sublime, on Pegasean wing,
By thee upborne, I draw Miltonic air.
When fummy vapours clog our loaded brows
With furrow'd frowns, when stupid downcast eyes,
The external symptoms of remorse within,
Express our grief, or when in sullen dumps,
With head incumbent on expanded palm,
Moping we sit, in silent sorrow drown'd ;
Whether inveigling Hymen has trepann'd
The unwary youth, and tied the gordian knot
Of jangling wedlock not to be dissolv'd ;
Worried all day by loud Xantippe's din,
Who fails not to exalt him to the stars,
And fix him there among the branched crew,
(Taurus, and Aries, and Capricorn,
The greatest monsters of the Zodiac)
Or for the loss of anxious worldly pelf,
Or Celia's scornful slights, and cold disdain,
Which check'd his amorous flame with coy repulse,
The worst events that mortals can befall ;
By cares depress'd, in pensive hippish mood,
With slowest pace the tedious minutes roll,
Thy charming sight, but much more charming
gust,
New life incites, and warms our chilly blood.
Straight with pert looks we raise our drooping
fronts,
And pour in crystal pure thy purer juice ;—
With cheerful countenance and steady hand
Raise it lip-high, then fix the spacious rim

To the expecting mouth :—with grateful taste
The ebbing wine glides swiftly o'er the tongue ;
The circling blood with quicker motion flies :
Such is thy powerful influence, thou straight
Dispell'st those clouds that, lowering dark, eclips'd
The whilom glories of the gladsome face ;—
While dimpled cheeks, and sparkling rolling eyes,
Thy cheering virtues, and thy worth proclaim.
So mists and exhalations that arise
From 'hills or steamy lake, dusky or gray,'
Prevail, till Phœbus sheds Titanian rays,
And paints their fleecy skirts with shining gold :
Unable to resist, the foggy damps,
That veil'd the surface of the verdant fields,
At the god's penetrating beams disperse !
The earth again in former beauty smiles,
In gaudiest livery drest, all gay and clear.

When disappointed Strephon meets repulse,
Scoff'd at, despis'd, in melancholic mood
Joyless he wastes in sighs the lazy hours,
Till reforc'd by thy most potent aid
He storms the breach, and wins the beauteous fort.

To pay thee homage, and receive thy blessing,
The British seaman quits his native shore,
And ventures through the trackless, deep abyss,
Ploughing the ocean, while the upheav'd oak,
'With beaked prow, rides tilting o'er the waves ;
Shock'd by tempestuous jarring winds, she rolls
In dangers imminent, till she arrives [sence.
At those blest climes thou favour'st with thy pre-

Whether at Lusitania's sultry coast,
Or lofty Teneriffe, Palma, Ferro,
Provence, or at the Celtiberian shores,
With gazing pleasure and astonishment,
At Paradise (seat of our ancient sire)
He thinks himself arrived : the purple grapes,
In largest clusters pendent, grace the vines
Innumerable : in fields grotesque and wild,
They with implicit curls the oak entwine,
And load with fruit divine his spreading boughs :
Sight most delicious ! not an irksome thought,
Or of left native isle, or absent friends,
Or dearest wife, or tender sucking babe.
His kindly treacherous memory now presents ;
The jovial god has left no room for cares.

Celestial Liquor ! thou that didst inspire
Maro and Flaccus, and the Grecian bard,
With lofty numbers, and heroic strains
Unparallel'd, with eloquence profound,
And arguments convictive, didst enforce
Fam'd Tully, and Demosthenes renown'd :
Ennius,² first fam'd in Latin song, in vain
Drew Heliconian streams, ungrateful whet
To jaded Muse, and oft with vain attempt,
Heroic acts, in flagging numbers dull,
With pains essay'd ; but, abject still and low,
His unrecruited Muse could never reach

² An old Latin poet, of whom a more modern Roman bard, when reading his works, made use of this expression, 'I have been seeking for pearls in Ennius's dunghill.'

The mighty theme, till, from the purple fount
Of bright Lenæan sire, her barren drought
He quench'd, and with inspiring nectarous juice
Her drooping spirits cheer'd :—aloft she towers,
Borne on stiff pennons, and of war's alarms,
And trophies won, in loftiest numbers sings,
'Tis thou the hero's breast to martial acts,
And resolution bold, and ardour brave,
Excit'st : thou check'st inglorious lolling ease,
And sluggish minds with generous fires inflam'st.
O thou ! that first my quickened soul didst warm,
Still with thy aid assist me, that thy praise,
Thy universal sway o'er all the world,
In everlasting numbers, like the theme,
I may record, and sing thy matchless worth.

Had the Oxonian bard thy praise rehears'd,
His Muse had yet retain'd her wonted height ;
Such as of late o'er Blenheim's field she soar'd
Aerial ; now in Ariconian bogs
She lies inglorious, floundering, like her theme,
Languid and faint, and on damp wing, immerg'd
In acid juice, in vain attempts to rise.

With what sublimest joy from noisy town,
At rural seat, Lucretius retir'd :
Flaccus, untainted by perplexing cares,
Where the white poplar and the lofty pine
Join neighbouring boughs, sweet hospitable shade,
Creating, from Phœbean rays secure,
A cool retreat, with few well-chosen friends,
On flowery mead recumbent, spent the hours

In mirth innocuous, and alternate verse !
 With roses interwoven, poplar wreaths,
 Their temples bind, dress of sylvestrian gods !
 Choicest nectarean juice crown'd largest bowls,
 And overlook'd the brim, alluring sight,
 Of fragrant scent, attractive, taste divine !
 Whether from Formian grape depressed, Falern,
 Or Setin, Massic, Gauran, or Sabine,
 Lesbian, or Cœcuban, the cheering bowl
 Mov'd briskly round, and spurr'd their heighten'd
 wit

To sing Mecæna's praise, their patron kind.

But we not as our pristine sires repair
 To umbrageous grot or vale ; but when the sun
 Faintly from western skies his rays oblique
 Darts sloping, and to Thetis wat'ry lap
 Hastens in prone career, with friends select
 Swiftly we hie to Devil,³ young or old,
 Jocund and boon ; where at the entrance stands
 A stripling, who with scrapes and humil cringe
 Greets us in winning speech, and accent bland :
 With lightest bound, and safe unerring step,
 He skips before, and nimbly climbs the stairs.
 Melampus thus, panting with lolling tongue,
 And wagging tail, gambols and frisks before
 His sequent lord, from pensive walk return'd,
 Whether in shady wood or pasture green,
 And waits his coming at the well-known gate.
 Nigh to the stairs' ascent, in regal port,

³ The Devil Tavern, Temple Bar.

Sits a majestic dame, whose looks denounce
Command and sovereignty : with haughty air,
And studied mien, in semicircular throne
Enclos'd, she deals around her dread commands :
Behind her (dazzling sight !) in order rang'd,
Pile above pile, crystalline vessels shine :
Attendant slaves with eager strides advance,
And, after homage paid, bawl out aloud
Words unintelligible, noise confus'd : [scribes,
She knows the jargon sounds, and straight de-
In characters mysterious, words obscure :
More legible are algebraic signs,
Or mystic figures by magicians drawn,
When they invoke the infernal spirit's aid.

Drive hence the rude and barbarous dissonance
Of savage Thracians and Croatian boors ;
The loud Centaurian broils with Lapithæ
Sound harsh, and grating to Lenæan god ;
Chase brutal feuds of Belgian skippers hence,
(Amid their cups whose innate temper's shown)
In clumsy fist wielding scymetrian knife,
Who slash each other's eyes, and blubber'd face,
Profaning Bacchanalian solemn rites :
Music's harmonious numbers better suit
His festivals, from instruments or voice,
Or Gasperini's hand the trembling string
Should touch ; or from the dulcet Tuscan dames,
Or warbling Toft's far more melodious tongue,
Sweet symphonies should flow : the Delian god
For airy Bacchus is associate meet.

The stair's ascent now gain'd, our guide unbars
The door of spacious room, and creaking chairs
(To ear offensive) round the table sets.
We sit; when thus his florid speech begins :
'Name, Sirs ! the wine that most invites your taste;
Champaign, or Burgundy, or Florence pure,
Or Hock antique, or Lisbon new or old,
Bordeaux, or neat French white, or Alicant.'
For Bordeaux we with voice unanimous
Declare, (such sympathy's in boon compeers.)
He quits the room alert, but soon returns ;
One hand capacious glistening vessels bears
Resplendent, the other, with a grasp secure,
A bottle (mighty charge !) upstaid, full fraught
With goodly wine. He, with extended hand
Rais'd high, pours forth the sanguine frothy juice,
O'erspread with bubbles, dissipated soon :
We straight to arms repair, experienc'd chiefs :
Now glasses clash with glasses (charming sound !)
And glorious Anna's health, the first, the best,
Crowns the full glass ; at her inspiring name
The sprightly wine results, and seems to smile :
With hearty zeal and wish unanimous,
Her health we drink, and in her health our own.

A pause ensues : and now with grateful chat
We improve the interval, and joyous mirth
Engages our rais'd souls ; pat repartee,
Or witty joke, our airy senses moves
To pleasant laughter ; straight the echoing room
With universal peals and shouts resounds.

The royal Dane,⁴ blest consort of the Queen,
Next crowns the ruby'd nectar, all whose bliss
In Anna's plac'd : with sympathetic flame,
And mutual endearments, all her joys,
Like the kind turtle's pure untainted love,
Centre in him, who shares the grateful hearts
Of loyal subjects, with his sovereign queen ;
For by his prudent care united shores
Were sav'd from hostile fleets' invasion dire

The hero Marlborough next, whose vast exploits
Fame's clarion sounds ; fresh laurels, triumphs new
We wish, like those he won at Hockstet's field.

Next Devonshire illustrious, who from race
Of noblest patriots sprang, whose worthy soul
Is with each fair and virtuous gift adorn'd,
That shone in his most worthy ancestors ;
For then distinct in separate breasts were seen
Virtues distinct, but all in him unite.

Prudent Godolphin, of the nation's weal
Frugal, but free and generous of his own,
Next crowns the bowl ; with faithful Sunderland,
And Halifax, the Muses' darling son,
In whom conspicuous, with full lustre, shine
The surest judgment and the brightest wit,
Himself Mecænas and a Flaccus too :
And all the worthies of the British realm,
In order rang'd succeed ; such healths as tinge
The dulcet wine with a more charming gust.

⁴ Prince George of Denmark.

Now each his mistress toasts, by whose bright
eye

He's fir'd; Cosmelia fair, or Dulcibell',
Or Sylvia, comely black, with jetty eyes
Piercing, or airy Celia, sprightly maid!—
Insensibly thus flow unnumber'd hours;
Glass succeeds glass, till the Dircean god
Shines in our eyes, and with his fulgent rays
Enlightens our glad looks with lovely dye;
All blithe and jolly, that like Arthur's knights
Of Rotund Table, fam'd in old records,
Now most we seem'd—Such is the power of Wine!

Thus we the winged hours in harmless mirth
And joys unsullied pass, till humid Night
Has half her race perform'd; now all abroad
Is hush'd and silent, nor the rumbling noise
Of coach, or cart, or smoky link-boy's call,
Is heard—but universal silence reigns;
When we in merry plight, airy and gay,
Surpris'd to find the hours so swiftly fly,
With hasty knock, or twang of pendant cord,
Alarm the drowsy youth from slumbering nod;
Startled he flies, and stumbles o'er the stairs
Erroneous, and with busy knuckles plies
His yet clung eyelids, and with staggering reel
Enters confus'd, and muttering asks our wills;
When we with liberal hand the score discharge,
And homeward each his course with steady step
Unerring steers, of cares and coin bereft.

THE STORY OF CEPHISA.

IN western climes, where the bright god of Day
Darts on the gladsome earth a warmer ray,
While smiling Spring led on the jocund Hours,
And early months bestrew'd the fields with flowers,
In bloom of youth Cephisa, lovely maid!
Trac'd the wide lawns, and through the forests
 stray'd;

Not all the nymphs who swell Diana's train,
From Cynthus' top, when issuing on the plain,
With hound and horn they raise the cheerful cry,
And the rocks echo and the floods reply;
Not all their train for beauty could compare,
Their goddess self scarce like Cephisa fair.—
Struck with the sight of such transcendent charms,
With gifts the shepherds woo'd her to their arms.
The amorous toys no grace nor favour gain'd,
The gifts and givers she alike disdain'd,
Resolv'd in happy solitude to rove
A sylvan huntress through the leafy grove.

But envious Fate the nymph no respite gives,
In every heart her lov'd idea lives;
Ev'n Pan himself, with ardent passion fir'd,
The god of Woods, the woodland nymph desir'd;

Still as he views, he pants to clasp the maid,
And, softly sighing to himself, he said :
' O happy winds ! which kiss that snowy breast,
O happy garments ! which those limbs invest ;
But happier he who gains so rich a prize,
Pants in those arms, and on that bosom dies ! '

Thus he ;—the nymph far other loves employ,
The chase her glory, and the woods her joy ;
Oft as the god is present to her sight,
So oft the nymph prepares for sudden flight,
Eludes his search, swift skimming o'er the lawn,
As from the beagle flies the bounding fawn.

A bower there was, a close sequester'd shade,
By poplar boughs and twining osiers made,
Fast by whose side a crystal fountain flow'd,
(The banks with flowers of various colours glow'd)
Here oft at noon the weary fair reclin'd
To court the coolness of the gentle wind ;

For here soft zephyr with a grateful breeze [trees.
Kiss'd the young plants, and whisper'd through the

It chanc'd that Pan had mark'd the pebbled bed,
Where the stream issued from its fountain-head.
Thence pouring on, through mossy windings roll'd,
O'er fertile tracks, and sands that glow'd with gold ;
Its course the god with curious search pursu'd,
Till pleas'd, at length, the fragrant bower he view'd ;
But far more pleas'd the beauteous nymph survey'd
Stretch'd at her ease beneath the cooling shade.
His near approach the pensive nymph alarms,
Who rises hasty, with disorder'd charms,

Springs from her covert like the timorous hare,
And, flying, fills with shrieks the ambient air.
With wings of love Pan urges on the course;
Fear lends her strength, while Love supplies his
force,

Yet oft the god, in the mid chase, delays,
Stops short of conquest, and submissiv eprays :
'O thou !' he cries, 'the loveliest of thy kind,
Why fly'st thou thus, and leav'st thy love behind?
No savage foe, no plunderer, is near,
Nor mountain-robber with his dreadful spear ;
Nor mean am I, though woods my lineage claim,
My sire immortal, and myself the same ;
Nor on the crook nor plough do I depend,
Nor on the mountain's top a scanty flock attend ;—
Pan is my name ;—the herds on yonder plains
My herbage fattens and my care sustains ;
To me the woodland empire is decreed ;
I claim the invention of the vocal reed ;
Yet vain these arts, these gifts in vain bestow'd,
Great as I am, and worshipp'd as a god,
If thou, bright Nymph ! with coyness and dis-
dain

Repay thy lover, and deride his pain.'

Thus urg'd the sylvan god his amorous prayer,
But all his words were lost in empty air.
With double speed the nymph her course renew'd,
With double speed the ravisher pursu'd ;
O'er hills and dales they hold the rapid race,
Till, spent at length, and wearied with the chase,

With secret dread she views the sun descend,
And Twilight o'er the earth her veil extend;
For now the swift pursuer nearer drew,
And almost touch'd her garments as she flew;
Wheel'd as she wheel'd, on every footstep gain'd,
And no relief nor glimpse of hope remain'd.
Fast by a stream an ancient altar stood,
And close behind it rose a wavy wood,
Whose twining boughs exclude the parting
light,

And dusky shades anticipate the night.
Thither, collecting all her force, she flies,
And, 'Oh! whatever god,' the damsel cries,
'Protects this altar, may that generous power
Hear and relieve me in this dangerous hour;
Give me at least to save my spotless fame,
And still in death preserve a virgin's name.'

While thus to unknown powers Cephisa pray'd,
Victorious Pan o'ertook the fainting maid:
Around her waist his eager arms he throws,
With love and joy his throbbing bosom glows;
When, wonderful to tell, her form receives
A verdant covering of expanded leaves;
Then shooting downward trembling to the ground,
A fibrous root her slender ankles bound.
Strange to herself, as yet, aghast she stands,
And to high heaven she rears her spotless hands;
These, while she spreads them, still in spires extend,
Till in small leaves her taper fingers end:

Her voice she tries, but utterance is denied,
The smother'd sounds in hollow murmurs died.
At length, quite chang'd, the god with wonder
viewed,

A beauteous plant arising where she stood ;
This from his touch, with human sense inspir'd,
Indignant shrinking, of itself retir'd :
Yet Pan attends it with a lover's cares,
And fostering aid with tender hand prepares ;
The new-form'd plant reluctant seems to yield,
And lives, the grace and glory of the field.
But still, as mindful of her former state,
The nymph's perfections on her change await,
And though transform'd, her virtue still remains,
No touch impure her sacred plant sustains,
From whence the name of Sensitive it gains.
This oft the nymphs approach with secret dread,
While crimson blushes o'er their cheeks are
spread ;

Yet the true virgin has no cause for fear,
The test is equal if the maid's sincere.
This in thy walks, O——, is found,
Thy walks, for virgins fair and chaste renown'd :
This from the mild Hesperian clime convey'd,
Shall ever bloom, O W—— ! in thy shade ;
Yet western nymphs thy wondrous tree avoid,
Lest all their hopes be by a touch destroy'd.
Britannia's daughters no such terrors know ;
With no lewd flames their spotless bosoms
glow :

Though every shrub our cultur'd gardens boast,
And all of foreign stock, a countless host,
Should all at once the precious gift receive,
And every plant become a Sensitive,
Yet should their fame the dreadful trial stand,
And add new honours to their native land;
Honours their latest progeny shall share,
For ever virtuous, as for ever fair.

PROLOGUE.

DESIGNED FOR THE PASTORAL TRAGEDY OF
DIONE.

THERE was a time (O were those days renew'd!)
Ere tyrant laws had woman's will subdued;
Then Nature rul'd, and Love, devoid of art,
Spoke the consenting language of the heart.
Love uncontroll'd; insipid, poor delight!
'Tis the restraint that whets our appetite.
Behold the beasts who range the forests free,
Behold the birds who fly from tree to tree;
In their amours see Nature's power appear!
And do they love? Yes—One month in the year.
Were these the pleasures of the Golden reign?
And did free Nature thus instruct the swain?
I envy not, ye nymphs! your amorous bowers,
Such harmless swains! I'm even content with ours.

But yet there's something in these sylvan scenes
That tells our fancy what the lover means ;
Name but the mossy bank and moonlight grove,
Is there a heart that does not beat with love.

To-night we treat you with such country fare,
Then for your lovers' sake our author spare.
He draws no Hemskirk boors or homebred
clowns,

But the soft shepherds of Arcadia's downs.

When Paris on the throne his judgment past
I hope you'll own the shepherd show'd his taste :
And Jove, all know, was a good judge of beauty,
Who made the nymph Calisto break her duty :
Then was the country nymph no awkward thing.
See what strange revolutions time can bring !

Yet still, methinks, our author's fate I dread ;
Were it not safer beaten paths to tread
Of Tragedy, than o'er wild heaths to stray,
And, seeking strange adventures, lose his way ?
No trumpets' clangor makes his heroine start,
And tears the soldier from her bleeding heart ;
He, foolish bard ! nor pomp nor show regards ;
Without the witness of a hundred guards
His lovers sigh their vows—If sleep should
take ye,

He has no battle, no loud drum, to wake ye.
What, no such shifts ? there's danger in 't, 'tis true ;
Yet spare him, as he gives you something new.

THE
LAMENTATION OF GLUMDALCLITCH
FOR
THE LOSS OF GRILDRIG.
A PASTORAL.

SOON as Glumdalclitch miss'd her pleasing care,
She wept, she blubber'd, and she tore her hair.
No British miss sincerer grief has known,
Her squirrel missing, or her sparrow flown.
She furl'd her sampler, and haul'd in her thread,
And stuck her needle into Grildrig's bed;
Then spread her hands, and with a bounce let fall
Her baby, like the giant in Guildhall.
In peals of thunder now she roars, and now
She gently whimpers like a lowing cow :
Yet lovely in her sorrow still appears,
Her locks dishevell'd, and her flood of tears
Seem like the lofty barn of some rich swain,
When from the thatch drips fast a shower of rain.
In vain she search'd each cranny of the house,
Each gaping chink impervious to a mouse.
' Was it for this, (she cried,) with daily care
Within thy reach I set the vinegar,

And fill'd the cruet with the acid tide,
While pepper-water worms thy bait supply'd,
Where twin'd the silver eel around thy hook,
And all the little monsters of the brook ?
Sure in that lake he dropt: my Grilly's drown'd.—
She dragg'd the cruet, but no Grildrig found.

‘ Vain is thy courage, Grilly ! vain thy boast ;
But little creatures enterprise the most.
Trembling I've seen thee dare the kitten's paw,
Nay, mix with children as they play'd at taw,
Nor fear'd the marbles as they bounding flew ;
Marbles to them, but rolling rocks to you.

‘ Why did I trust thee with that giddy youth !
Who from a page can ever learn the truth ?
Vers'd in court-tricks, that money-loving boy
To some lord's daughter sold the living toy,
Or rent him limb from limb, in cruel play,
As children tear the wings of flies away.
From place to place o'er Brobdingnag I'll roam,
And never will return, or bring thee home.
But who hath eyes to trace the passing wind ?
How then thy fairy footsteps can I find ?
Dost thou bewilder'd wander all alone,
In the green thicket of a mossy stone,
Or tumbled from the toadstool's slippery round,
Perhaps all maim'd, lie grovelling on the ground ?
Dost thou imbosom'd in the lovely rose,
Or sunk within the peach's down repose ?
Within the kingcup if thy limbs are spread,
Or in the golden cowslip's velvet head ;

O show me, Flora ! 'midst those sweets, the flower
Where sleeps my Grildrig in his fragrant lower !

‘ But ah ! I fear thy little fancy roves
On little females and on little loves ;
Thy pigmy children, and thy tiny spouse,
The baby playthings that adorn thy house,
Doors, windows, chimneys, and the spacious rooms
Equal in size to cells of honeycombs.
Hast thou for these now ventur'd from the shore,
Thy bark a bean-shell, and a straw thy oar ?
Or in thy box now bounding on the main,
Shall I ne'er bear thyself and house again ?
And shall I set thee on my hand no more,
To see thee leap the lines, and traverse o'er
My spacious palm ! of stature scarce a span,
Mimic the actions of a real man ?
No more behold thee turn my watch's key,
As seamen at a capstern anchors weigh ?
How wast thou wont to walk with cautious tread,
A dish of tea, like milkpail, on thy head ?
How chase the mite that bore thy cheese away,
And keep the rolling maggot at a bay ?’

She said ; but broken accents stopt her voice,
Soft as the speaking-trumpets mellow noise :
She sobb'd a storm, and wip'd her flowing eyes,
Which seem'd like two broad suns in misty skies !
O ! squander not thy grief ; those tears command
To weep upon our cod in Newfoundland ;
The plenteous pickle shall preserve the fish,
And Europe taste thy sorrows in a dish.

MARY GULLIVER,

TO CAPTAIN LEMUEL GULLIVER.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Captain, some time after his return, being retired to Mr. Sympson's, in the country, Mrs. Gulliver, apprehending, from his late behaviour, some estrangement of his affections, writes him the following expostulating, soothing, and tenderly-complaining Epistle.

WELCOME, thrice welcome, to thy native place!
What, touch me not? What, shun a wife's embrace?

Have I for this thy tedious absence borne,
And wak'd and wish'd whole nights for thy return?
In five long years I took no second spouse;
What Rotherhithe-wife so long hath kept her
vows?

Your eyes, your nose, inconstancy betray;
Your nose you stop, your eyes you turn away.
'Tis said that thou shouldst cleave unto thy wife;
Once thou didst cleave, and I could cleave for life.
Hear, and relent! hark, how thy children moan;
Be kind at least to these, they are thy own:

Be bold, and count them all, secure to find
 The honest number that you left behind.
 See how they pat thee with their pretty paws :
 Why start you ? are they snakes ? or have they
 claws ?

Thy Christian seed, our mutual flesh and bone ;
 Be kind at least to these, they are thy own.

Biddel,¹ like thee, might farthest India rove ;
 He chang'd his country, but retains his love.
 There's Captain Pannel, absent half his life,
 Comes back, and is the kinder to his wife ;
 Yet Pannel's wife is brown compar'd to me,
 And Mistress Biddel sure is fifty-three.

Not touch me ! never neighbour call'd me Slut :
 Was Flimnap's dame more sweet in Lilliput ?
 I've no red hair to breathe an odious fume ;
 At least thy consort's cleaner than thy groom.
 Why then that dirty stable-boy thy care ?
 What mean those visits to the sorrel mare ?
 Say, by what witchcraft, or what demon led,
 Preferr'st thou litter to the marriage-bed ?

Some say the devil himself is in that mare :
 If so, our Dean shall drive him forth by prayer.
 Some think you mad, some think you are possest,
 That Bedlam and clean straw will suit you best.
 Vain means, alas ! this frenzy to appease :
 That straw, that straw would heighten the disease.

¹ Names of the sea captains mentioned in 'Gulliver's Travels.'

My bed (the scene of all our former joys,
Witness two lovely girls, two lovely boys)
Alone I press: in dreams I call my dear,
I stretch my hand; no Gulliver is there!
I wake, I rise; and, shivering with the frost,
Search all the house: my Gulliver is lost!
Forth in the streets I rush with frantic cries;
The windows open; all the neighbours rise:
'Where sleeps my Gulliver? O tell me where!'
The neighbours answer, 'With the sorrel mare.'

At early morn I to the market haste,
(Studious in every thing to please thy taste,)
A curious fowl and 'sparagus I chose,
(For I remember'd you were fond of those,)
Three shillings cost the first, the last seven
groats;

Sullen you turn from both, and call for oats.
Others bring goods and treasure to their houses,
Something to deck their pretty babes and spouses;
My only token was a cup-like horn,
That's made of nothing but a lady's corn.
'Tis not for that I grieve; no, 'tis to see
The groom and sorrel mare preferr'd to me!

These, for some moments when you deign to
quit,
And (at due distance) sweet discourse admit,
'Tis all my pleasure thy past toil to know,
For pleas'd remembrance builds delight on woe.
At every danger pants thy consort's breast,
And gaping infants squall to hear the rest.

How did I tremble when, by thousands bound,
I saw thee stretch'd on Lilliputian ground?
When scaling armies climb'd up every part,
Each step they trod I felt upon my heart:
But when thy torrent quench'd the dreadful blaze,
King, queen, and nation, staring with amaze,
Full in my view how all my husband came!
And what extinguish'd theirs, increas'd my flame.
Those spectacles, ordain'd thine eyes to save,
Were once my present; Love that armour gave.
How did I mourn at Bolgolam's decree!
For when he sign'd thy death, he sentenc'd me.

When folks might see thee all the country round
For sixpence, I'd have given a thousand pound.
Lord! when that giant babe that head of thine
Got in his mouth, my heart was up in mine!
When in the marrow-bone I saw thee ramm'd,
Or on the house-top by the monkey cramm'd,
The piteous images renew my pain,
And all thy dangers I weep o'er again.
But on the maiden's nipple when you rid,
Pray Heav'n 'twas all a wanton maiden did!
Glumdalclitch too!—with thee I mourn her case;
Heav'n guard the gentle girl from all disgrace!
O may the king that one neglect forgive,
And pardon her the fault by which I live!
Was there no other way to set him free!
My life, alas! I fear prov'd death to thee.

O teach me, dear! new words to speak my flame!
Teach me to woo thee by thy best-lov'd name;

Whether the style of Grildrig please thee most,
So call'd on Brobdingnag's stupendous coast,
When on the monarch's ample hand you sate,
And hallow'd in his ear intrigues of state,
Or Quinbus Flestrin more endearment brings,
When like a mountain you look'd down on kings,
If ducal Nardac, Lilliputian peer,
Or Glumglum's humbler title soothe thy ear;
Nay, would kind Jove my organs so dispose,
To hymn harmonious Houyhnhym through the
 nose,
I'd call thee Houyhnhym, that high-sounding
 name,
Thy children's noses all should twang the same;
So might I find my loving spouse of course
Endued with all the virtues of a horse.

TO QUINBUS FLESTRIN,

THE MAN-MOUNTAIN.

A LILLIPUTIAN ODE.

In amaze
Lost, I gaze
Can our eyes
Reach thy size?

May my lays
Swell with praise
Worthy thee !
Worthy me !
Muse, inspire
All thy fire !
Bards of old
Of him told,
When they said
Atlas' head
Propt the skies.
See ! and believe your eyes !

See him stride
Valleys wide ;
Over woods,
Over floods.
When he treads,
Mountains' heads
Groan and shake :
Armies quake,
Lest his spurn
Overturn
Man and steed.
Troops take heed ;
Left and right
Speed your flight,
Lest an host
Beneath his foot be lost.

Turn'd aside
From his hide,
Safe from wound,
Darts rebound.
From his nose
Clouds he blows !
When he speaks,
Thunder breaks !
When he eats,
Famine threats !
When he drinks,
Neptune shrinks !
Nigh thy ear,
In mid air,
On thy hand
Let me stand,
So shall I,
(Lofty Poet !) touch the sky.

THE MAN-MOUNTAIN'S ANSWER

TO THE LILLIPUTIAN VERSES.

LITTLE Thing !
I would sing
Lofty song,
Measure long ;

But I fear
That thine ear
Such a poem could not bear :
Therefore I
Mean to try
Humbler lays
Worthy praise.
If my strains
Work'd thee pains,
'Tis not mine
To divine
Whether cost,
Labour lost,
May on Lilliput be tost.
Horse and foot
Would you put
In the way,
Who could say
I had blame,
If they came
Near my stride,
And beside,
My huge foot gigantic died ?
But while here
I appear
Mountain-size
To little eyes,
All that strain,
Seek in vain,
Whilst I climb

Heights sublime,
To keep pace,
And to trace
My footsteps, as I move with martial grace.
Though 'tis true
Praise is due
To your lay,
Yet I pray
You'll attend
To a friend.
On my hand
Should you stand,
If those that soar
Fall the lower,
All Lilliput would yours deplore.
Humbly then,
With little men,
Take your stand
On firm land,
Lest your place
Bring disgrace :
High in air,
Great the care,
To be free
From jeopardy,
Careless found,
You might bound,
Little poet ! to the ground.

VERSES

TO BE PLACED UNDER THE PICTURE OF SIR RICH-
ARD BLACKMORE, ENGLAND'S ARCH-POET:

CONTAINING A COMPLETE CATALOGUE OF HIS WORKS

SEE who ne'er was, nor will be half read ;
Who first sang Arthur,¹ then sang Alfred ;²
Prais'd great Eliza³ in God's anger,
Till all true Englishmen cried, ' Hang her !'
Made William's virtues wipe the bare a—
And hang'd up Marlborough in arras ;⁴
Then hiss'd from earth, grew heavenly quite ;
Made every reader curse the light ;⁵
Maul'd human wit in one thick satire,⁶
Next, in three books, spoil'd human nature,⁷
Undid creation⁸ at a jerk,
And of redemption⁹ made damn'd work.

¹ Two heroic poems, in folio, twenty books.

² Heroic poem, in twelve books.

³ Heroic poem, in folio, ten books.

⁴ Instructions to Vanderbank, a tapestry weaver.

⁵ Hymn to the light.

⁶ Satire against wit.

⁷ Of the nature of man.

⁸ Creation, a poem, seven books.

⁹ The Redeemer, another heroic poem, six books.

Then took his Muse at once and dipt her
 Full in the middle of the Scripture.
 What wonders there the man grown old did !
 Sternhold himself he out-Sternholded :
 Made David¹⁰ seem so mad and freakish,
 All thought him just what thought King Achish.
 No mortal read his Solomon,¹¹
 But judg'd Re'boam his own son.
 Moses he serv'd as Moses Pharaoh,
 And Deborah, as she Siserah :¹²
 Made Jeremy¹³ full sore to cry,
 And Job¹⁴ himself curse God and die.

What punishment all this must follow ?
 Shall Arthur use him like King Tollo ?
 Shall David as Uriah slay him ?
 Or dexterous Deb'rah Sisera-him ?
 Or shall Eliza lay a plot,
 To treat him like her sister Scot ?
 Shall William dub his better end,¹⁵
 Or Marlborough serve him like a friend ?
 No ! — none of these ? — Heav'n spare his life !
 But send him, honest Job ! thy wife.

¹⁰ Translation of all the Psalms.

¹¹ Canticles and Ecclesiastes.

¹² Paraphrase of the Canticles of Moses and Deborah, &c.

¹³ The Lamentations.

¹⁴ The whole book of Job, a poem, in folio.

¹⁵ Kick him on the breech, not knight him on the shoulder

A CONTEMPLATION

ON NIGHT.

WHETHER amid the gloom of night I stray,
Or my glad eyes enjoy revolving day,
Still nature's various face informs my sense,
Of an all-wise, all-powerful Providence.

When the gay sun first breaks the shades of
night,
And strikes the distant eastern hills with light,
Colour returns, the plains their livery wear,
And a bright verdure clothes the smiling year;
The blooming flowers with opening beauties glow,
And grazing flocks their milky fleeces show;
The barren cliffs with chalky fronts arise,
And a pure azure arches o'er the skies.
But when the gloomy reign of Night returns,
Stript of her fading pride, all Nature mourns:
The trees no more their wonted verdure boast,
But weep in dewy tears their beauty lost:
No distant landscapes draw our curious eyes,
Wrapt in Night's robe the whole creation lies:
Yet still, ev'n now, while darkness clothes the
land,
We view the traces of the Almighty hand;

Millions of stars in Heaven's wide vault appear,
And with new glories hang the boundless sphere :
The silver moon her western couch forsakes,
And o'er the skies her nightly circle makes ;
Her solid globe beats back the sunny rays,
And to the world her borrow'd light repays.

Whether those stars that twinkling lustre send
Are suns, and rolling worlds those suns attend,
Man may conjecture, and new schemes declare,
Yet all his systems but conjectures are ;
But this we know, that Heaven's eternal King,
Who bade this universe from nothing spring,
Can at his word bid numerous worlds appear,
And rising worlds the all-powerful word shall hear.

When to the western main the sun descends,
To other lands a rising day he lends :
The spreading dawn another shepherd spies,
The wakeful flocks from their warm folds arise ;
Refresh'd the peasant seeks his early toil,
And bids the plough correct the fallow soil.
While we in Sleep's embraces waste the night,
The climes oppos'd enjoy meridian light ;
And when those lands the busy sun forsakes,
With us again the rosy Morning wakes :
In lazy sleep the night rolls swift away,
And neither clime laments his absent ray.

When the pure soul is from the body flown,
No more shall Night's alternate reign be known :
The sun no more shall rolling light bestow,
But from the Almighty streams of glory flow.

Oh ! may some nobler thought my soul employ,
Than empty, transient, sublunary joy :
The stars shall drop, the sun shall lose his flame,
But thou, O God ! for ever shine the same.

A THOUGHT

ON ETERNITY.

ERE the foundations of the world were laid,
Ere kindling light the Almighty word obey'd,
Thou wert ; and when the subterraneous flame
Shall burst its prison, and devour this frame,
From angry Heaven when the keen lightning flies,
When fervent heat dissolves the melting skies,
Thou still shalt be ; still as thou wert before,
And know no change, when time shall be no more.
O endless thought ! divine Eternity !
The immortal soul shares but a part of thee ;
For thou wert present when our life began,
When the warm dust shot up in breathing man.

Ah ! what is life ? with ills encompass'd round ;
Amidst our hopes Fate strikes the sudden wound.
To-day the statesman of new honour dreams,
To-morrow death destroys his airy schemes.

Is mouldy treasure in thy chest confin'd ?
Think all that treasure thou must leave behind ;
Thy heir with smiles shall view thy blazon'd hearse,
And all thy hoards with lavish hand disperse.
Should certain Fate the impending blow delay,
Thy mirth will sicken, and thy bloom decay ;
Then feeble age will all thy nerves disarm,
No more thy blood its narrow channels warm.
Who then would wish to stretch this narrow span,
To suffer life beyond the date of man ?

The virtuous soul pursues a nobler aim,
And life regards but as a fleeting dream :
She longs to wake, and wishes to get free,
To launch from earth into eternity :
For while the boundless theme extends our
 thought,
Ten thousand thousand rolling years are nought.

EPITAPH

OF BY-WORDS.

HERE lies a round woman, who thought mighty
 odd
Every word she e'er heard in this church about
 God :
To convince her of God the good Dean did endea-
 vour,
But still in her heart she held Nature more clever.

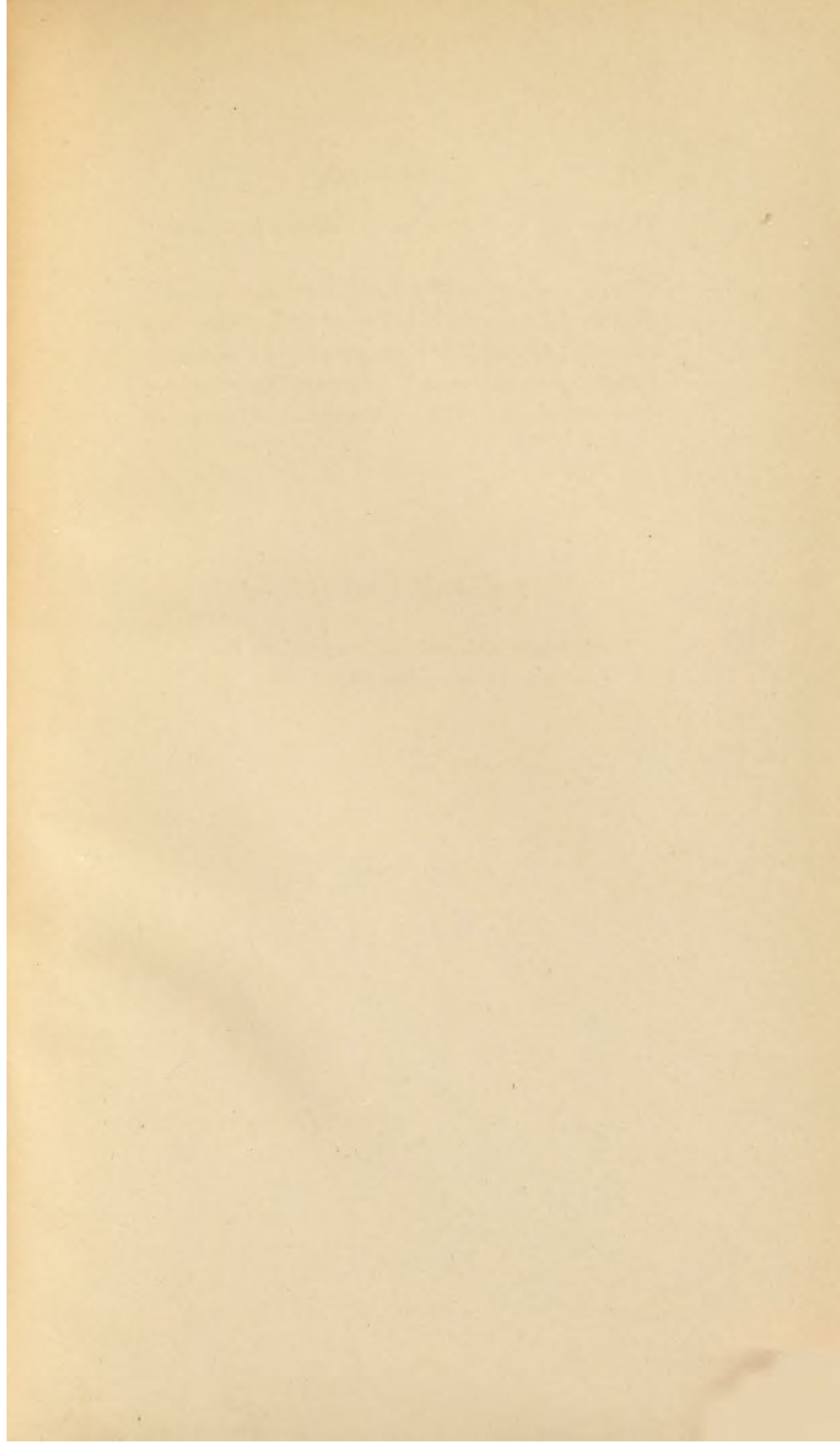
Though he talk'd much of virtue, her head
always run

Upon something or other, she found better fun :
For the dame, by her skill in affairs astronomical,
Imagin'd, to live in the clouds was but comical.
In this world she despis'd every soul she met here;
And now she's in t'other, she thinks it but queer.

MY OWN EPITAPH.

LIFE is a jest, and all things show it ;
I thought so once, but now I know it.

THE END.









Gay, John

The poetical works of John Gay with a memoir : two volumes in one

Boston, Cambridge 1879

P.o.angl. 620 q-26

urn:nbn:de:bvb:12-bsb11391342-3